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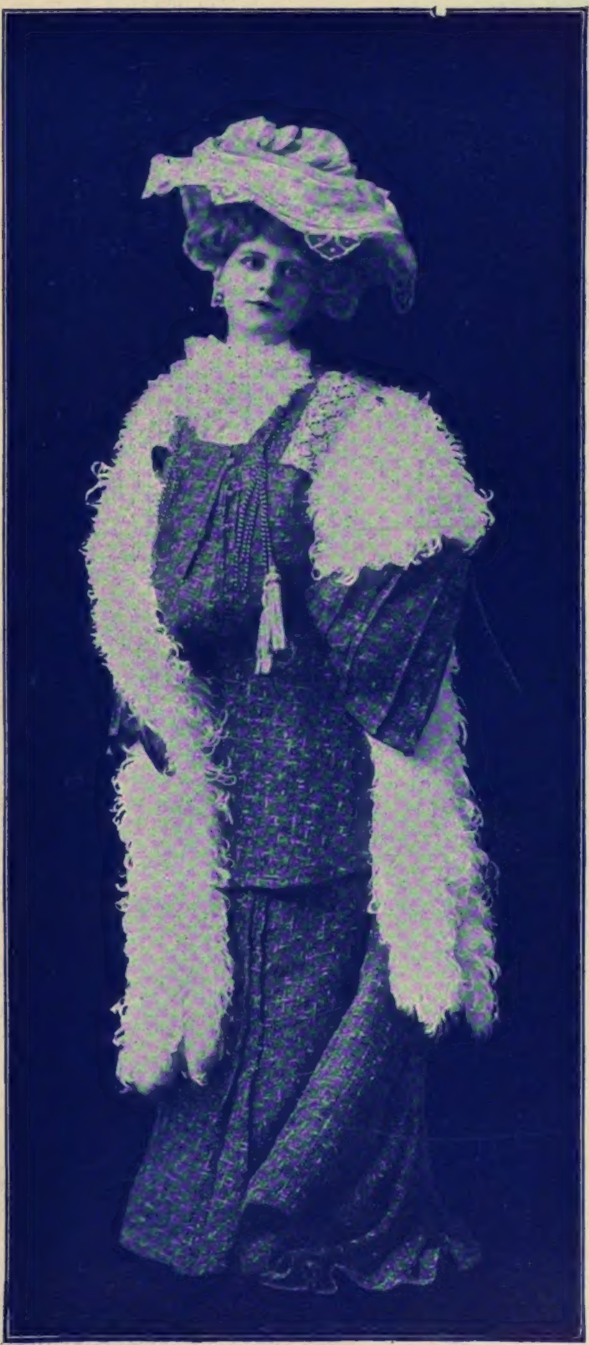
Queen Gorgeous



The Show Girl

Photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

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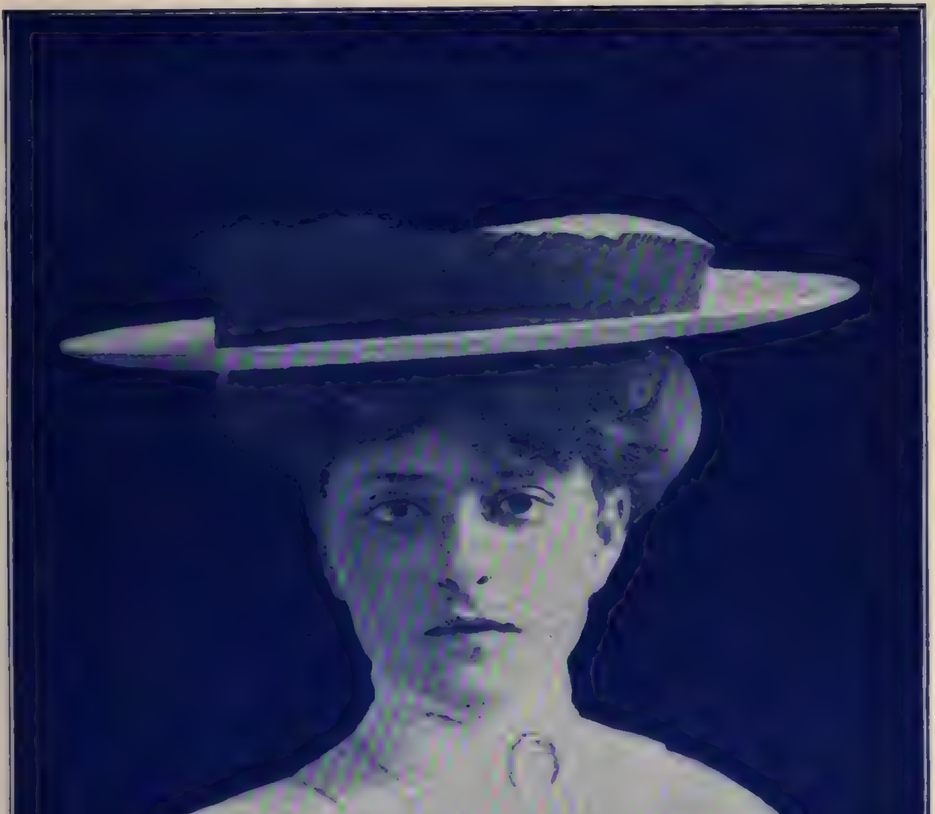

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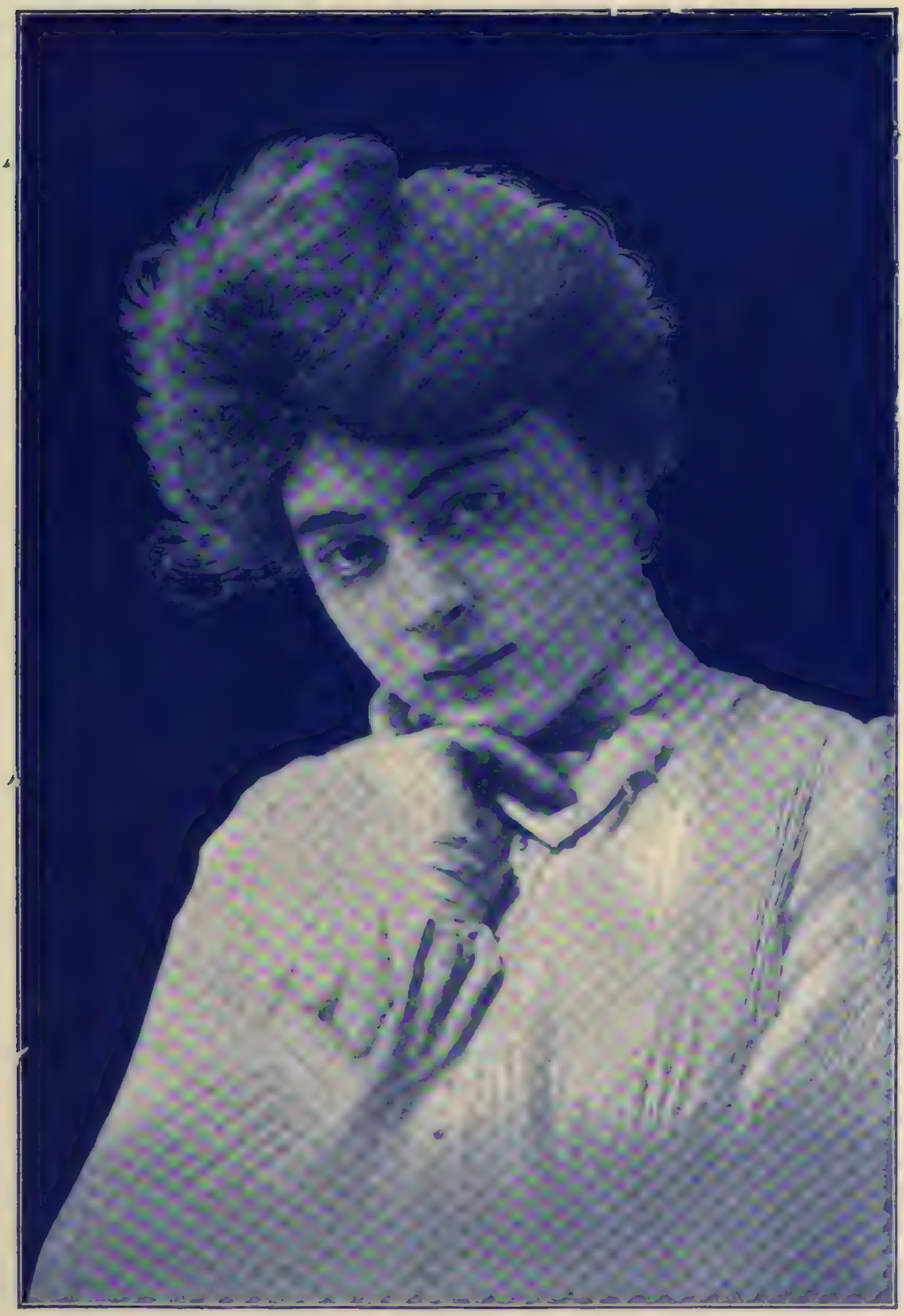
Queen Gorgeous, The Show Gir



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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR OCTOBER, 1903

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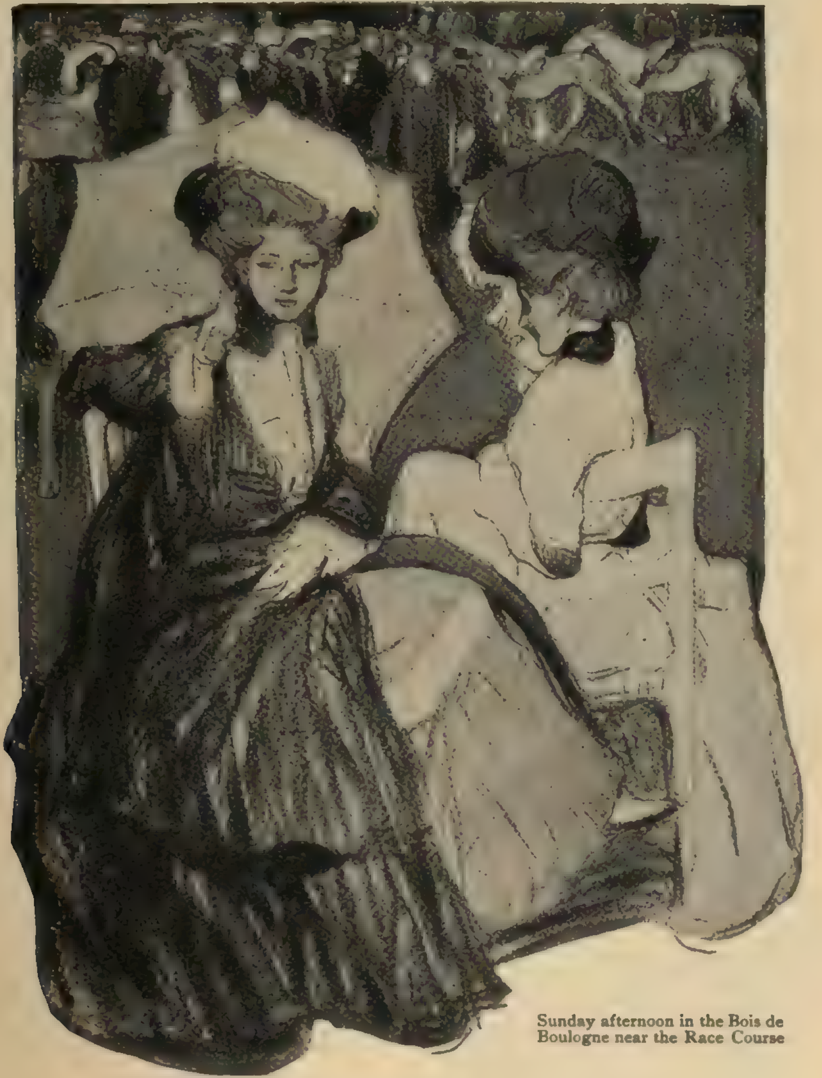


Sunday afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne near the Race Course

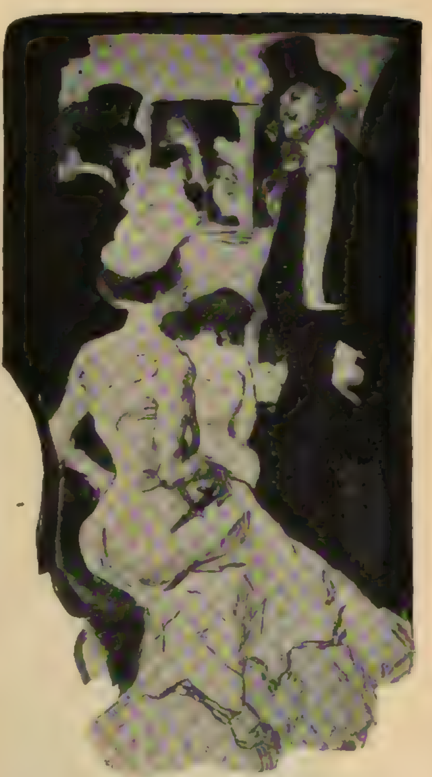
THE GIRLS OF PARIS

By Willard J. Frear

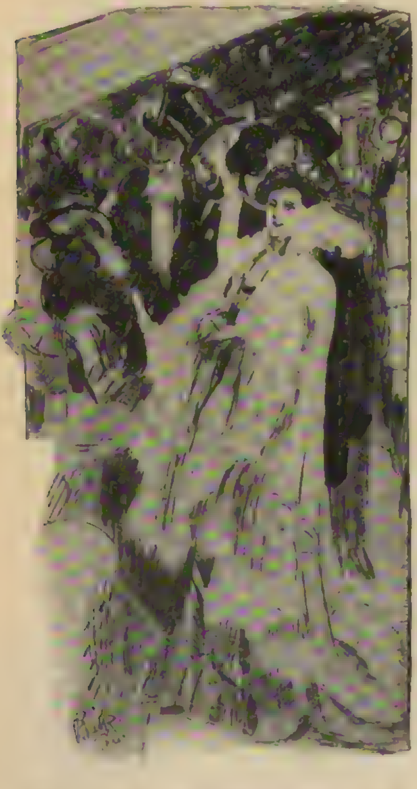
THE gay French capital is the paradise of the genus Girl. Spell the adorable name in emblazoned crimson caps. For here is she truly queen. Whatever the Girl of Paris desires, the limits of human ingenuity are encompassed to achieve it for her. The shops along the great boulevards are blazing with all things inviting and beautiful to give her joy. For her the cafés ring with merriment, and mere man puts on his boldest, most fetching front. For her the gleaming military parades in fleckless battle line, and along the Champs Elysées the nobility move in unparalleled glory. *Vive la Belle Parisienne, Americaine*, or whatever other national type she may be—Russian, English, Spanish, Austrian, Italian! While she is in France she loses her identity—or, rather, merges it into the greater. She becomes the true Girl of Paris.

The first thing that the Girl does when she reaches Paris is to flatten her nose against the plate glass of the Rue de Rivoli and penetrate the mysteries of the Palais Royal district. It is the shopping quarter par excellence of the world. Hither come all shades and sizes, all tastes and idiosyncracies of the civilized and uncivilized globe. What a woman cannot find there to her heart's desire cannot be found elsewhere in the entire temperate zone, in the heavens above or the earth beneath. She may have millions, and begin buying from the moment she arrives; but, like the dram-drinker's madness, the appetite grows with the satisfying of it. If she have little, she can do more with that little than anywhere in Christendom. If she have the treasury of a Crœsus to draw upon, she can still see her desires leading on just a league beyond her purse. It is the shopping Delphi of the hemisphere. People are known to enter there and never leave it alive. Others wander at large in a sort of dazed semi-hysteria until carried to old Salpêtrière—the asylum for brain-softened bargain-counter fiends. The majority, however, are strong enough to take their bargain malady like the chicken-pox and measles, coming out of it stronger and better. Then they turn their attention to "things of lighter mood."

The next thing the real, natural Girl does is to get the café habit. This is quite as easy, for the cafés of Paris are alluring in their varied enchantments and entirely respectable—that is, there are hundreds of them that a young woman may enter, with an escort, of course (some sort of a body guard is essential in the French capital, Cook's tourists to the contrary notwithstanding), and there Parisian life is seen in its surface glory. One would think that



The suburban railway compartments are great flirtation salons



After the theatre the parade of pretty women begins

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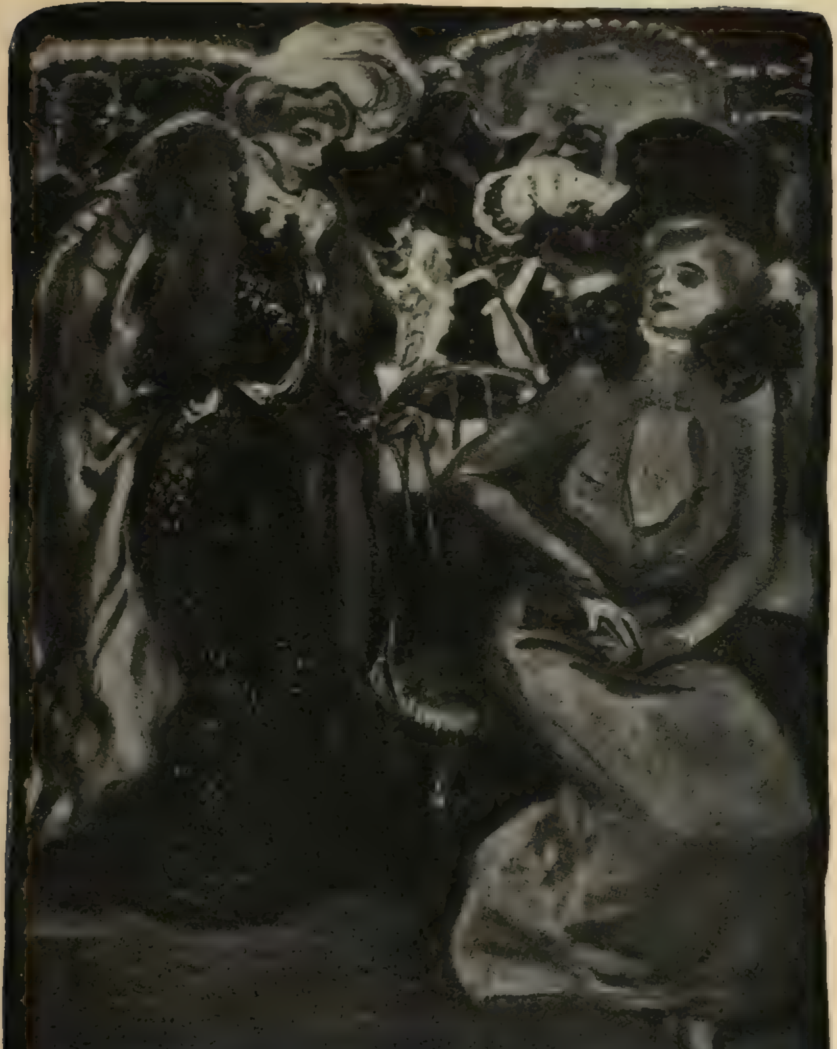

The Café des Ambassadeurs, on the Champs Elysees, is crowded nightly with beautiful women and the broadclothed gallants

there was no home life in Paris because there is no word in the French language which is its equivalent, and the outdoor and the café life is so varied, charming and populous. And yet, once in the French home proper, one would not know that there was any café life, so removed from all the glare and glitter of the streets is the real French home, and so refined and charming in hospitality.

But the Girl soon achieves now what might be called the café-chantant face. It differs from the motor-car face, the shopping face, and all the other individual physiognomies in the whole capital. The café Girl is usually a very bright, witty, up-to-date personage. She knows all the latest French songs and gags. She has sharpened her wit on the finest mental grindstone of the world. She keeps in the swim and loves it. She is acquainted with scores of the titled habitués of the cafés

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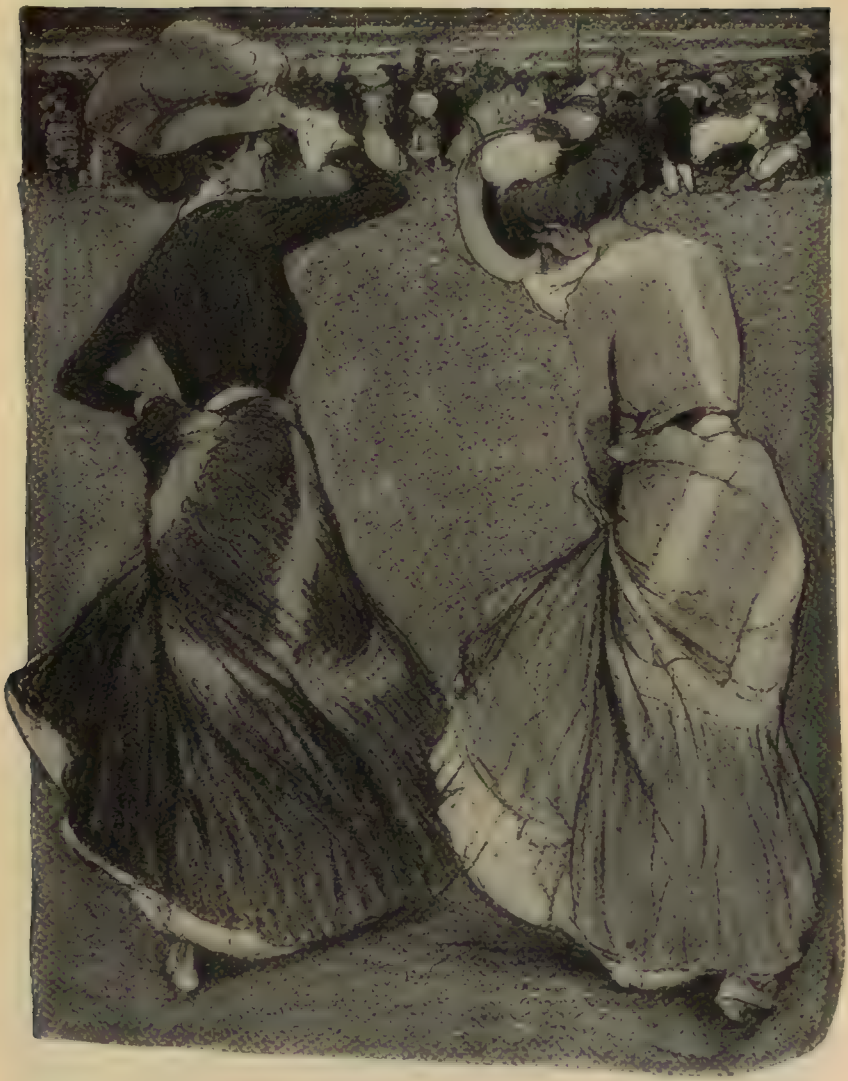

At Auteuil there are all kinds of diverting sports

along the Champs and can point out every celebrity in Paris. She lives in the whirl and adores it, and it must be said that the whirl reciprocates the compliment.

Now the student Girl regards the other as frivolous. She may slide into a café now and then and sip an innocent *amer picon* before her dinner at the Café du Circle or Vefour Jeune, but café life as a serious proposition she cannot understand. She has survived for months on a Duval diet and done every art gallery from the Bois to Vincennes, and from les Gobelins to Clichy. She haunts the left bank of the Seine, and the haunts of the great ones gone before inspire her with intense moods. She knows where Racine wrote, Danton swore, Victor Hugo fulminated and Gambetta harangued; where Voltaire scoffed and Verlaine got maudlin and wrote hymns. To her the capital is the intellectual Paris—the Paris of de Musset and Balzac. Verily she has her reward.

And between these extremes there is every species of Girl imaginable. They may come from the tropics or the ice-bound

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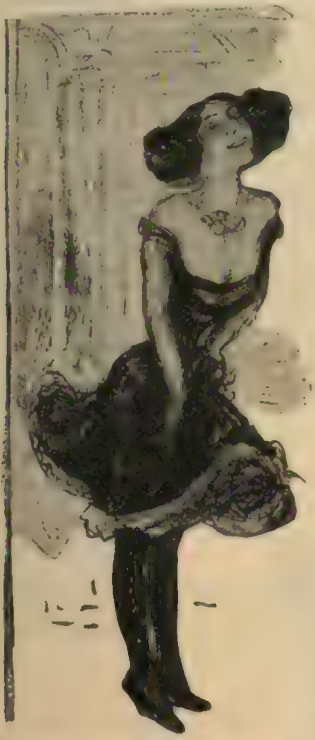
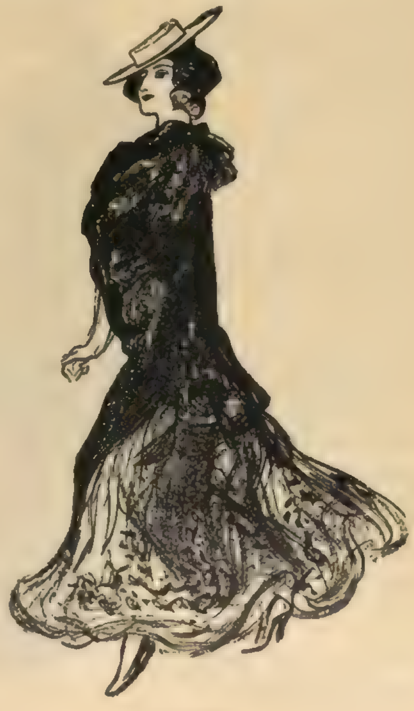
north, from densest Russia or enthusing America; sooner or later they become the Girls of Paris—not merely with Paris, in it and everywhere through it, but literally of it. If they have money, they move in a plane by themselves, rarely seen except in their carriages or perhaps seated in the Bois near the race-course, plunging a few louis on a favorite just for the transitory excitement it affords, plying up and down the Seine or making periodical jaunts to some distinguished country villas near Neuilly, St. Germain, or Versailles. She is fêted, flattered and otherwise treated like a rare orchid which requires the greatest care in bringing to beauty and perfection, guarded more carefully than the imperial crown of a czar. Hers is a favored and a charmed life. The *grand monde* is hers, she is the pink of convention, the arbiter of *la mode*. It costs somebody thirty thousand dollars a year to maintain her in glory, but what is thirty thousand to those that have ten times thirty? For Paris is the Mecca of all the world's recipients of great incomes, whether from whole provinces of imperial Russia, the tin mines of Malacca, the ranches of Bolivia or the quartz lodes of Idaho.



The gay divette of the Montmartre cafés

In point of numbers the Montmartre Girl leads. She is as distinct a type as there is in the world. She differs from her sisters as they differ from the rest of the continent. In her the spirit of Paris works out its fulness. She is essentially Parisian to her finger-tips. Sometimes she is American born, more often English, still more German or Russian, and even still more Italian or Spanish. More than all of them she is of Paris Parisian. From infancy she has breathed the air, suffered the ravages of the Montmartre bacillus, and is slave of the enchantments of the Butte district. Hers is a realm of ideas, of sensations, of emotions. She is poor in purse but rich in friends; and manages to get the utmost out of a complex system built up on simple lines. She knows every landmark and paving stone of the hill district, and can unfold most marvelous tales—thrilling, inspiring, repulsive, ludicrous or pathetic—all with the same easy grace which proves



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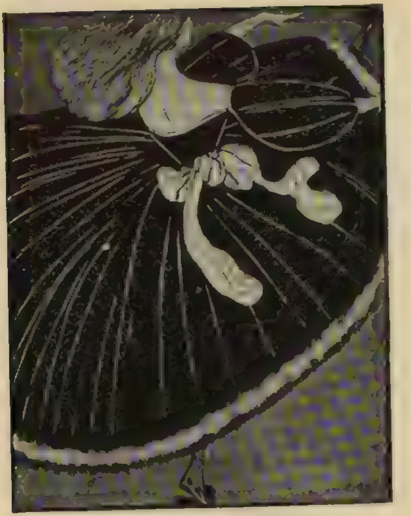
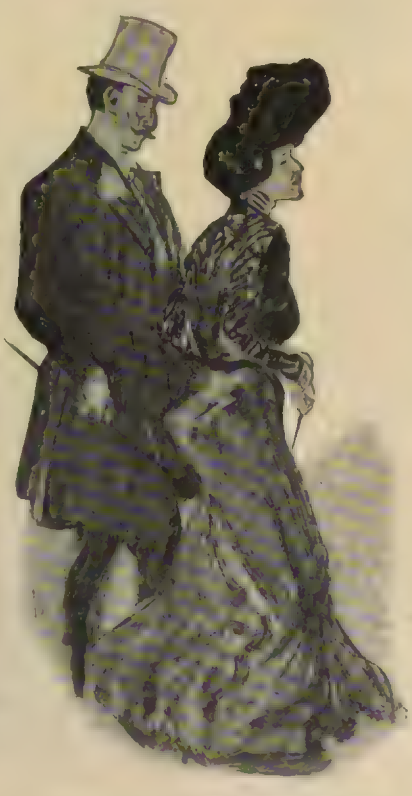


A flyaway chansonniere of the Quat Z'Arts

her a mistress of the art of conversation, simulation, dissertation. She is all motion, life, animation, interest. She will volley you with questions for the mere sake of hearing herself propound paradoxes—she speaks first and thrice ere she thinks once. Whatever she knows she can tell in a thousand different ways. Her experiences are so intense and wonderful that it never occurs to her that others have experienced the same emotions for ages past. She is awed by the past, careless of the future, but the present—the Moment, the eternal, immortal Now—is her kingdom and her joy. She is easily moved, deeply impressed. She is an extravagant friend, offering to her comrade all that she possesses when once her affections are fixed.



Types of the quarter beyond the Seine

Although they believe that their district contains the brains of Paris, and however the *Montmartrois* stick to their quarter, seldom "wandering from their own fireside," nevertheless they will now and then suffer themselves to be distracted for a little time from contemplation of their own intellectually superior attitude. When this occurs, it is generally a Seine cruise that enchants them away, and Sunday is the day for this dissipation.

Meditations on a Seine steamer

During trips on the Seine boats one may get glimpses of the various types of the Girls of Paris. The Seine, both ways from the capital, is a brilliant silver ribbon, bounded on either side by beautiful mossy banks, sleepy old villages with strange towers and turrets showing clean and clear against a warm-toned sky, a ruin or two, and above all, the inviting little inns all along the way, where there are to be found such viands as are the delight of the citizen venturing on a

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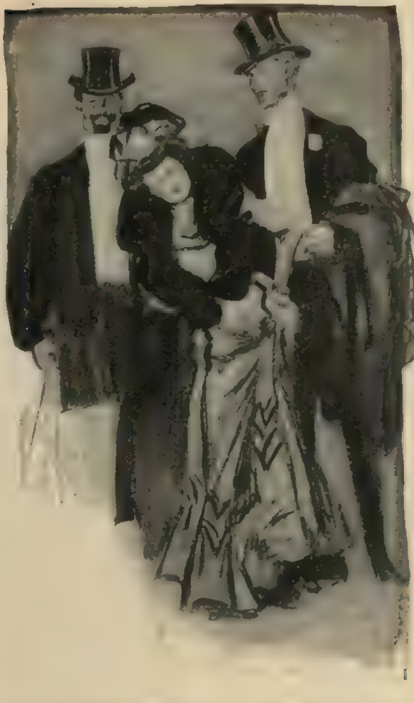
conquest of the suburbs. There are villas, too, along the way, with boat-houses and queer craft filled with pretty girls down from the city for an outing. There are apathetic fishermen, with now and then a cluster of them in queer attire, the maidens in country-fashion bonnets, fishing hopefully, achieving a monstrous appetite if nothing more satisfying.

The Girls of Paris, then, rich and poor, intellectual or frivolous, patrician born or children of the dregs, native or foreign—all are of exceeding interest. They comprise the most engrossing sociological study in all the varied phases of Parisian life. Great men have given up their lives to the study of this feminine paradox. Poets and novelists have come from every quarter of the globe to make heroines out of the eternal Girl of Paris, and far from exhausting the subject have only shown what unexplored regions of research lie still beyond them. Tuergeneff came from Russia, Herodia from Bahamas, George Moore from England, Maeterlinck from Belgium, and hundreds from other parts of the world to study the Girls of Paris and to give the vast subject a new point of view. Yet, however these facets of the diamond may glow, there are still other and more brilliant ones to be uncovered.


The American girl is always stared at by the rude boulevardiers

It is not unlikely that after all an American will be the man to understand the Girls of Paris the closest of all, and give the world the benefit. At any rate, the Girl of Paris is worth all the space that may be given her.

A REMARKABLE NEW YORK DINING CULT

By Mark Wellson

SOME time ago there was given in New York one of the most remarkable dinners known to the science of the cuisine. It comprised a score of delicious dishes from the soup to the coffee and ice-cream composed entirely of the various compounds of the banana. Analysis has proven that bananas have thirty-three times the nutrition of wheat of equal weight. Vegetarians made a great discovery in making the tropical fruit not only palatable, but easily digested. At the head of the table on this occasion sat the president of the American Vegetarian Society whose headquarters are in Philadelphia, and which has a big following in New York. The dishes included soup, gruel, bread, rolls, cakes, confectionery, coffee, ice-cream, puddings and numberless other dishes which were entirely suited to a fine taste. When one realizes that ten million tons of bananas go to waste yearly on the trees of the West Indies and South America—enough to feed the entire United States for a considerable period—we can imagine the banana industry as a food enterprise of the future.

QUEEN GORGEOUS, THE SHOW GIRL

By Adelaide Louise Sampson

THE American Show Girl is essentially a product of New York. She is the butterfly in its gardens of pleasure. She lives, moves, and has her being in the brilliant glare of the electric light. She is robed in raiment as gorgeously varied as the petals of the orchid, and all that the great public knows of her life, is life as it is seen from the front—gay, debonair, sparkling as the froth on champagne, as multicolored as the arc of a rainbow, as shallow as the depth of a stage smile.

Yet the Show Girl lives in a distinct life. She has her pleasures, her hopes, her ambitions, her trials; incidentally she has her triumphs, and one may add, incidentally, she lays claim to a certain sort of home life.

To begin with, the Show Girl insists upon her professional status; she refuses to be confounded with the hard-working, strenuous chorus girl, whom she looks upon as "sister to the ox."

The Chorus Girl is selected primarily for her voice. She may, at a pinch, have passed her first youth. She may be a bit scrawny. She is, as a matter of fact, kept in the background. It is the Show Girl who is brought forward to prance and smile, while the useful and less beautiful choristers maintain a running accompaniment of melody as a framework to their charms.

The Show Girl is selected purely for her

Violet Villiers, a Show Girl graduate to the Ingenue class

Annette Carlton of the "Sultan of Sulu" company

Olivette Haynes of the "Peggy from Paris" company

Alice Dalghren of the "Peggy from Paris" company

Ennice Earle
One of George W. Lederer's show girls

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youth and beauty. She glories in both. She is as flauntingly and defiantly beautiful in the sunlight, when her paint and powder are washed off, as when bedecked for her nightly triumph under the calcium. She is compared to the butterfly, to a flower, the orchid by preference, because, like the latter, she seems to be rootless, to spring from the musical comedy of which she is a part, as capriciously and as airily as the orchid springs from some deeply embedded tree of the forests of the tropics.

Her glittering life is a short one for the Chorus Girl—ten years at the most. She begins her flower career, a self-possessed, giggling, but entrancingly charming miss of sixteen; she is relegated to the second and third row until she has taken on a few curves and learned to wear her spangles and petals with grace. At nineteen she begins to evolve her possibilities, at twenty she is brought to the front, at twenty-two she leads the march, and at twenty-five she disappears from the Show Girl species; she becomes settled and sensible, she joins the chorus if she has a voice, gets a larger salary, and is forthwith looked down upon by the flower coterie. By this time, however, she has taken on dignity, and considers herself a member of the profession, prates of being wedded to her art, and casts looks of triumph at the Show Girl, when a Chorus Girl makes history for her kind by becoming a popular favorite.

Sextette of Shubert beauties from "The Runaways"

Mildred De Forrest, Rose Wilson, Nellie Plummer, Eleanor Tierney, Frances Ingraham and May Maloney in the order named

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Seven young beauties of the show girl lines

1—Florence Carrett of "The Rogers Brothers in London" company. 2—Maud Williams. 3—Lida Leathers of "The Prince of Pilsen." 4—Louise de LaSalle of "The Prince of Pilsen." 5—Georgia Barron of "King Dodo." 6—Vera Morrison of Weber & Fields. 7—Lola Gordon of "The Wizard of Oz."

The Show Girl, however, rarely evolves; she fades, she disappears, she is no more. She is no longer twenty; what becomes of her? who knows? who cares? She becomes once more an atom of the great struggling mass of toilers, in the shops, in the factory, in the home, just as the petals of the most glorious rose fall to the ground and become the dust of Mother Earth—or else she marries.

A rare case was that of the Show Girl, one of a dozen who, in a gorgeous production of last season, took the part of a Bowery Girl. Eleven out of the dozen selected made their appearance at the dress rehearsal looking as pretty and pink and dainty as Parisian dolls. The one odd girl made up for the part; she forgot that her rôle was to look pretty. Her artistic sense got the better of her. She appeared before

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the stage manager, rakish, disheveled, masticating a hunk of chewing-gum, the stamp of the Bowery in every lineament, in every fold of her abbreviated skirts. Moreover, in the tuneful little ditty assigned to her, she proved herself a realist, her excruciatingly funny turns and twists, her grimaces were in so strong a contrast to the pretty curves and graceful pirouetting of her companions that she attracted attention. She became famous before a week was over. To-day she is featured in a big show, and is buying a little home in the country.

Bessie Van Ness, a well-known show girl who made her reputation as a Francis Wilson show girl

So much for the Show Girl who had too much talent to be merely pretty, graceful and young; but then, to be frank, our successful Bowery maiden had reached the ragged edge of twenty-four and was in desperate straits. She had applied for a position in the chorus. It was refused. She had no voice.

Since this lucky girl is buying a little country house, and since she has renounced the glamor of her old career, she dresses in tweed rain-suits and rides in the electric trolley in her jaunts back and forth to the theatre. She dines modestly and brings a sandwich to rehearsals. The real Show Girl scorns such economies. She lives for the present and for whatever pleasure the present can bring her.

She is rarely a native of New York City. She is the restless town or village girl with a heritage of hard work and beauty. She is a born rebel of the commonplace. New York City is the Mecca of her dreams, the spectacular the summit of her ambition. A dinner at a fine uptown restaurant compensates her for the sweet but dreary routine of home life. A spin in an automobile is the acme of her youthful idea of high life. In a showy gown, with veils and streamers flying, seated in a flyer, with a fine dinner in prospect, and a front row in the brilliant musical show of the evening, the Show Girl is at her best. Her eyes are sparkling, her cheeks flushed, her whole being a-thrill with the joy of living.

She is a creature of illusion. What matter the stern stage-manager, the endless rehearsals, the tiny hall bedroom? These are mere accessories. She loves life not for what life actually gives her, but because she is young, she is fair, she possesses that precocious wisdom that teaches her to savor

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Photograph by Chickering, Boston

Harriet Burt of "The Prince of Pilsen"

her own youth and fairness with the zest of one from whom they have slipped away.

Marvelous is the power this knowledge gives her. It renders her queen of her short day. Youth and beauty, and knowledge of one's youth and beauty, are the combined forces that endow the Show Girl with a radiance that midnight hours cannot dim—or the theoretical whip-lash of the stage master cannot wither.

Does she dream of marriage, *à bon parti?* Rarely, and not half so seriously as she dreams of a champagne dinner or a fine gown. She is wise, but she is not calculating. She loves to trail rich skirts over the marble floors of a swell café, and sufficient unto the day is the pleasure thereof. Her cup is full to overflowing; what thought has this pretty butterfly of marriage, even if it be domesticity in a fine establishment? A few have distinguished themselves by a rich alliance—a triumph of beauty and youth, and have regretted the fleshpots of the spectacular. But why question the future of the Show Girl? She is the butterfly of our great city.

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HUMOR AND PATHOS OF THE FLY-BY-NIGHT CIRCUS

By Ferd. Jeroloman, Jr.

THERE are three thousand circuses roaming at large through the great territory comprising these United States, and no federal hand is lifted to stay them. In fact, the majority of them thrive amazingly. In nothing (except perhaps running a daily newspaper) can so much money be sunk as in a traveling circus, and yet, on the contrary, there is always money waiting for the show that has a reputation of being right up to the mark.

"Once a showman, always a showman," is an adage which has passed down for generations. There is something about the nomadic, restless, on-and-on sort of moving Bohemia that seizes the showman and clinches. A glimpse behind the scenes of a camping show is a study of human nature seldom enjoyed. There is what is known as the circus face—a type which differs from all others of the strenuous *stürm und stark* life of the mountains and the plains. The features of the showman or woman display inordinate love of approbation, a certain independence, a good deal of shrewd native intelligence, and, above all, that restlessness which drives them on and on from place to place, like the gipsies of the arts that they are.

Circus life is distinctly American. In no country of the world does the circus flourish as it does here. There are circuses abroad, of course, but those that are the most successful are the American ones which make periodical tours thither. The circus draws together a strangely nomadic class of people from all climes and of all nationalities. There is a curious unwritten code of manners and morals in a well-equipped and well-disciplined circus. Although it is as one big family traveling together, nevertheless there are certain lines

The mixed company behind scenes in women's dressing room

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All ready for the triumphal entry

of demarcation between the various performers and the men who do the heavy and the light work of the organization. It is a wonderful machine, as it must necessarily be in order to be able to pack up in a few hours and be gone to some distant point, there to set up business for the regular diurnal entertainment of the small boy and the boy of larger growth.

While it appears to be all chaos behind the scenes, it is for all that a wonderful organization. Woe to the man or woman who violates the rules and privileges of the circus statutes! He or she may be left behind somewhere hundreds or thousands of miles from home and ordered to shift as best the delinquent can. As a usual thing, everybody keeps well within the disciplinary lines, although, for petty jealousies, intrigues and gossip, a large show is a thing to call for strictest discipline and the largest license. As a rule, the show people have not had the advantages of very high education. Whatever they do so remarkably well as often to afford them a large income, has been the result of great physical strain rather than mental effort. In point of fact, the work is done mostly mechanically, for long discipline in certain tricks has accomplished wonderful facility.

The *morale* of a circus is much higher than people generally suppose. There is very little dissipation there. Performers as a rule are the very strictest of disciplinarians, and their diet is subject to the nicest scrutiny. The writer is acquainted with a veteran acrobat who, in his seventy-ninth year, is as hard of muscle and as spry on his feet as he was at thirty when he was making five hundred dollars a week with P. T. Barnum, and was champion of his class. The only loss was in the skill of performing dangerous feats, which, of course, age had taken from him. Only the strictest physical care could preserve a man to old age in such prime condition, and the writer heard him remark that until he was fifty years of age he never knew the taste of alcohol in any form, nor of tobacco save the odors of some smoker's cigar. Strange to say, the clowns are by far the best educated of the circus cast usually, there being many of the latter who are college graduates.

A corner in the clowns' quarters

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PLAYERS AS AUTOMOBILISTS

By J. L. Burroughs

FROM the nervous energy necessary to a season's arduous work on the boards, direct to the high-tension excitement of tearing about the country in mile-a-minute autos, would, to the ordinary plodder of the workaday world, hardly seem a lull to the nerves.

But this is the way a goodly number of stage folk apparently secure the recuperation they so vitally require, for to them the relaxation and rest of vacation time are the vibrant thrill of breakneck automobiling, bringing the wind-whistle to their ears and the set lines of high-pressure nervousness which makes the "automobile face." And this after long, merciless weeks of work, which, in mid-season, has made a nerve-shattered wreck of many who seemed proof against strain and fatigue.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Tree

Two ardent motorists of the London theatrical colony

Is the present-day rage on the part of theatrical folk for the motor-car merely a fad, a popular fashion? It is, perhaps, taking a bold step to insinuate that it is more than this: that it is a passion for nervous excitement, which they cannot forego; that they have come to require the exhilaration of mobiling. Can it be that a career behind the footlights has been as a nerve-irritant to them, so that they must ever lead a maelstrom existence? Are constant excite-

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Steet, W.

Mr. Wellington and Miss Naomi Barton on a 12 horse-power Brook Car — Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. Percy Richardson, and M. Marconi on a 22 horse-power Daimler — Mr. Instone and Miss Pauline Chase on a 16 horse-power Daimler

The theatrical women's motor meet in England

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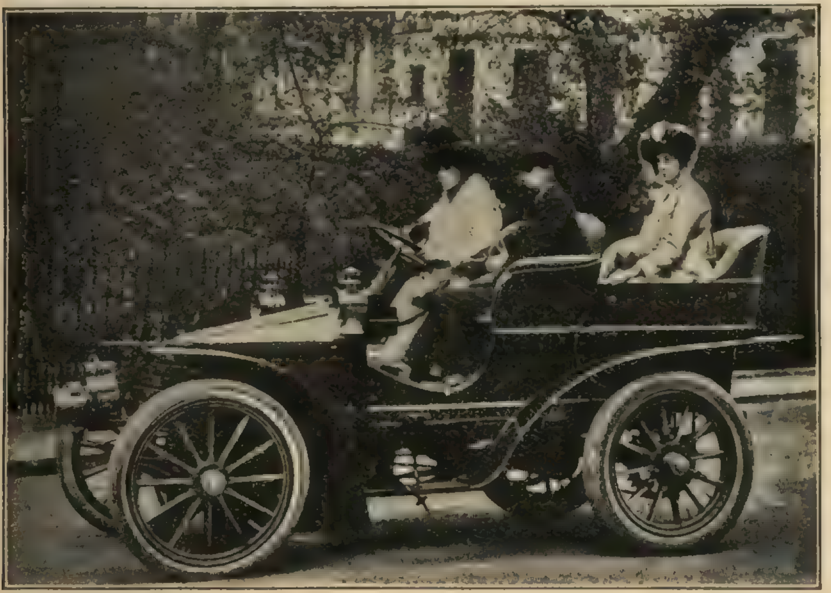
ment and exhilaration to the people of the stage toxins they cannot do without?

Present conditions would seem to make this surmise a reality, startling though it may be. During the late summer it is the racing of automobiles that has furnished to the actor his nervous excitement, and the population of stage-land has taken to the mile-a-minute auto with the avidity of the starved hound to the blood trail. What recreative pastime they will pursue next season, in their quest for wild excitement during vacation to bridge over the long rest-time, would be as easy to conjecture as to divine the end of the world. It may be anything from looping the loop in a baby carriage to hunting the man-eating tigers of Bengal, for actor-people are startlingly original in their fads, and are but briefly loyal to any one of them.

In the full, eager enjoyment of a wild excitation, scores of those who glitter in the vast theatrical firmament are tearing about the country with hand on the speed-lever, and well toward the last notch. They are clipping culvert sides and ricochetting about sharp turns with the lee rail well awash, in immediate prospect of cashing their accident insurance policies. But they are ineffably happy, contentedly pleased, because they are in a state of palpitant exhilaration and do not miss "the time" they seem to be making. Actor-automobilists who tour beyond the confines of their own bailiwicks are very much concerned at the inconveniences of getting back to rehearsals, for as speedy as the machines may be, they cannot always be depended upon to behave decently under some circumstances, and a detention in a suburban court-room is often the result of misplaced confidence in the horse power just at hand.



Mrs. James Brown Potter (at wheel) in her 12 horse-power automobile

The confinement and strain incident to the theatrical struggle makes it imperative that those identified with the stage should have proper rest and recreation. There is certainly nothing quite as satisfying in the matter of nerve-stimulus as the motor-car, even though it is at present a very expensive luxury indulged in by only the favored sons and daughters of fortune. However, as there are many of these among the theatrical profession, we may see more and more brushes on the coming new Motor Speedway with men and women of the profession at the levers.

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OVER THE TEACUPS WITH MRS. LANGTRY

By J. P. Maclough

LONDON, August 25, 1903.

TO really know Mrs. Langtry is to meet her in her home. I dropped into Regal Lodge after a long drive the other afternoon and found myself in a most delightful and refreshing atmosphere. Mrs. Langtry had just come to Newmarket from her town house in Tedworth Square. She had brought with her a party, and these were enjoying a luncheon in the pretty dining-room, laughing and chatting and admiring Mrs. Langtry's fine collection of plate—for in England there are few collections its equal. I thought I heard familiar voices and I realized it all the more when I met the guests. There was Elsie de Wolfe, in a smart new Parisian frock; Paul Arthur, the American actor, now a Londoner—and who, by the way, goes back to America as Mrs. Langtry's leading man; and Percy Fendall, the novelist, whose first play is "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," in which Mrs. Langtry will make her American tour.

Lillie Langtry

"The Jersey Lily" as she looks to-day

Mrs. Langtry was radiant and in the happiest of spirits. Two days before, her thoroughbred, Vergia, had won the Saltykoff stakes—something she was quite proud of. In this regard it is interesting to note that Prince Saltykoff, the Russian millionaire, who founded the Saltykoff stakes, is Mrs. Langtry's nearest neighbor. This summer he has as his guests a number of distinguished men of both continents who are at Newmarket for the races. In fact, Mrs. Langtry's Newmarket home is in a cluster of a neighborhood made up of distinguished people. A little way down the Newmarket highway is Molten Paddocks, which formerly belonged to Mrs. Langtry. It is now occupied by Sir Ernest Cassell,

Dining-room in Mrs. Langtry's London home

Sideboard in Regal Lodge, Mrs. Langtry's Newmarket residence

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Balcony overlooking billiard room in Mrs. Langtry's London house

the famous publisher, who had as his guest the Shah of Persia. Others are the Duke of Portland, Lord Durham, Lord Derby, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Wolverton, Sir James Miller, and Lord Falmouth, the best-known breeder in the Kingdom. Not far away is historic Heath-house, the estate of William C. Whitney.

Mrs. Langtry's trainers, stable-men, grooms and other employees make up the village of Kentford, and she is the Lady of the Village. At Regal Lodge and Exeling she has her training stables, at Cobham are Merman and Aurum II, her famous stallions, her brood mares and foals, while her yearlings are kept down in Surrey. Mrs. Langtry's town-house, the former home of Charles Dickens, is on Tedworth Square, and a beautiful home it is. The dining-room is filled with silver trophies won by her horses, and her collection of silver and old china at this house is one of the most remarkable of its kind.

Mrs. Langtry told me that she had just received an affectionate tribute from her old neighbors in Jersey. When it was announced that she would give three performances of "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" at Tunbridge Wells, old friends in Jersey sent a petition asking for one performance.

Regal Lodge, the famous Newmarket home of "the Jersey Lily"

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A STUDIO PASSION

THEY were in the studio when I took it over.

He was on one side of the big window; she was on the other.

I was interested in them from the first. In the intervals of my work—and there were many intervals in those days—I would often gaze at them by the half hour together.

"Cheek to cheek they hung"

They were only plaster casts, so it was not rude.

Yet I could never understand them.

At first I think he attracted me more than the girl. His face was gnarled and knotted like the bole of some ancient forest oak. It was thin to attenuation, the skin tight-drawn over the prominent bones, the eyes deep-sunk under over-arching eaves of heavy brow; the nose was an imperious one, and the lips were in-drawn and tightly held together; the chin was curiously heavy, seeing that it was very far from coarse; and under all a sinewy, many-corded throat.

I christened him Omega. There was the end of all things in his face. There was peace of a kind in it—but such peace as belongs to an extinct volcano, once instinct with flaming life of subterranean fires.

Yes, Omega had lived, I decided readily enough. He had squeezed this lemon of a life until his nervous fingers had extracted the last drop they might force from it. The whole storm-breed of human emotions had swept down upon his head, as recurring winter tempests had scourged the old forest monarch he reminded me of. They left their marks upon him, too, in the deep furrows of his brow and the fine network of wrinkles round his eyes and the corners of his mouth.

But his expression puzzled me. There was a bitter sweetness in his wintry smile, and at times he seemed to look benignly on me from the wall. Then the light would change a trifle and the mask grew ominous and malevolent. The smile that was so sweet became an evil, mocking grin—as if some jeering devil had taken up his lodgment beneath that plaster skin. Anon there came an expression as of one whose disappointed eyes were worn blind with seeking for the truth—and

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never found it. Or again, as the light softened, it seemed as if all the knowledge in all the world lay behind those sphinx-like features.

What *was* the meaning hidden in that smile? Or, indeed, was it a smile at all? Was it perhaps a sneer?

It wrought upon me, that face on the wall, until it seemed almost a living thing.

I used to turn to the girl for mental refreshment when Omega took on his evil look, though, if there was sometimes a sweetness beneath the bitter in his face, there was at times something unwholesome in the sweetness of hers.

Yet it was very sweet!

Naturally I called her Alpha. There was all the joy of spring beginnings in the calm radiance of her smile when she looked as I loved her best to look.

She was then the loveliest, most purely original thing one's eyes might ever rest on.

Her eyes were shut in an ecstasy of confident expectation, as if she knew they were to open on the new delights of an enchanted world.

Already it seemed some breath of its coming glories had been wafted to her by the wind, for her head was thrown back as if to better catch a fragrance.

The soft smile that played upon her full lips was ever alluring in its promise.

Poised so daintily upon the tenderly modeled neck, her head was like a fair rosebud that waited in the dawn but for one sun-kiss to open out to all its summer glory.

She was like a nosegay in my workroom. My first look was for her in the morning, my last on her at night. Sometimes I blew her a kiss—secure in the knowledge that she would never see.

But one day came the end.

There was to be a cleaning in my studio, and when I entered it on a morning the careful woman who was to do it for me had already put some of my things beyond reach of her tumultuous operations.

Alpha and Omega hung suspended from one nail. The beginning and the ending were come together.

I looked on them and started back—amazed.

At last I understood! The secret in the plaster had come out now—a hideous apparition to revolt my soul.

Cheek to cheek they hung suspended there, his withered skin in amorous contact with her soft contours. I could now read the true ghoulish gloating in his smile—the smile that had sometimes seemed so noble. I now saw the wanton meaning in her enigmatic expectation.

In one mad moment of revelation my choicest dreams were reft from me.

I sprang at the wall in a fury. Down on the floor crashed the unholy images, and I stamped and trampled ferociously upon them until they were in tiny fragments.

One fragment for the moment escaped, and I caught a glimpse of a curling lip on which still lived a hateful mocking grin.

With curses on my life I set my heel on it, and there was only powdered plaster.

The grinning devils that had leered on me from behind those plaster masks had no longer a home.

I sat down and wiped the dew from my forehead.

The air seemed sweeter again.

Perhaps I was a fool.

Who knows?

TO AMOUNT OF ACCOUNT RENDERED

I shudder when I think of it—
The time when Ethel had a fit.

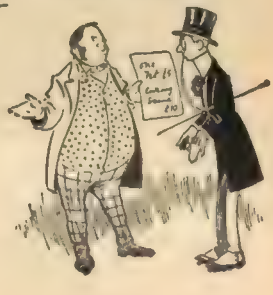
She stopped, and stared, and sighed "How sweet!"
And then she fell in Nineteenth Street.

She fell—and yet she did not drop;
She had the strength to reach the shop.

'Twas there—I groan to think of it—
That Ethel had a "lovely" fit.

She's now recovered, I may say—
For which recovering I pay.

J. J. B.



WHERE BOYS ARE MADE OVER

By William S. Sabel

THE question of the proper correction of the juvenile delinquent is a problem that occupies the attention of some of the best minds in the country. Not only is the criminologist, the sociologist and the student of economics interested in the future of the genus Boy, but statesmen and philosophers as well, for the youth of to-day is the grown man of to-morrow.

Supt. Omar V. Sage

There has been a deal of controversy of late with regard to that staid old institution, the House of Refuge, or, as it is more euphoniously termed, the Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents, incorporated 1824, and one of the important parts of the State's correction system.

The House of Refuge shelters about a thousand children, but the number increases at certain seasons of the year, and diminishes at others. It stands in criminal jurisprudence between the Juvenile Asylum and the Elmira Reformatory. The children who are sent here are such as are unfitted by their antecedents or the gravity of the offence for institutions of the former class, have either committed crimes not grave enough to send them to Elmira or prison, or have not attained the age necessary, those alone who are over sixteen years being admitted to the Elmira Reformatory, and on conviction of felonies only. Sometimes the commitment on the charge of disorderly conduct is mercifully used to cover up a more serious crime, as on occasion of a first offence.

The crimes which bring the delinquents hither are such as assault, burglary, disorderly conduct, grand and petit larceny, robbery, truancy, malicious destruction, and vagrancy. One-fourth of the children are American born of American parentage, one-eighth colored, and the rest of foreign parentage, beginning with the Russian and Germans, ranging down through the Irish, Italian and mixed races to the lowest.

Superintendent Omar V. Sage is a man possessed of the keenest insight into juvenile character. He was for many years warden of Sing Sing Prison. The House of Refuge is a grand institution, and has been immensely improved since Mr. Sage took hold of the work. The superintendent believes in giving the boys an opportunity to prove themselves. He established a system of markings so that each boy could work out his own salvation, as it were. The boys are put to school and trained in the trades as well. A recent exhibition of the work of the boys attracted

Cells for the incorrigibles

House of Refuge, Randall's Island

a great deal of attention, showing how skilfully they had been trained in their several arts.

The policy of the management has been to make men of the youngsters who have not had the advantages of proper care or of education. Superintendent Sage has given up the best years of his life to the study of the criminal problem, and here he starts with the incipient rebel against society, the unformed child of crime. The maintenance of the institution is absolutely inadequate. This has recently been brought to the understanding of the public. However, with the slender means at his command, Superintendent Sage has accomplished what none of his predecessors has achieved: he has brought himself closely in touch with the personal needs and conditions of every member of his household and brought out the best in each individual character.

The inmates are divided into grades and classes. The instruction, covering a period of four hours daily, comprises the elementary branches and a few of the higher, with drawing and music. The manual labor, taking up five hours daily, comprises many branches of technical work—wood-carving, iron-working, and general output of the skilled artificer in wood, metal and glass. Some of the lads become wonderfully expert in the use of tools during the eighteen months, their minimum residence there on the Island. They also have daily drills, and the large recreation ground is thrown open to them at certain hours of the day for football, baseball and other sports.

Not only are the inmates kept under the strictest surveillance while within the precincts, but after their discharge to parents, relatives or employers. A visiting corps goes to discover what sort of conditions the boy or girl returns to upon being discharged, and if such are likely to bring about reversion to crime, some other provision is made. Many of the boys have gone direct to employers and in many instances have turned out excellent men. The records of the institution show hundreds of cases where, instead of being the anteroom to Elmira Reformatory as the latter is the *porte cochere* to Sing Sing, as is often said, the House of Refuge has proven a real boon to the boys who have come under its protective wing. These "graduates," for such they may be rightly named, are reputable citizens, merchants, and farmers.

First stages of crime—the crap game in a downtown doorway

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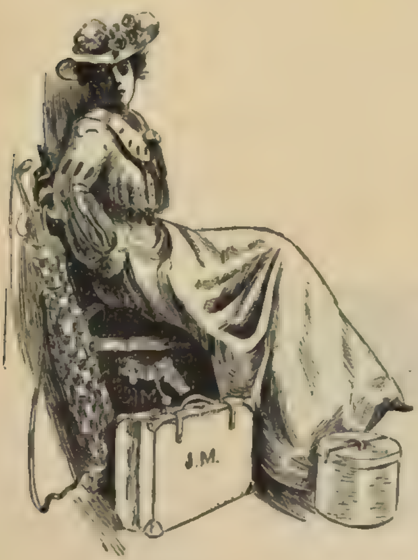
AN IDEALIST OF WOMEN

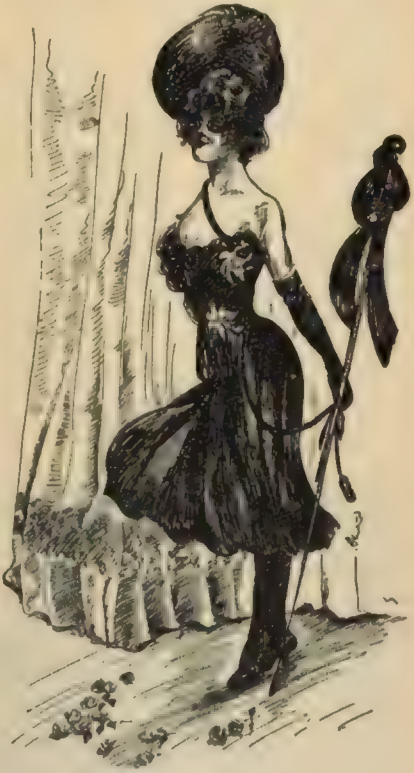
By Duncan Darrow

Francis P. Sagerson

JOHNSTOWN, Pennsylvania, has been in the public eye for some years as being a place almost entirely wiped out by a terrible flood of water from a broken dam. One of the survivors is the young artist, Mr. Francis P. Sagerson, and it is not known of which the artist is the more proud—of his talents, which are many, or of the fact that he was one of the few who lived to tell the tale of that terrible flood. As it was, he was badly injured, having two ribs broken, his body otherwise cut and bruised, and almost blinded by the vitriol and other chemicals in the water. He was picked up for dead, but after some signs of life were discovered, transferred from a bier to a bed. He was many months recovering. In this flood of the thirty-first of May, '89, Mr. Sagerson lost two sisters, a brother, and altogether twenty-four relatives. He recalls many thrilling episodes of the flood and promises some day to put these impressions to canvas.



The home-coming of the Gotham girl



All ready for the curtain to rise

Mr. Sagerson went to work at school on recovering, and was greatly encouraged by his teachers at the St. John's high school, who saw the possibilities of making an

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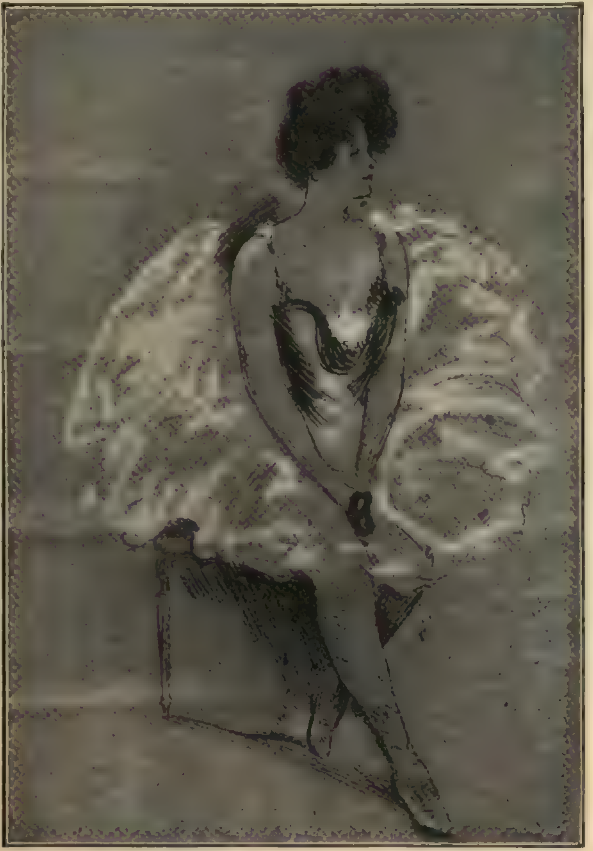
artist of note. Pretty women were first of all the young artist's inspiration, and his early work showed that in portraiture and idealization he excelled. After leaving school, Mr. Sagerson engaged in business, and whereas he was successful, the longing to follow an artistic career was too strong with him and he abandoned business, to take up more congenial work. Circumstances led his interests toward the stage, strange to say, and for a year or more the artist haunted managers' offices with the hope of finding a part which he thought worthy of him. However, finding the stage not all that it was said to be, he abandoned the "sock and buskin" for his old love—art.

Mr. Sagerson's stage career, brief as it was, developed him in the matter of character-reading and made him expert in imitations of facial expressions, inflections of voice, etc. He made a close study of the various salient features of celebrated people. This habit of character-reading has become confirmed with him and gives his work a certain lifelike quality which it otherwise would not enjoy. Although he has abandoned the stage forever, nevertheless the artist is an inveterate theatre-goer, believing that the stage is of incalculable benefit to the student of art. He sees there costumes and scenes of various peoples and countries, and more than all, gets into the habit of analyzing faces and getting at the characteristic dominant notes by which celebrated people of the stage are individualized.



The Sagerson Show Girl

Although Mr. Sagerson has made many departures into the provinces of oil, charcoal, pastel, water color, clay, et cetera, he has fallen back upon the pen, his best work being plain pen and ink drawing, all showing infinite care and delighted enthusiasm with the labor of the hours and watching the growth and development, not only of the picture in hand, but his own conceptions, and the strengthening of his own powers—what Balzac calls the "conflict of idea over form." The drawings of Sagerson show that it is not merely the pictorial which invites him. He is strong in draperies, but they also seem to hold human beings in their perfumed inclosure, and neither is made a mere excuse to involve the other. There is an air of refinement about his idealizations of women which is very charming. They are living, breathing types of certain phases of American life, if not always the highest, certainly quite as individual as any. Mr. Sagerson has studied the work of men like Charles Dana

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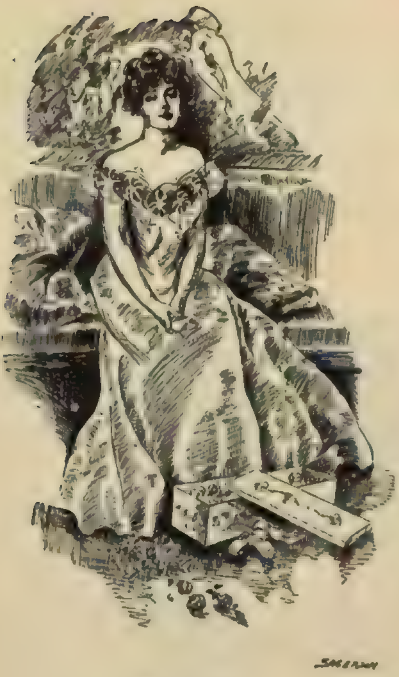
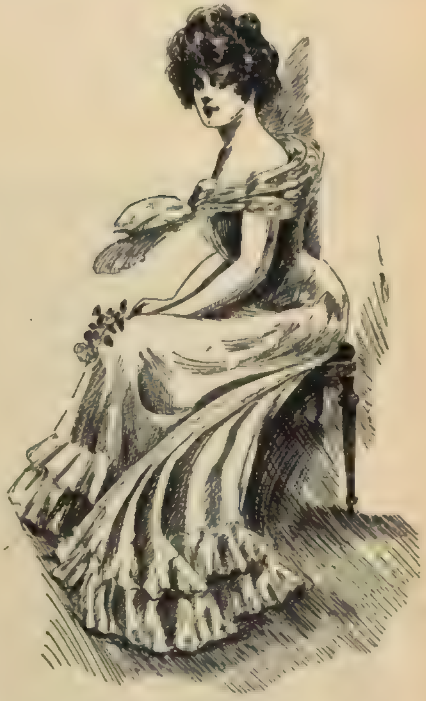


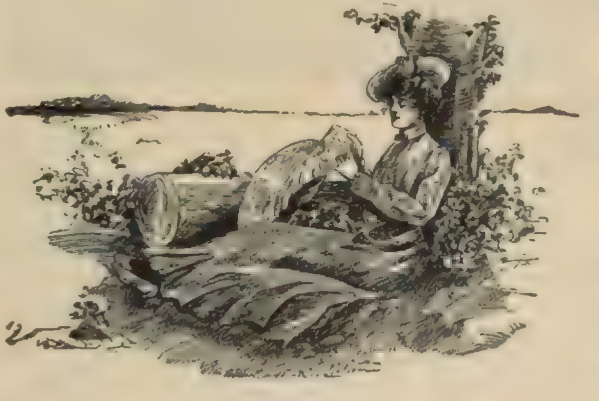
The débutante

Gibson, Albert Wenzel, Howard Pyle, Edwin Abbey, John Appleton Clark, and others of note, but he has in no wise become their imitator. Assimilation, that true index of the artistic temperament, and without which no artist can rise out of the realm of mere imitation into the region of creative work, he has in a marked degree. His compositions are good, his style is sure without being unduly aggressive, and there is an innate refinement through it all that is very charming.

The small experience Mr. Sagerson enjoyed in contact with the leading lights of the stage has turned some of his art work in that direction. Some of his studies of the characters which haunt the behind-scene regions are instinct with individuality and interest. Many of the stage people have Mr. Sagerson's drawings, and in many ways he is looked upon as the coming man in portrayal of stage types and character. He has made many friends among the leaders of the profession and is a frequenter of some of the leading clubs and foregathering places where actors are happily met to discuss the intricacies and vicissitudes of their difficult profession. Mr. Sagerson possesses the elements of true artistic success.



Between waltzes



Love letters

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The Somerset, on West 45th Street—a typical home for the well-to-do

HOMES FOR THE WELL-TO-DO HOMELESS

NEW YORK City has been dubbed the city of "no homes." It might better be called the city of "artificial homes." These great luxurious centres reaching toward the skies, gilded, frescoed, be-marbled, stretch out sheltering arms toward that curious motley crowd lacking nothing of this earth's abundance save that one thing, a "home."

These wonderful apartment homes are not hotels. While they offer all that a modern hostelry implies in this competitive metropolis whose hotels are the marvel of the old-world tourists both as to price and luxury, the artificial home supplies more—a costly comfort, a luxurious "mothering," a certain catering to and understanding of the intimate human side of well-to-do humanity, unknown to the necessarily wholesale methods of hotel life. One lives in a hotel for a day or a week; one lives in the apartment home for a lifetime.

The Manager's office

The reading-room

The palm room

To the homeless bachelor it is a haven of rest, a safe port from the turbulent sea of boarding-house experiences. It is mother, wife and housekeeper in the most agreeable of presentations. To the childless couple with something of this world's goods, it is a fixed spot which fits into all their caprices. They close the door of their little apartment home, and the home is ready to receive them after their wanderings, bright, burnished, and fully garnished.

These costly shelters are built to please and attract the eye, in wide and sunny streets. Their stuccoed fronts, their noble porticos, their shining windows and gay awnings present centres of cheery welcome.

Forty-sixth street, for instance, and its neighborhood offer a palatial array of these inviting and truly artistic homes for the homeless. The Somerset may be considered typical of what the artificial home aims to achieve. It has a noble entrance through marble pillars flanked on each side by window gardens fresh and green; reception-rooms, library, smoking rooms, and in the distance a handsome dining-room, convey at once upon entering, a sense of abundant comfort and luxurious ease. A tired man realizes on the instant that he has found a corner where he may dine and smoke and revel in the comforts of a home life both free and exclusive. The homeless are Bohemian and conservative at the same time. The independent woman, with a penchant for the beautiful, knows that her independence is housed and sheltered, for each apartment is a separate niche, and yet part of a whole representing a great machine managed by master engineers.

What are the requisites for enjoying the privilege of the apartment homes? They are two—that one should be homeless and that one should be, perhaps, wealthy, or at least in possession of a generous income.

PRIMNESS BEHIND THE SCENES

By James K. Bartlett

MANY old-fashioned people still seem to believe that "behind the scenes" all is wicked. They see (in imagination) young women scantily clad surrounded by the gilded youth of the town. Of course that is all nonsense. The scene on every stage is extremely business-like. The late Mr. Augustin Daly made it even as prim as a Sunday school. I recently came across a copy of his extraordinary rules:

I. No gentlemen at the time of performance are to wear their hats in the green-room, neither are they to talk vociferously or enter into such altercations there as may tend to dispute or quarrel. The green-room is a place appropriated for the quiet and regular meeting of the company, to be called from thence and from thence only by the call-boy to attend on the stage. The manager is not to be applied to in that place about any matter of business or personal complaint. A breach of any part of this article will subject the person to a penalty of one dollar.

II. Any person appearing intoxicated on the stage shall forfeit a week's salary.

III. Making the stage stand, or not being at the proper entrance after being summoned by the caller, one dollar.

IV. Every lady and gentleman after being properly warned by notice to attend all rehearsals—ten minutes allowed for difference of clocks—if absent, a quarter of a dollar for every scene. The whole rehearsal at the same rate, or two dollars, at the option of the manager. N.B.—That scene is forfeited at the commencement of which the performer may be absent.

V. Any performer rehearsing from a book or part at the last rehearsal shall forfeit two dollars if he has had proper time to study.

VI. Any performer who walks across the stage or stands on it during rehearsal (unless the business of the stage requires it) shall forfeit a quarter of a dollar.

VII. Any performer opening the stage door, except required so to do by the business of the representation, to forfeit one dollar.

VIII. Any person conversing with the prompter during representation, or talking loud behind the scenes to the interruption of the performance, to forfeit fifty cents. . . .

Mr. Daly was not satisfied with legislating for the players. He even laid down the law to the poor prompter:

XII. The prompter's boy or caller must attend in the theatre to summon the ladies and gentlemen at all representations or rehearsals or forfeit for each offence fifty cents.

XIII. If the prompter converses with any person during representation, or is guilty of any neglect to the prejudice of the performance, he shall forfeit fifty cents.

XIV. If the prompter shall be guilty of any neglect in his office, or not forfeit such performers as incur the penalties annexed to the non-observance of the rules and regulations of the theatre, he shall forfeit for each offence or omission a week's salary.

The favorite portrait of the late Augustin Daly, taken about 1888

Mr. Daly did not let the artistic temperament interfere with his dominance as manager, as these rules amply prove:

XV. As there sometimes is an absolute necessity for a sudden change of play or farce, any lady or gentleman refusing to perform any character assigned them during the season shall forfeit a week's salary.

XVI. Any performer refusing a part allotted him by the manager shall forfeit a week's salary.

XVII. Any performer drawing a sword on the stage shall forfeit a night's salary.

XVIII. Any performer singing songs not advertised in the bills of the day, omitting any, or introducing others not in the part, without first having the consent of the manager, shall forfeit two dollars.

N.B.—The prompter will take care to provide the performers with a book or part of a new piece, but the performers must in all old or revived pieces provide their own.

From all of which we can see that behind the scenes does not quite mean untrammeled carelessness and gaiety.

The example of the late impresario has been followed by others, and there is no doubt that for discipline and hard work the behind-the-scene world of New York challenges the military. People who are not acquainted with the stern facts of theatrical life are liable to be misled by the apparent confusion behind the footlights, where there are scores and sometimes hundreds of people controlled by one or two authorities.

QUEER THINGS FOUND IN THE SUBWAY

By J. Filmore Browne

The main aqueduct of Burr's queer enterprise

THE lower part of New York is the most historical as well as containing relics of the older colonial days. In the digging of the great Subway, hundreds of curious articles were found, particularly below Canal street. Near that point the ground is soft and the ledge of rock which is so prominent near the Park, declines slowly until, at the Battery, there is no trace of it whatsoever. The region about Forty-second street was almost entirely blasted out of the solid rock, so that it gave up no important relics of the past. Down City Hall way, however, there were some rare finds. These included about four hundred coins, some gold, more silver, and the rest copper, and of all nations—English, Dutch and Spanish, as well as colonial. There are pewter tankards of the days when the early Dutch governors sat on their porches and smoked while the chaises went by. There were fire-arms of the flintlock variety, some of them handsomely carved and engraved, two found in one spot in positions which indicated a duel. There were all sorts of household utensils, and, of course, many skulls and bones, in one instance a full skeleton and a handful of British officer's buttons lying beside a broken sword. This also indicated a mortal combat. In the region of the City Hall, where the old prison was, there were found chains and shackles, and in one instance a rudely made saw which might have sawed some prisoner to freedom. The key to the great lock was also unearthed there.

Chains found near old city jail

Quite the largest, if not the most interesting of the finds, was a four hundred foot length of the great Aaron Burr aqueduct. Burr was a schemer and a financier, but he was feared as a trickster and denounced as such by the man whom he afterwards killed in duel—Alexander Hamilton. Burr tried to get a bank charter through the legislature, but failed. He was deeply chagrined, but went to work with his usual indomitable will. He managed to put through others' hands a bill allowing them to build a water works for the relief of the inhabitants of the Centre Street district, which was then a fashionable quarter. He got the charter, one clause of which allowed the corporation to "transact other business as the directors might see fit." The water works was built, and then the "other business"

A section of Aaron Burr's wooden water conduit

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was established in the form of a banking institution which still exists and does business on the water-works charter. For years and years after the establishment of the great water mains to the north, the reservoir was kept filled in order to maintain the charter. Burr made a lot of money in the banking institution, although the water works was run at a loss. Banking in those days of unstable currency was a wild-cat game in which Burr was a master craftsman. The business since that far day has amounted to many millions. The aqueduct has gone to rot, but the banking institution still flourishes. This is but one of the many curious finds of the great Subway recently excavated. The new diggings will doubtless reveal far more.

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES

FOR nearly a score of years Edward Livermore Burlingame has been editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, and brought it to its present high standard and firm position with a discriminating public. Mr. Burlingame is a Bostonian, born and brought up under the influences of the Golden Era of American literature signalized by such men as Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Agassiz and others of national note. He was educated at Harvard and in Heidelburg, Germany, where he took the Doctor of Philosophy degree. He has traveled extensively in the far East, being for a time associated with his father, who was once United States Minister to China. Coming to New York, Mr. Burlingame became one of the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, and later was identified with the Scribner publications. When the magazine was started (or rather revived, for the old *Scribner's* was merged into the *Century*), Mr. Burglingame became the editor and has since remained in that capacity.

Besides being a man of editorial and executive ability, Mr. Burlingame is a writer of great literary finish and discrimination. He has discovered many literary lights and encouraged them to high positions in the profession. Mr. Burlingame is a prominent member of several clubs whose fellows are of the literary, art and theatrical profession, and was one of the founders of the Aldine Club, an institution whose constituents number some of the leading publishers and men of letters in the metropolis.

Photograph by Vander Wyde, New York

Edward Livermore Burlingame
Editor of *Scribner's Magazine*

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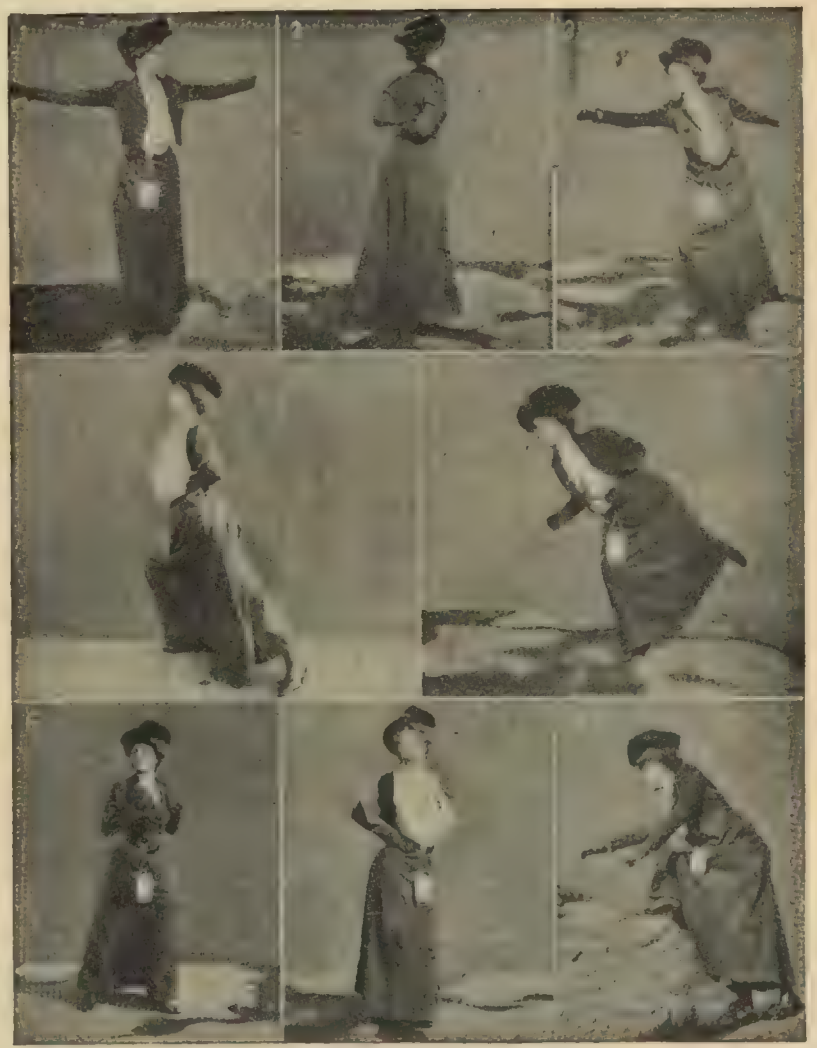

1. Shapely arms will result by stretching them out as shown and holding them in this position until tired, keeping the figure perfectly rigid and erect the while. 2. An erect position in walking. 3. If you are too stout, this will reduce the adipose tissue: stand erect, thrust right leg and arm forward, recover right leg and arm, and repeat with left. 4. For rounding the hips: first stand erect, then with one motion throw one foot as far forward as possible, keeping other leg rigid; recover first position and repeat with other foot. 5. Running is good exercise, but it should not be too violently indulged in. 6. The value of walking is very much overlooked by women; as a means to correct breathing, which has so much to do with general health, there is nothing like a brisk, short walk during which long breaths are inhaled. 7. Better than all the medicine: throw the chest well forward and inhale deep breaths, holding the same as long as possible. 8. Do a little rock climbing, but do it in a sprightly way and as much as possible on the ball of the foot.

BEAUTY, AND HOW TO GET IT

Simple exercises which every woman can practise

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THE MAN IN THE BOX OFFICE

THE STORY OF THE FRONT-ROW BRIGADE

By Ray Comstock

"THE man who can invent a front row with two hundred seats in it, has a fortune coming his way at a two-minute pace. We had over two hundred requests for front-row seats for Miss Templeton's first night with 'The Runaways' and there are just twenty-two chairs in the row. Isn't that a Chinese puzzle for any box-office man to solve?"

And F. Ray Comstock, treasurer of the Casino, snapped the gilded door leading into his cage, and walked up Broadway to a chop-house whose cuisine is said to be particularly soothing to bachelor souls.

"You see, every theatre has its own clientele which must be looked after first, and we have a subscription list whose interests we guard as carefully as a magazine looks after its regular subscribers. For the first and second nights, and the first Saturday night of a new production, the subscription list is particularly heavy and must be provided for, before a single seat can be sold through the box-office window.

"Very few people, even New Yorkers, seem to understand these conditions, and long after a house is practically sold out, we receive requests for seats 'in the first row, please.' For a first-night performance, no less than two hundred people aim to secure their choice of just one-tenth that number of chairs. Hotel agencies, speculators, who never get a chance at the first row, even the managers of the house are laid on the shelf—anything for the front row on opening night.

Ray Comstock
The Box-Office man at the Casino Theatre
New York

"Among the Casino's regular first-nighters, A. H. Hummel is one of the most familiar figures, and his subscription seats are the first two in the first row, left aisle. Judge Dittenhoefer, Judge Leventritt, Judge De Grove, Dr. H. L. Constable, Dr. L. M. King, of the New York Life Insurance Company; C. W. Morse, president of the American Ice Company; M. J. O'Brien, president of the Southern Express Company, M. J. Smith, President of the Metropolitan City Bank; A. E. Merrall, George Mayer, José Mora, and Thomas B. Clark, ex-Shepherd of the Lambs, are on the subscription list of first-nighters. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gould are inveterate first-nighters, and among the women who rank as subscribers are Mrs. W. H. Oakley, and Miss Douglas, whose home is the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The subscriber pays for the seats laid aside on his standing order, whether he uses them or not, but it is rarely indeed that these posts are unoccupied.

"Previous to his marriage, Harry Lehr was an inveterate first-nighter. Now his fad is large box parties, and he has given seven since the opening of "The Runaways." He prefers the lower right-hand boxes, and usually has a lot of well-known clubmen in his party. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is another entertainer of large theatre parties, usually taking two boxes. The George Goulds also give theatre parties.

"Boxes are always in demand, and not, as generally supposed by the general public, by holders of passes. Sporting men always want boxes, and when the racing season is on around New York, men well known on the turf are always to be seen at the theatre at night. George Kessler might be taken to represent this class of box holders.

"It is also supposed that stars and primadonnas who occupy boxes never pay for them, even on first nights. This, too, is a mistake. The successful stage woman knows she must be a part of the Broadway throng on both sides of the footlights, and if she appears at a first-night of any manager save her own, you can be sure that she paid for the box, and, in her beautiful gown, is as much on exhibition as her sisters on the other side of the footlights. The right-hand lower box at the Casino is most popular with theatrical folk, because it is known as the stage box, and leads directly to the star's dressing-room.

"College men divide their loyalty between the front row and the boxes. Friday and Saturday nights are their rallying times, and the first of each week brings us a heavy mail from New Haven and Cambridge engaging seats for the Saturday jaunts of the college men. The Vassar girls come down for the Saturday matinees, and pupils from Miss Ely's school on Riverside Drive are more apt to come on Friday or Saturday evenings, always accompanied by the school chaperon. The Vassar girls do not bring a chaperon, and the head of a Vassar party is usually some New York girl who likes to do the honors.

"Single box seats are, strangely enough, in demand for the matinées. I have tried to find out why. Occasionally I learn that a woman wants

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to get close to the stage merely to study the gowns. Sometimes she is a dressmaker, sometimes she merely wishes to take hints from stage gowns to suggest for the making of her own frocks. Not infrequently she informs me of this fact when she insists upon a seat in the front box. During the run of "A Chinese Honeymoon," for weeks—yes, I can honestly say months—a young girl came every Saturday afternoon and asked for a seat in the stage box. Her faithful attendance is still a mystery to every one connected with the house. If she was stage-struck, she never asked Mr. Shubert for a position. If she was worshiping at the feet of some matinée idol in the company, she never let the object of her affections know it. She came and went quietly, and finally dropped out of sight as suddenly as she had appeared.

"One of the oddest box parties we ever had was composed of able seamen from a man-of-war anchored at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Sailors are great theatre-goers, but usually they limit their expenditure to the rear balcony seats. This party, all perfectly sober and arrayed in spick-span uniforms, wanted the best the office had to sell, and it happened to be an upper box. The sailors had the front box, and a group of club-men the one just behind them. The contrast between the sallow-faced, white-shirted city men, and the ruddy-complexioned, blue-bloused seamen was striking, and attracted the attention of the entire house.

"But the most characteristic request comes from the small boy who is well supplied with pocket money and whose adoring mamma brings or sends him to the matinée. He wants a seat next to the drummer. The play counts for nothing as compared with the antics of the drummer with his 'traps.'"

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE CATACOMBS

By Donald F. Harson

THE needs of the great metropolis in the matter of a post office adequate to the demand is shown here in the illustration—the catacombs of the present building below City Hall park, which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In this underground den where the sunlight never enters, hundreds of men are forced to work day and night, sorting the mail and delivering it to the various departments above.

Broadway Magazine's snap-shot at the Post-Office catacombs

The great ocean steamers pour their vast cargoes of mail matter into these catacombs till it is piled mountain high, and the labor of sorting it and sending it out through the great arteries of the country is a giant's task. The present post office was built when the requirements were not one-tenth what they are now, and it was never thought that the caverns below the great structure would ever be required for night and day work. But it has been found necessary to occupy these caves, and the men who make their living in the service of Uncle Sam in such grottos certainly earn their wages.

There have been several movements to supply New York with a new post office, and a bill passed Congress for an appropriation providing for a building large enough so that all the mail could be sorted in the sweet, pure air instead of these dank cellars, and at least in daylight during the day hours of work. It was proposed to erect this new post office near the Grand Central station at Forty-second street, but the only available spot, owned by the Vanderbilts, was held at a prohibitive price and destined for other uses. It seems not improbable, however, that the movement to erect a monster post office in New York will ultimately succeed, and it is certainly needed, as the flashlight photograph clearly shows.

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THE FELLOWSHIP OF BUTTERFLIES

By Morrill Hazard

NELLIE could just discern the figure in the low rocking-chair against the light back-ground of the window. Sometimes it drooped in an attitude of sleep as though worn out with long vigils. It had been there for days and nights and the fever-racked brain of the girl was puzzled, for she had no acquaintances in this section of the country, save some of the most formal character. The room itself seemed queerly familiar, being like the one she had occupied in Mrs. Mullen's theatrical lodgings upon first coming to New York.

When had her tour with the opera company closed? When had she returned to Mrs. Mullen's? Her mind was still too confused with fever to answer these questions to her own satisfaction.

At length she was able to note dimly the fact that the stranger had risen to approach the bed. She shrank away, not realizing until now that she was in the presence of some unknown man. He paid no heed to her mumbled utterances, but gave her medicine and went back to the rocking-chair to sleep again. She was relieved. No doubt he was the physician.

One morning as she opened her eyes she greeted him feebly, indicating clearly that her delirium was at an end. His manner evinced delight.

"Do you remember me?" he asked, bending over her. "I occupied the rear room for awhile—but I have given it up." She looked vaguely about. "You have been out of your head," he went on.

It all came back to her. The manager of the company had sent her to New York because she was too ill to perform.

"Are you—are you the doctor?" she asked, timidly.

"No."

Not the doctor! "But was it you who met me at the station?" she queried. 'I remember it was some one whom I had never—whom I had not met often."

'Yes, it was I"—quickly.

"How did you know—who told you I was coming?"

"They wired the lodging house that you were coming back."

"Oh, Mrs. Mullen, the landlady, sent you to get me. How good of her!"

"Y-yes—Mrs. Mullen sent me, I suppose." He did not tell her of the struggle he had had to induce Mrs. Mullen to let her have the room again.

"It was very kind of you to come."

"Tut, tut"—very gruffly. He turned away to busy himself with something on the mantel piece. "I am going to cook you something," he said.

"Oh, you needn't mind!" He was lighting the gas jet. "I—I will get up."

"I guess not"—laconically.

"But I would rather—really!"

She was becoming nervous. Why did he presume to remain in her room? She tried to sit up in bed to emphasize her protest, but fell back upon the pillow again, exhausted. He whistled an air while heating some soup over the gas in a tin bucket. She began to laugh in mild hysteria at her helplessness.

Meanwhile the fragrance of the cooking soup filled the cheerless apartment and made her hungry. Oh, what an appetite the fever had left her with, to be sure! As she watched him her resentment cooled and a feeling of comfortable, secure expectancy succeeded.

She noted his threadbare, even shabby appearance. His coat was buttoned closely about his throat, for the weather was cold and there was no

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fire in the room. He warmed the tips of his fingers, which protruded from the torn ends of his gloves. He carried a cane, rakishly tucked under his arm, and wore a wide-brimmed hat which gave him a certain picturesqueness despite his unmistakably half-starved condition. His age must have been about thirty.

Presently he came and propped her up in bed with a pillow, after which he poured the soup into a plate and brought it to her steaming, placing it before her on the counterpane. "Mind your table manners," he admonished humorously. She devoured it. "There is some more," he said, smiling. "Won't you have it?"

"Oh, yes—if you will!" He procured it for her.

"Have you been to breakfast?" she inquired, as she ate.

"Long ago!" He looked it.

"Won't you have some of the soup, too?" she asked tentatively. "It's great."

"Couldn't think of it," he replied, picking up an old guitar and sinking into the rocking-chair. "Besides, there is no more." He twanged the guitar and hummed a comic ballad.

Not until she had finished did the incongruity of her position flash upon her again with suddenness. How odd that he should be sitting there so coolly without a trace of embarrassment—as though he had known her all his life and this was a mere informal call!

She decided that he must be a Bohemian about whom she had heard so much—and so dreaded to meet.

"Are you a Bohemian?" she asked abruptly.

A characteristic grin crossed his pinched features. The question appeared to surprise him. "Bohemians do not exist, little girl," he observed patronizingly. "They were invented by a shiftless scribbler about the middle of the Nineteenth Century."

"You mean Murger!" she exclaimed. "I have read his book. And I am very glad you are not one of them!" she added heartily. The wrinkles about his mouth cracked open again.

"Why?" he asked softly.

"They are said to be bad."

He shook his head in the negative emphatically. "Bohemians are not bad," he declared. "Bohemians are too proud to be bad. I have my doubts about these villains and all such vagabonds, Murger included. They are schismatic—though not yet anathemized. No, no! Not yet!"

"You defend them vigorously enough," she remarked. "And you said there were no Bohemians!" She eyed him with suspicion.

"Inconsistency is the jewel of Bohemia."

"Then you are a Bohemian!"

"Bohemians and Irish dislike to be identified as such."

While laughing in spite of herself, she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror. "Oh, I'm a fright!" she cried. "Am I not?"

"You are!"

She was amused at his frankness, but primped herself hastily. "You are impolite," she pouted—but quickly bethought herself of all his kindness. "And how good!" she added.

"Did I tell you that my name is Fitz?" he asked gravely.

"No, sir, you did not."

"Well—it is." He twanged the guitar.

"How do you do, Fitz?" she smiled. He acknowledged it solemnly. "Where did I get all that medicine?" she asked, noting it everywhere in the room.

"Me."

"Oh! Has the doctor been here?"

"Yep."

"Who sent him?"

"Me."

"I'm—I'm much obliged. Where did you—where did you get the money to—to buy the—"

"Borrowed it!"

She feared that he might have spent his own money, but this was quite as bad. "From whom did you borrow it?"

"From the doctor. He won't give up any more, by the way—"grinning at her. He was impossible.

"The idea! I'd never ask it, I assure you." She seemed dismayed. "I don't even know him."

"You didn't know me until just this minute." He twanged merrily.

"Oh, dear!" She closed her eyes in honest distress which ended in another laugh. "Are you an actor?" The question loosened his tongue amazingly. He was an actor and had played admirably in many parts, and he gave her the particulars at great length. By the time he had finished speaking they were the closest of comrades and she was sure he must be a very great man. "I have only been on the stage a week," she confessed humbly.

"How do you like it?"

"It's terrible."

"Didn't they give you your salary?" scowling fiercely.

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

She stared at him. "I spent it."

"Oh." He twanged again and sang with prompt indifference.

She soon forgot his impertinence as she had forgotten it before. "How cold it is in here!" she said. "If it wasn't for the gas we should freeze." Even as she spoke it went out.

"They turn it off at the meter during the day, the barbarians!" he commented, and proceeded to tuck the bed-clothes around her. Thereupon she got mad again. Why should he persist in these indelicate attentions? "Did you run away to go upon the stage?" he demanded accusingly.

"No."

"Want to go home?" The guitar was silent.

She thought of her people who had ridiculed her ambition most unmercifully. "No," she whispered. "No."

He twanged the guitar. "What do you want to do?"

"I don't know." The ring of despair was in her voice.

He sat bolt upright with his chin in the air. "Don't you worry about it, do you hear? We won't have you worried!" The guitar bespoke a swinging march as though it would sing to her of hope and power.

She peered at him curiously and it seemed to her, in the exhilaration of his encouragement, that

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she was gazing upon some dear, angelic friend. Her fear was gone. "Do put down that cane," she said. "I believe you would look nicer without it." He twirled the cane in his fingers and chuckled.

Suddenly he rose as though preparing to go. "Some people have engraved cards and wear rich apparel; they go about in carriages and dine ostentatiously—all for effect. I carry a cane!" He paused at the door. "I'm off for a little trip down street, little girl," he said. "Stay where you are as quiet as a mouse—and I'll come back."

She stopped him. "You have been so good to me!" she cried, her eyes filling with tears. "God bless you, Fitz!"

"Tut, tut!"

"Fitz!"

But the door had closed, leaving a tomb-like chill in the dingy room. She shivered and crept further beneath the scant bed-clothes.

Would he really come back? The thought of it made her giddy, now that the good humor of his presence was removed. Her alarm grew apace, for all her training had been in the conventional atmosphere of a prosaic household wherein the danger of evil appearances had been taught her. Actual transgression was not more terrible. Would it not be better to starve where she lay, rather than jeopardize her good name further? It had been trying enough alone in the midst of the opera troupe—but this was worse! Of course she owed him some debt of gratitude; and thinking of the four days and nights he had been there faithfully at her side she grew crimson, and laughed and wept by turns.

A knock upon the door interrupted. She sunk her teeth into her lip with grim determination. A second knock. She would not bid him enter. Had she been able to reach the key she would have turned it in the lock.

Her head sank as the door opened—opened softly. He tiptoed in and stood aghast.

"Why, you're awake!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "I thought you had been asleep."

Some speech trembled upon her tongue, but it was submerged in sobs.

"Crying again!" he observed discontentedly. Then, gruffly: "Brace up, little girl—we're in luck!"

"We?"

"Sure. I want you to get well at once. I need you."

"I wish you would not be so familiar!"

"What!" It appeared to sweep him off his feet. He began to grin. "I shall put that in the sketch!" he chuckled. "They won't be looking for it. Ha, ha!" He capered about like a child, twirling his cane and repeating her words.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, with solemn anger.

"They have hired us."

"Us? Indeed! Whom do you mean?"

"You and me, of course."

"I?"

"Certainly. We're to do a turn in vaudeville. It's something I wrote myself. That is—if you care to" He paused.

"Do you mean that you are offering me employment?"

He was convulsed again. "I'll put that in if I die for it!" he cackled. He grew more serious. "There will be very little for you to do and I can coach you in it very readily. I want a good girl, like you," he added soberly. "You're a good girl, Nellie." She tried to speak, but choked with her tears. He went on: "They gave us an advance on salary." He threw ten dollars on the bed. "There is your third. You get a third." He picked up the guitar again. "I'm feeling strong," he said. "Been in to lunch at Beefsteak John's—first in two days!"

That horrified her. "And you wouldn't touch the soup!" she gasped. "Oh, Fitz!"

"Tut, tut!" He twanged the guitar. "Can you sing?" he demanded, in sudden consternation. His eyes clouded. "What did you do with the opera company?"

"I sang, of course."

"Good!" A contented grin settled upon his Punch-like features. "Let her go, little girl!"

He twanged a vigorous chord upon his instrument and she sang with him in joyous unison. He nodded his approval as they sang—and they were friends as butterflies are friends in a world of beauty.

IGNOTA

By K. Sugden

Dwell she in Arctic land
'Mid northern gales terrific,
Or upon coral strand,
Girt by the warm Pacific;
Live she in wealthy palace,
Or in a humble cottage,
Her dish a lordly chalice
Or pewter plate of pottage,
Beneath whatever sun,
Dwelling in land whatever,
Somewhere, I know, there's one
Made for me only, ever:
One I shall love, caress,
Nor, while I live, forget her·
One—but I must confess
As yet I've never met her.

She may be plump or slender,
Her stature short or stately;
I care not, so she's tender,
Yet loves not *too* sedately.
She may be dark—if blindly
She bow to my protection—
Or fair—so she be kindly—
As Cupid's own complexion,
She may be regal, queenly,
To bold advances stormy—
On me she'll smile serenely,
And save her kisses for me.
And ah! when once I find her,
No stroke of fate shall sever
Our lives—but slight reminder,
As yet I've met her never!

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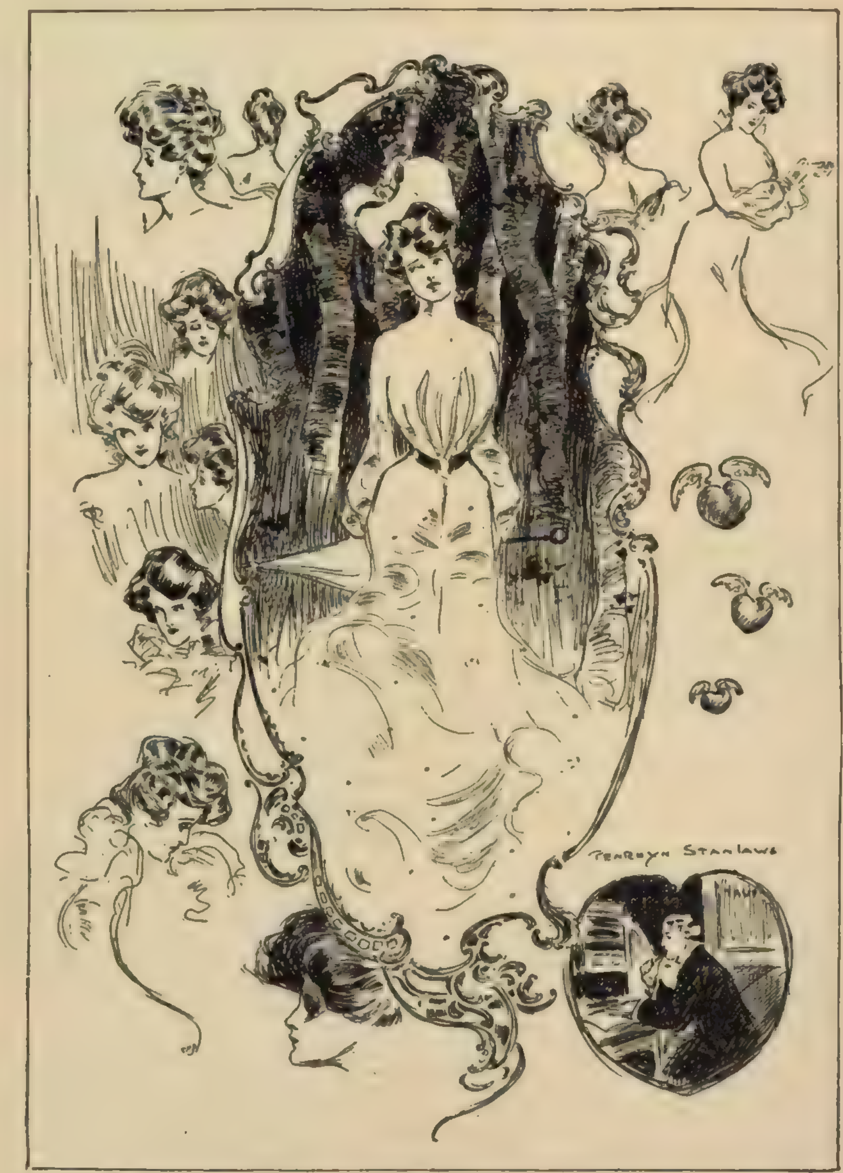

HEART-DREAMS

Girls, girls, girls, girls!
They float thro' the arid mirk
Of the office heat
In the busiest street
Where Reggie is chained at work.
And he dreams and he dreams
Of the woodlands and streams,
And the maidens of all creation;
Then he murmurs, "Alas,
Will the time never pass?
It's a year ere another vacation!"

Go gle

New York Bay by moonlight

Photograph by Hollister, New York

MOONLIGHT ON THE FINEST HARBOR IN THE WORLD

FOREIGNERS affirm that one of the finest sights on earth is the bay and harbor of New York by moonlight.

This photograph gives a hint of the true grandeur of the amazing scene.

To the right are seen the lights of Ellis Island, the "needle's eye" of the nation, where a hundred thousand immigrants every month come to our shores in quest of fortune. To the left is the harbor lightship, and in the remote centre the Statue of Liberty with its single bright beacon sending a soft gleam across the waters of the scarcely ruffled bay. Nearer is one of the busy ferry boats plying between the metropolis and the Jersey shore, leaving behind her in the gleaming trail of the moon a wake of phosphorescent light.

By day this is one of the busiest water ways on the face of the globe, but by night a poetic stillness settles down upon it and its romantic beauty never fails to inspire the most passionless observer.

Every conceivable craft cuts the waters of the bay, from the great ocean liners, the steam leviathans of the sea, to the fleet pleasure yachts of the recreating millionaires, freight boats and passenger craft of every description, and the long serpentine lines of canal boats worming their way down the Hudson from the Erie Canal and the great lakes. Altogether one may gather a true idea of the idyllic beauty of New York bay from this remarkable moonlight photograph.

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KEEPING CRIMINALS OUT OF NEW YORK

By John Lederhilger

Former Chief of Registry Division, Ellis Island

HALF a million foreigners rap for admission at Uncle Sam's doors every year. Of these about four-fifths are aliens. Of the latter barely one per cent. are deported as undesirable guests or citizens-to-be by adoption. It is probable that under the strict interpretation of the law twenty per cent. instead of one per cent. should be deported. The law provides that the immigrant shall never have been convicted of a crime, shall not violate the Contract Labor laws, is not likely to become a public charge, shall be sound in body and mind, shall be possessed of sufficient funds to face a new condition of affairs in a new world, and shall be deported for any shortcomings that in the estimation of the Board of Special Review demand it.

It is a menacing fact that whereas the surveillance which was deemed sufficient for the service a few years ago is growing more and more inadequate, not only on account of the increasing numbers of the immigrant army coming to our shores—thirty-six per cent. last year over the previous year—but on account of the constantly lower standard of illiteracy, pauperism and general undesirableness of the immigrants, giving us a class of people who are ruled by impulses rather than reason. In spite of our compact with certain foreign governments with regard to their pauper and criminal classes, America is fast becoming the dumping-ground for the riffraff of Europe, and while apparently upholding the international code, continental governments are secretly unloading on us their burdens of indigence and crime.

The new century opened up a very grave problem. It will ere long be compulsory to face this condition of affairs with an exercise of the wisest judgment and the promptest measures toward self-protection, for it is already an anomaly which is engaging the best minds and will call for summary action on the part of the national Congress. Not only is New York a port of entry to thousands every month, who should be deported as unlikely to be found worthy of citizenship, but all points along the Canadian and Mexican borders are needles' eyes through which those who fear to face the Board of Review at some of the great ports of entry—perhaps having once or twice been rejected by the latter body—make their way in.

Stowaway criminals under arrest

With the fairly vigilant yet numerically inadequate forces of inspectors at these points it is quite possible for the most arrant scoundrel in Europe to effect an entrance, and once here to remain. Moreover, there are societies and confederations on both sides of the water which make it part of their business to bring their members across the sea and insure their landing, in spite of evidence against them, securing the best legal talent oftentimes and spending a deal of money to accomplish the desired end, all of which expenditure must be made up at usurious rates by the criminal who makes prey of the citizens of his new country by adoption, and sooner or later becomes a public charge.

An anarchist exhorting in the heart of the Italian quarter

Prevention in these matters is worth a vast deal of penal correction. We shall be compelled to pursue the general continental policy, which makes it compulsory for one passing from one European country to another to show a passport. The mere slip which the immigrants now bear as their sole credential is tossed away on their arrival, whereas a passport duly signed by some government official of the country whence the immigrant came would not only show upon the face that the new member was entitled to apply for rights of citizenship, but it would also serve for after-identification in case of claiming citizenship papers long before the applicant had the right, as is constantly the case.

Furthermore, there should be at every continental port of embarkation at least one United States inspector, under the counsel of the nearest official representative of the home government, whose duty it should be to visé every passport, and to inquire severely into every doubtful case. There should also be detectives on the various vessels bringing large bodies of immigrants into the

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Essex Street, the heart of the Russian Jews quarter. Half a million people are huddled here in a single square mile. It is a hot-bed of foreign criminals

country, that any who may have obtained passports by crooked means, or who have been discovered to be otherwise undesirable citizens, may be reported at Ellis Island and their passports stamped with a perforated mark, which makes it impossible for the unworthy applicant ever to make another attempt to gain admission at any American port of entry.

Another advantage of a passport system made compulsory is that while the immigrant is in this country pending citizenship, he would be merely on probation, and at any time should be liable to deportation for crimes committed here, and once deported the culprit should never be allowed to return. These measures are stringent, but the general resultant good would be indisputable. It would not only enliven foreign governments to the fact that America as an asylum for the scum of the earth had ceased with the beginning of the century, but it would awaken the immigrant himself to the necessity of recognizing and defending our laws on penalty of being deported, even if his record were clear at his coming.

As it is now, of the thousands that pass the inspectors weekly there can be at best but a superficial examination. Concealment of anything but the most patent facts that militate against the immigrant's chances of entry is too easy. With more stringent methods and stricter laws instituted by Congress, with consular officers in all the foreign ports of embarkation, a triple force of inspectors—better paid and of a higher grade of efficiency—at all the home points of entry, a compulsory passport system, detectives on the various incoming immigrant ships, and a generally higher standard of service throughout, the present one per cent. of immigrant rejections would reach twenty-five per cent. or more, and much of the money which is now expended in supporting the indigent and criminal who are thrust upon us from many lands could be directed into worthier channels for the well-being of the community.

With regard to the detection and deportation of criminals and those otherwise disqualified from entering our ports, the first hint usually comes through some foreign source, either by direct cablegram or through published rumor. We are constantly in receipt of such orders as the following:

> To all Inspection Officers—You are directed to keep a sharp lookout for one Johannes Blank, late Customs Clerk of Throndjem, Norway, who is accused of embezzling the sum of 10,000 kroner of the public funds, and to have sailed for America about December 2d. He is about thirty years of age, has light hair, blue eyes, dimpled chin, wears modest black, carries an ebony cane with silver handle, etc. He is probably accompanied by one Wilhelmina Swanson, wife of a former employer, tall, dark, with brown eyes and refined manners, etc. If found, said aliens shall be held for special inquiry, and this office notified at once.
>
> Commissioner.

Upon receiving this order it is the duty of every inspector to board every suspected vessel and make a thorough search. It is quite likely that this eloping pair have plenty of money and travel

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first class, having changed their names and otherwise disguised their identity. This makes the task of apprehending them rather difficult and sometimes even dangerous, for the reason that mistakes are serious in case the offended party wishes to appeal to the law for redress for being falsely detained as a criminal.

But the causes of detention are manifold. Now we are informed that a company of glass workers in Ohio, for instance, has made arrangements with a concern in Austria whereby some expert glass blowers shall be imported in direct violation of the contract laws. Or again, it is a woman and her children, whose husband and father is in this country and who upon investigation is discovered to have another wife and other children here.

As the bigamist is likely to repudiate his former burdens and the latter will then become public charges, they are usually held until the authorities have assurances that they will be provided for, or else deported.

The detention records of Ellis Island show a variety of undesirables, from high-life elopements to Asiatic leprosy. Every trade worker has a distinct mark of his calling, and to study these characteristics is part of the inspector's profession.

For instance, the watch-case engravers, some of whom have been recently imported in violation of the Contract Labor law, show a peculiar callous spot on the outside of the index finger, also on the ball of the left thumb, try-marks made by pointed tools on the left thumb-nail, the palm of the right hand hard from handle of the tool, etc.

The glass makers have characteristics that mark them distinctively, as also have the lace weavers and other mechanical experts. Sometimes people in New York or elsewhere will come to inform us that domestic tyrants and criminals, from whom they fled to America, are on their way hither in further pursuit of their victims, and assure the government that, should they be allowed to land, bloodshed will follow. Here is a case for full investigation, and deportation should the facts be proven.

CRIME'S DARKEST STRONGHOLD IN NEW YORK

By P. H. Jardin

IN the Chinatown region, by penetrating a dark alley one may encounter the queerest convolution of stone and wood that ever puzzled a voyager or mixed a pirate. It is called by several names among the crooks—"Greased Alley," "The Slide," et cetera, all of them indicating the character of the place—a refuge into which any crook who knows the ropes can slip in unseen and be swallowed up as securely as if the earth had opened and closed over him again.

"The Slide," etc.

"The Slide" is a place which the sunlight reaches just once in twenty-four hours, and then, as if ashamed, slinks away. During that brief interval the cavernous rift was photographed for Broadway Magazine for the first time in all its sinister history.

If you were to cover the length of "Greased Alley" with blood a foot deep it would scarcely illustrate the murders and general lettings of gore that the stones of the dark alley could relate could each crevice and cranny give utterance. For many years it was the rendezvous of the worst gangs of the district, which means of the entire city, or indeed the world. Forth from this place by night scores of the most desperate characters crept, on robbery or murder bent, and woe to the crook who came back empty handed without a wound! He generally got one from the leader of the gang that put him on the retired list for many days. Twice "The Slide" has been penetrated by the police and a thorough search for man and booty made. Once only was either quest successful. On this occasion there were found several thousand dollars' worth of silver plate and rare silks imbedded in the wall, but the robbers themselves had slunk into the darkness through the intricacies of the great cellar-ways to safety. Later it was used as a place for concealing smuggled Chinamen who were brought over the borders by night and hurried under cover of darkness into the city, where for months they remained in ambush.

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THE SAPPHIRE OF JEALOUSY

By Charles Edward Barns

"MY dear madam," said the rector, "I regret that I cannot advise you."

"But to whom else may I turn if not to my spiritual advisor of years?"

"Deeply as I feel for you in your present quandary, Mrs. Prentiss, I realize that there are certain problems of human experience which the individual must solve unaided by any temporal power. I commend you to the Higher Tribunal. You will pardon me, but——" He arose as if to take abrupt flight.

"No, not yet, I beg of you, Doctor. You have only added to my ills—not banished them." She leaned far forward, thrusting out a white hand which clenched a bundle of letters, her great orbs tearful with pleading. "Perhaps you will read them, and if you deem best, inform me of their contents."

The dominie made a disparaging sign. "You ask me to commit a crime which in yourself might be construed merely an indiscretion. Moreover, how do you know but that all your suspicions are groundless—that your distinguished husband and the charming lady who claimed the honor of your friendship——"

"Ah, there is where it cuts so deep! If only I had not so fondly trusted."

"And yet, for all that, your faith in her might not have been entirely misplaced."

The fluttering figure in a wilderment of mauve and lace wormed to the forward verge of the Moorish divan, her eyes burning with a strange light. "Can even men, and good men, construe such situations other than evidences of guilt? Listen. My husband dispatches a messenger from the Club, informing me that he will not be home to dine, but will attend some special function at the Club. He sends the key to his little treasure-casket, asking me to send him a medal of distinction which he wears on these occasions. Unthinking of any disclosures, I do his bidding. In reaching for the casket on the tall chiffonier, it slips from my grasp and falls to the floor. The sudden jar has released a spring. Out slides a secret drawer from the rear, and a bundle of letters rolls over upon the rug. I pick them up, amazed. Are they written in a strange hand? No. I know it well. Are they of ancient date? Not a bit; the last was Tuesday week. Are they directed to my husband's home address? On the contrary, to his private office in Broad Street. Nothing openly—all in secret. Not left about where a wife's unsuspicious eye might encounter them, but hidden away in the secret drawer of a treasure-chest. What does this evidence of deception on the writer's part, and concealment in the recipient, indicate? Does it mean innocence or intrigue; clean conscience or guilt? Out of your heart, tell me."

The rector assumed his pulpit air. "You did not read those letters—not one?"

"No, not one—I swear it. Else why should I have summoned you for counsel?"

The visitor sighed in amazement. "You are the most remarkable woman in the world," he said.

She snatched at the straw. "Then you would have justified me—you do now?"

"Do not mistake, madam. I merely observe that in but one woman in a thousand would such a miracle have come to pass. The others would have committed the offence first and sought condonement afterward. I commend your fortitude."

"It is because I am a bride," she retorted bitterly, her eyes blurring. "A little later more wisdom——"

"As I maintained, my dear Mrs. Prentiss, there are problems which confront us at certain crises of life that are for our individual solving alone. It is providentially ordained.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

You will pardon my seeming haste, Mrs. Prentiss," he added with the typical old-school genuflection that had warmed him to his parish, "but I have many calls, besides a wedding and a funeral, before I go to my rest this night. You observe how forcefully extremes meet in lives such as ours, for we are called upon to face every phase of experience and emergency. I only beg that you will not misjudge me; for what if I had advised you to violate the integrity of those letters which so burn and scorch your soul, and you found in not one of them the slightest ground for hard suspicion? It would have made your husband my enemy forever. Per contra, suppose you found in them every evidence of an intrigue, discovering truths that made it impossible ever again to return to your husband's embraces? Result, a suit of divorce, newspaper flauntings of ruffled linen, a paltry weekly alimony, and flight to Europe to escape the withering eye of Madam Grundy. Would I not be indirectly responsible, or at least so accused, in that I rushed you headlong in where angels fear to tread? No, madam; act as your conscience directs, and Heaven strengthen you in the right. Good-afternoon, Mrs. Prentiss."

The man of cloth advanced and limply the bride's quivering fingers dropped like a paltry offering into the ample palm. "Thank you, for your kindness, Doctor," she sighed softly. "You have certainly sustained your reputation as past-master in the art of avoiding the making of enemies——"

"Hoping still that while so doing I have lost no friends," he interrupted archly. Then he withdrew, making unusual haste to his carriage. "Benson," he whispered to his faithful coachman, "drive me at once to the nearest messenger

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office. I wish to dispatch an urgent letter to the Puritan Club." . . .

Mrs. Prentiss's desire to plunge straightway into that packet of confidences and revel in their clandestined license waned, and in its stead there came a cutting mortification no less of her husband's lapses than of her own blind stupidity in not having divined the intrigue long ere this. A new urgency bore upon her—the necessity that somehow, somewhere those who had made her suffer so deeply must suffer in turn. The manner of that retribution was not quite clear; but certain it was that with those letters in her possession, read or unread, she held a weapon that could bring any man, save either a criminal or a fool, quite to his knees. No man with a remaining spark of self-esteem, to say nothing of honor, but would offer any compromise with such an adversary. In this sense of personal security there was at least a little balm for many wounds.

Agatha did not realize how long she was pausing between sips in the quandary of the hour. In the midst of these imprecations, in the gathering shadows of the grand salon seen through the arch beyond, she descried a moving figure. An instant later the tall form of her husband brushed aside the portière, advancing. "Ah, you here, Agatha, and alone?"

The bride sprang quite to her feet, then dropped back directly upon the spot where reposed the cause of first differences. She did not answer.

"You sent me the wrong medal—I knew you would," he said; "women don't usually understand these intricacies." He turned a hidden wall-switch and a soft amber glow spread abroad from a cluster of prisms incrusted in the variegated ceiling above. He gave her a critical glance. "What! not *triste* again?" he commiserated. Then, as if inspired, "I think you need a change. Why don't you go and visit mother for a few days?"

The bride made a sign of scorn. "'Visit mother!'" she returned mockingly. "That's the husband's deadly cure-all for a wife's deadlier *ennui*. I have a panacea that discounts that."

"Name your medicine, dear."

"Paris."

"Ah!" He crossed the room and rang for the maid.

"I am going—to-morrow."

"Easy." The maid appearing, Willis turned to her. "On my chiffonier above stairs is a little Indian treasure-chest. You will bring it, please." The maid vanished.

Agatha winced as she heard the command, a sudden pallor supplanting the scarlet of that clear wide brow. She saw a conflict ahead. "I will need at least five thousand," she resumed, admirably self-possessed.

"Easier." The husband sank into the Medici chair lately vacated by the rector.

Agatha mistook his irony for an inner satisfaction. "He hails his deliverance!" she mused accusingly. "Guilty!" A painful pause. "Besides that, I think I shall require about two hundred a week during my entire stay, which, I may say, will possibly be protracted."

"Easiest of all." Willis turned to meet the maid. She delivered the casket without speaking and disappeared. The husband resumed his seat, holding the antique chest between his knees while he unlocked it. He took out one jeweled emblem of his search, replacing it with the other which Agatha had dispatched him. His wife watched him with every tense fibre of her being aquiver. "To-morrow will be a most propitious day for sailing," he observed practically. "You will have most excellent company aboard ship."

"Indeed? I thought Count von Buller did not sail till Saturday."

"Confound Count von Bullhead!" Then softer. "Quite amiss. I referred to Maisie Stark."

The listener uttered a queer little sound. "Would that it became me to invoke the same imprecation upon her——"

Willis looked up. "Why, you were the best of friends—your late bridesmaid, too."

"We were friends until——"

"Well, until what?"

"Oh, just until." There was something of savagery in the hard syllable.

Willis did not heed. He was diving into the antique treasury with increasing agitation. "Why, confound it, Agatha," he exclaimed, "there's something missing!"

"Possible?"

"More than possible—fact." His forehead glistened. There was an ugly pause.

"Was it valuable?" she pursued with a frigid drawl.

"Valuable? Well, yes; the price of a woman's happiness. Is that valuable?"

"That depends upon the woman. The price of mine just now is a trip to Paris."

That accusing calm held him, for it revealed new depths in a supposedly transparent nature. Willis slammed shut the casket, turning a commanding eye upon her. "Agatha," he said softly, "you have those letters, have you not?"

"I have."

He looked relieved. "Very well," he said. "So long as you have not read them, I know that they are in safe keeping." He laid the casket aside.

Agatha looked mystified. "How do you know I have not read them?" she asked.

"Oh, I am positive of that," he answered confidently.

"I perceive," she drawled, watching him narrowly as he arose and paced briskly across the Persian rug in deep quandary. "I dare say the mere fact that I am still here—that I have not gathered up my trumperies and fled back to home and mother convinces you that I have not read them."

"Oh, no; I gathered the fact from other sources." He advanced. "Well, since such is the case, what are you going to do about it?"

"I have told you," she answered decisively. "I am going to Paris—indefinitely."

"Very well; so long as you leave those letters."

"No; I shall take them."

"I beg your pardon, you will *not* take them." The words were not harsh—merely decisive.

"Oh, they will be quite safe with me. If I have not read them here, I certainly shall not do so there, either."

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"But you shall *not* take them with you, read or unread, make sure of that."

"Then I shall remain; but I shall read them—here—in your presence."

"Do so, then. It is perhaps better so." There was a quiver in the commanding tone. "Where are they?"

Agatha drove her cold fingers under the Moorish scarf. "Here," she answered in a voice almost unearthly.

"Spread them out—read them—all. See! I stand before you here with folded arms. Not one word or act of mine shall deter you from what you believe to be your duty."

Agatha broke the cord that bound the packet. Her breath was short, her eyes dry and brilliant with a supernatural luster.

"Wait!" Willis's long finger thrust out like a rapier. "One moment."

Agatha looked up, white as marble.

"Remember only this: if you read those letters and find in them nothing whereby to accuse me, it is, nevertheless, the end of ends. We part as strangers."

The bride recoiled, shriveling before a new terror. Then she rallied like a creature at bay. "So!" she answered in a peculiar rasping voice. "This is a man's hazard with a woman adversary. Heads he wins, tails she loses. If the letters convict, I must leave you. If they do not, you will leave me. Is that it?"

Willis bowed. "Yes, that is it," he answered, and the words fell as the final decree of the Council of Three.

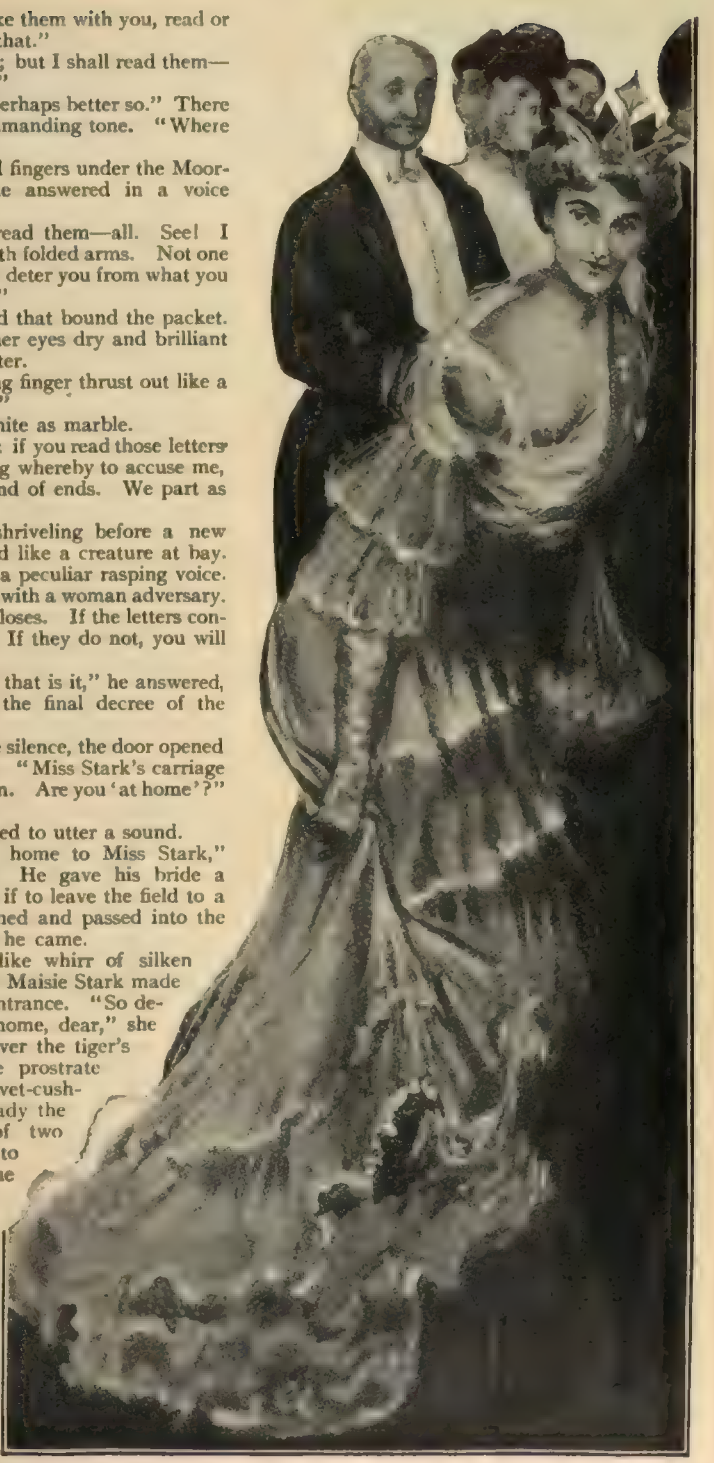
There was a rap in the silence, the door opened and the maid appeared. "Miss Stark's carriage is before the door, madam. Are you 'at home'?" she queried.

Agatha was too agitated to utter a sound.

"Mrs. Prentiss *is* at home to Miss Stark," broke in her husband. He gave his bride a strange glance; then, as if to leave the field to a superior antagonist, turned and passed into the larger chamber whence he came.

There was a plover-like whirr of silken skirts, a little laugh, and Maisie Stark made her usual spectacular entrance. "So delighted to find you at home, dear," she said jauntily, tripping over the tiger's head and falling quite prostrate into the arms of the velvet-cushioned Medici chair, already the fateful witness-stand of two personages important to the case before her. She did not as yet perceive the death-like pallor that overspread the hostess's countenance nor heed the quick breath and quivering lip. In her mood of sublimation she might have tripped over a dead body nor sniffed a tragedy.

The wife never stirred from her rigid attitude of judgment. If anything she looked



"The Count, poor fellow, had been pestering me with his attentions for more than a year" just a little more scornful and a deal more confident over her new adversary.

"I have been dying to see you, Agatha, and alone," she ran on airily, "particularly as I leave for London to-morrow. You see, I wanted to tell you what a dear good husband you have."

Agatha watched her wrestle with her refractory gauntlet. "You certainly ought to be a competent judge," she said mechanically.

"Very true. Willis and I were engaged for a whole year long, long ago, and parted good friends just because we found each other not altogether suited. Better so than—well, later, you know."

"U'm!"

"But that is all ancient history. We understood each other perfectly, and the very last words he said to me when I gave him back the ring that melancholy October day at Lenox, 'Maisie, if ever you are in trouble, wherever I may be, whatever your distress, send for me and I will help you.' Well, do you know, much sooner than I thought, I had occasion to go to him in a matter of extremest delicacy, and found him the noble fellow I always believed him to be."

Agatha gave a sigh of boredom. "So you have come 'to gild refined gold and paint the lily,' have you?" she answered without visible emotion.

"Oh, dear, no; I merely want to get a little problem off my mind before an ocean lies between us, Agatha. I was afraid that in my absence you might hear something that would be construed in a compromising manner if the whole truth were not told. You perceive, do you not?"

"I perceive," echoed the bride, coldly.

"You observe, too, it was an affair of honor, and deeply concerned a woman's happiness."

"They usually do—and the man's."

"Yes, 'and the man's.' This time it concerned Count von Buller."

"How exciting!" moved the wife imperturbably.

"Preserve your ironies, my dear," broke in the narrator, raising her voice a tone in pitch. "Hear me out. It's really an interesting story—just like the ones you read all through and then say, 'Oh, what a fib!'"

Agatha smiled, but without mirth.

"You know the Count, poor fellow, had been pestering me with his attentions for more than a year—at first with the hope of impressing me with the grandeur of his title, et cetera, and lastly with the vague conviction that he could wear me out. Well, I should have flown from him long ago, but I dared not. Seems strange, doesn't it? The reason is just this. On the night of the Park-Anders' ball in honor of the French Embassy, when the Count was unusually dazzling, I particularly admired the Cross of the Order of St. Catherine he wore—containing among other jewels, the most perfect sapphire I had ever seen—and you know, dear, sapphires are my passion. Between waltzes we wandered among the palms of the conservatory, where the Count caught me coveting that magnificent bauble. Taking it from his bosom, he very indiscreetly pinned it in a bed of point lace on my corsage, insisting upon my wearing it for the remainder of the evening. Not wishing to offend him, and still pleased to feast my eyes on my passion in gems, I drew the lace over the glittering decoration, half concealing it, and went on with the dance. I had quite forgotten the treasure till I reached home; and there, what was my horror to discover that somewhere, somehow that princely sapphire had been jarred out of its setting and was nowhere to be found!"

The bride grew interested.

"I was in despair. I began a secret search, for I wanted no one to know of my loss lest it reach the Count's ears, and I be placed most awkwardly in his power. I spent a sleepless night over the calamity, resuming the gem-hunt on the morrow, but to no avail. Resolving to replace the stone at any cost before discovery, I hurried down to Tiffany's, and there found a sapphire which, my memory serving me well, was the exact mate of the one lost from the St. Catherine Cross—a like magnificent gem, a thousand leagues of sky crystallized into a single drop of burning blue. I asked its price and was staggered to learn that it was three thousand dollars."

Her audience of one appeared lost in the mazes of this swift narrative, too earnestly told to suffer gainsaying.

"I returned home in despair. Where on earth could I realize that sum of money immediately, without family, friends (and above all the Count) discovering my loss? I was beside myself. Then—I remembered Willis."

"Ah!" murmured the hostess.

"I wrote him the whole situation, pledging him to utmost secrecy, telling him that I had but six hundred dollars in the bank, and asking the loan of the balance. He replied that while he was pretty well tied up in stocks, nevertheless he would purchase the gem on memorandum—for he was well known at the jewelers'—and taking my small bank account, turn it to good account in the rising market. Well, I sent him the cross, and five hours later received it back with the new sapphire in the ancient setting. I think I was the happiest woman on earth when at last I sent for the Count and saw him replace that bauble on his bosom, never suspecting. Dismissing him forever, I sent Willis a cheque for that six hundred. Do you know, so fortunate was he with my little margin that within twenty days he had returned me my six hundred dollars and a receipted bill for the sapphire besides. Now, that's what I call genius, in friendship as well as finance."

"He always was fortunate, that boy," admitted the listener guardedly.

"But harken to the strangest *dénouement* of all," drove on the heated guest, delighted. "On the night of the Park-Anders' ball there was, as you know, a frightful crush. I had lost our carriage in the mix-up, and as I was very cold, I came home in a hired hansom. Well, Willis took up that clue and actually ran down the two-wheeler I had taken home that night, and frightened the driver into giving up the very sapphire which I had lost from the St. Catherine Cross, and which he confessed he had found among the rugs of the vehicle the morning after. Willis gave him a hundred dollars for his honesty, and wrote me of his good fortune. Overjoyed as I was, I answered that I never, never wished to see again that gem, which had made me ten years older

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with worriment, and asked him please to take it to Tiffany's and dispose of it. I also now had better use for the money, particularly as I should soon be suffering the temptations of the Rue de la Paix. And so I called at his office to-day, first, to gather in the money accruing from the miserable transaction, and second, to ask him to destroy every bit of the voluminous correspondence in the matter. One never knows, you know——"

"Hark!" interrupted the bride. "I thought I heard him come into the drawing-room just now. Willis, dear, Miss Stark is here to see you."

"Oh, how opportune!" drawled Prentiss, advancing and pretending that he had not heard the whole conversation from safe ambush. "Delighted to see you, Miss Stark; although I am forced to confess that I bring ill tidings."

The guest arose, her cheeks very red. "Surely you have not lost that wretched, wretched bauble——"

"Small loss at that," responded the broker, drawing from an inner pocket a tiny parcel in tissue. "Tiffany gave me a shock. I realize now why the driver of the hansom did not pawn his find. It wasn't worth it."

"Good heavens! what can you mean?"

"It is simply paste, glass—any old thing. It's worth at most, sixty cents."

The guest uttered a faint cry and collapsed into the chair. "Oh, the scoundrel, the cheat! I shall faint. The rascal has made way with my three-thousand-dollar sapphire! Willis, Willis! we must run him down—capture him wherever he is——"

"Not so easy, I assure you. He's safely beyond reach by this time. Besides, there is no law that can touch him. It's merely His Bogus Excellency's manner of eking out an existence. It is a trick setting, which, passed over into your possession, for instance, is bound to lose its 'fooney' sapphire, and you feel duty bound to replace it with a genuine one. There's nothing new about that; it has been worked by the 'Knights of Industry' in every capital of Europe."

"Oh, the reprobate, the thief! Agatha, dear, I am feeling faint——"

The bride arose, hurrying for the smelling-bottle and the decanter of cognac in the next room. In her flight thither she flipped that opprobrious packet of letters into the hearth fire, where it blazed up with a sinister light as she turned and whispered to her discharged suspect, "Forgive me, dear. After all, you are the real jewel. It is you who have acted well your part; 'there all the honor lies.'"

Willis watched his wife disappear, then crept forward, bending low over the disconsolate one as he murmured: "Masie Stark, you're a wonder. I don't know which to admire most—your powers of invention or your genius as an actress. I say, isn't that dominie a gem? He'll get along. Hush! be careful now and don't overdo it; and whatever you do, don't you dare miss that steamer

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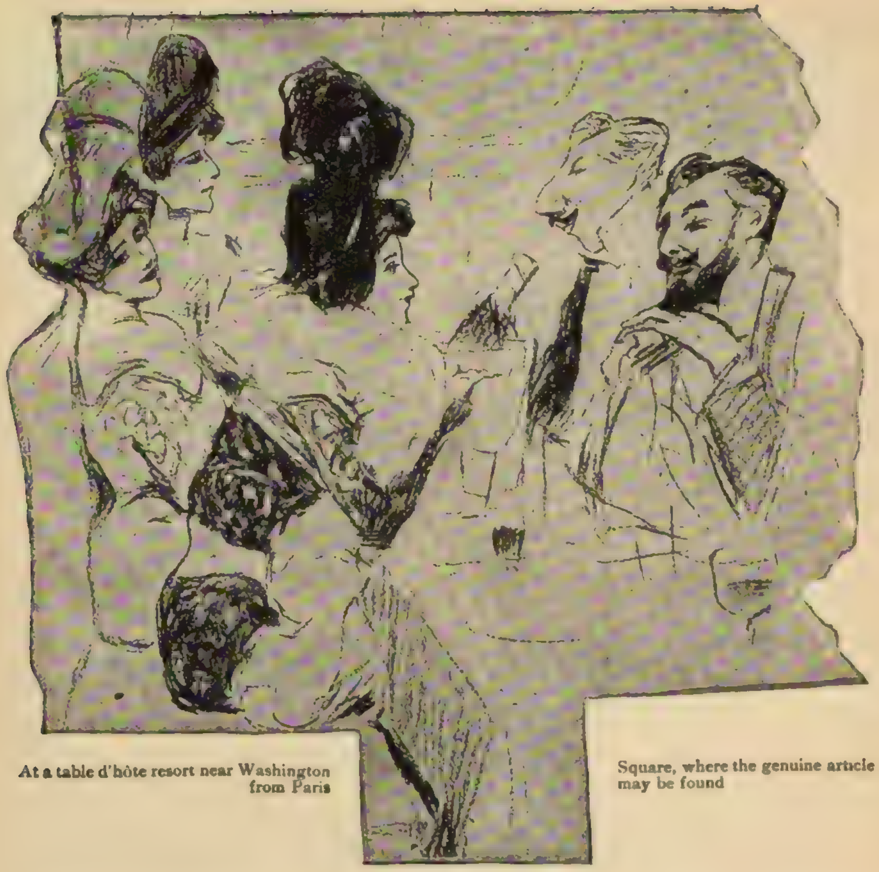
WITH NEW YORK'S COUNTERFEITERS

By Thomas Dillotson

WITHIN an hour's ride from Brooklyn bridge and within the boundaries of Greater New York there is a curious old barn—with a history. For two years the dense quarters of the lower East Side were flooded with silver pieces which, while as perfect in workmanship to the casual eye, as the government output, and containing almost as high a percentage of silver, were nevertheless counterfeits. They passed every test save those which are used by experts in banks. The truth of their origin was discovered at last. There was a band of sneak thieves which supplied counterfeiters with abundant pure silver from broken-up silver plate, and who within a few days turned out American coin by the peck. The Italian quarter was the leading distributing quarter of the gang, the pushcarts being the means of getting this coin out broadcast through the entire country.

The strangest counterfeiters' den in the world.

For a long time the federal authorities were not quite sure whence the false coin came, and numberless clews were run down. An old woman was seen to pass one of the bright new coins, was followed by some of the detectives, and seen to enter into negotiations with a man who appeared to be marketing produce. The detective secured a confederate with a bicycle, in a club regalia, the wagon was followed across the big bridge and out to the barn on the highway through a portion of Queens County. For three nights the place was watched till daybreak, and then raided.



At a table d'hôte resort near Washington Square, where the genuine article from Paris may be found

BOHEMIANISM AND THE TABLE D'HÔTE

By Vance A. Perry

THERE are but two cities in all our great land of luxurious comfort which serve a table d'hôte for bohemianism with the proper French flavor—let these cities be mentioned with honor. They represent the extreme East and West—New York and San Francisco, the latter being what the French would call a *soupçon* closer to the Parisian standard than the former. Paris and the Latin Quartier, where hungry students dine royally on seven courses and a pint of *vin rouge*, is the table d'hote on its native soil. The nearer its imitators approach the model, the more fascinating the environment, the more subtle the flavor of the entrées, and the cheaper the sum total of the cost. An expensive repast over-elaborated and surfeited with a plate too many loses at once the essence that makes jollity reign supreme.

The real bohemian loves his restaurant home a trifle shabby; clean, but not aggressively; he favors the odor of garlic, he ignores a claret stain on the napery, and if the fish be properly garnished, what cares he if the platter is cracked with a hundred curious marks of age?

Why the table d'hôte should be synonymous with bohemianism is a mystery; for he who dines in these snug little corners, and dines well at a moderate cost, is a man of well-balanced mind. He is discriminating, he gets his money's worth, and as he puffs his cheap cigar and sips his sour wine he is the type of one who has accomplished a good and worthy action. One must admit that these modest little dining-rooms, started often by some French waiter with a thrifty wife who has a talent for cooking, and established in some dingy quarter where rents were not prohibitive, were at first intended for a limited, modest, and mediocre clientele. The small French shopkeeper, the mender of broken bric-a-brac, the proprietor of the little French paper exchange: in fact, the foreign residents of certain quarters, were customers of a reasonable yet ultra-critical class.

The table d'hôte habitué does not care for costliness in the presentation of his food. What he admires is the calculating, triumphant economy that has learned the art of creating a delicious result from an infinitesimal small cause. These choice places, scattered in the byways of New York, were made possible by the fine gastronomic taste of the French trades-people. They were later on discovered and patronized by the rich.

It is no uncommon sight to discover a full-dress suit and an evening gown in neighborhoods given over to darkness and shabby "*epiceries*." When a fashionable New Yorker discovers a good thing, he keeps it to himself for a while, then he resolves to make it fashionable.

An admirable table d'hôte lived a jolly life for years unknown to fame. Then it was discovered by a member of the "400," who started the fad of inviting a friend now and then to feast upon his discovery. The parties grew apace, until finally the queer little resort was forced to take in the queer little houses on either side, and now fashion has to 'phone a day in advance to retain a table. This is bohemianism with a vengeance.

The dilettante in these matters prefers the table d'hôte that has not been discovered. Certain streets in the West Twenties are as distinctly foreign as a street in Paris. It is a delightful sensation to step into the long dining-room with its sawdust-covered floor, its mellowed walls, its long rows of small tables, and to listen to the animated chattering of men and women who argue for the love of it. Sometimes a violinist of no mean talent, astray from some stranded band, makes the air vibrate with music worth the price of the dinner.

It is delightful to note that the young women are dressed with a view to effect, and that the same ones frankly take off their bonnets and make themselves comfortable for the meal or other function.

One must eat with art to thoroughly enjoy his table d'hôte. The man who munches bread and demolishes his dish of olives while waiting for the entrée loses caste at once. "Only Americans eat bread as an appetizer," a French woman is said to have remarked on the habits of this country. Bread is the staff of life and should be respected as such, but it satisfies hunger prematurely, and should not be tolerated when a roast done to a turn and a salade—ah! a salade with a ravishing dressing are to follow.

The table d'hôte does not obtrude itself upon the public eyes. As I said before, it is generally discovered, and when the table d'hôte habit has been formed, one seeks in vain for its competitor in a meal costing ten times the amount.

It is bohemianism with a balance wheel; it is bohemianism with the wisdom of its class, which knows how to go without dinner, and how to enjoy dinner when blessed with a silver piece.

AN AUTOMOBILE SPEEDWAY FOR LONG ISLAND

By William F. Dietrich

THE automobile is a fixed and established institution. The laws which have discriminated against motorists of late have placed them on the defensive. Recently Suffolk county, Long Island, which passed stringent restrictions for the regulations of the lovers of the sport, came to the conclusion that it cost more to enforce the regulations than the fines of the offenders balanced. However, in order to obviate the possible embarrassment of arrest and conviction for over-speeding, the millionaires of Long Island—and they are legion—including the Mackays, Belmonts, Vanderbilts, and others known to fame, have recently framed a new proposition with a view to saving the residents of the various western Long Island counties the expense of policing the highways and themselves the loss of dignity consequent upon arrest, either unjustly or otherwise.

Two smart set enthusiasts at the Rockway Club Hunt

There is to be erected an automobile road raised above the level of the ground so as to have no cross-roads, and running from Long Island City straight out through the central section of the island. This will be one of the first exclusively automobile roads ever built, and by the aid of their powerful machines, residents of the beautiful sections of the island throughout the central, southern, and the northern districts will be able to reach their homes more quickly even than by train. This road, so it is claimed, will cost about five millions of dollars, and will be paid for by owners of estates which will be reached by motor-car. There are sure to be fewer accidents, for without grade crossings, and with few turns along the line, the risk of accident will be minimized.

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WOMEN IN CHARACTER PARTS

By Pauline A. Satterlee

THE character artist, especially if she be a woman, has more than the courage of her sex. Character work is a short cut to fame. A charming, talented girl, more than ordinarily pretty, too, may plod along in society rôles for years unknown to fame, until one happy evening fate assigns her a few lines to be given with a grimace. She is forced, more often against her will, to don a gingham skirt, to smudge her face with soot, and to descend from the stage drawing-room to the stage kitchen. That evening she rises from her old-time mediocrity. She is doomed forever afterward to live in the stage kitchen and to find herself famous.

May Robson was early in her career more than a pretty girl. She might have aspired to the reputation of a stage beauty and the best-dressed woman on the stage. But at a certain hour in her career—that hour of destiny which sounds for us all—she appeared as a *Slavey*, and a character actress she has remained ever since. She is wise. When she was simply May Robson it was none too easy to make the summer and winter ends meet with a nest-egg; but nowadays Miss Robson takes a jaunt to Europe in the summer and can afford to indulge in the most expensive photographs of herself as she used to appear in the society drama.

May Vokes as the *Slavey* in "Other People's Money"

Minnie Ashley in "San Toy"

May Vokes is a young woman who was so convincingly artistic as the kitchen drudge in a very poor play, that she redeemed the dreary commonplaceness of a long evening, and "Other People's Money" was kept on the boards for a prosperous run to give the theatre-going public a chance to see May Vokes, with grimy face and unkempt lock, pull up the dumb-waiter in the third act and to hear her regale the gossip of the kitchen. It was a bit of artistic work, so admirable that the lovely ladies of the other three acts were completely forgotten. The girl who had the courage of her ugly

Christy McDonald in "The Toreador"

May Buckley in "The First Born"

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rôle won the triumph so dear to every woman's heart.

Minnie Maddern Fiske recalls her first impression of Mary Anderson as being the most beautiful woman the ever saw, and "that same evening," continues Mrs. Fiske, "I saw her in the make-up of Meg Merriles. I thought her hideous."

Character rôles are not necessarily a complete distortion of a pretty woman's good looks. Minnie Ashley was more than ravishing in the Oriental garb of San Toy, even though she was forced to paint slants in the corners of her dark Southern eyes. Quite a different and a much less flattering make-up was that of Elfie Fay in her impersonation of Sousa.

Fay Templeton in her famous Chappie act

Sis Hopkins, the *Indiana Servant*

Elfie Fay as *Sousa*

May Robson as a *Slavey*

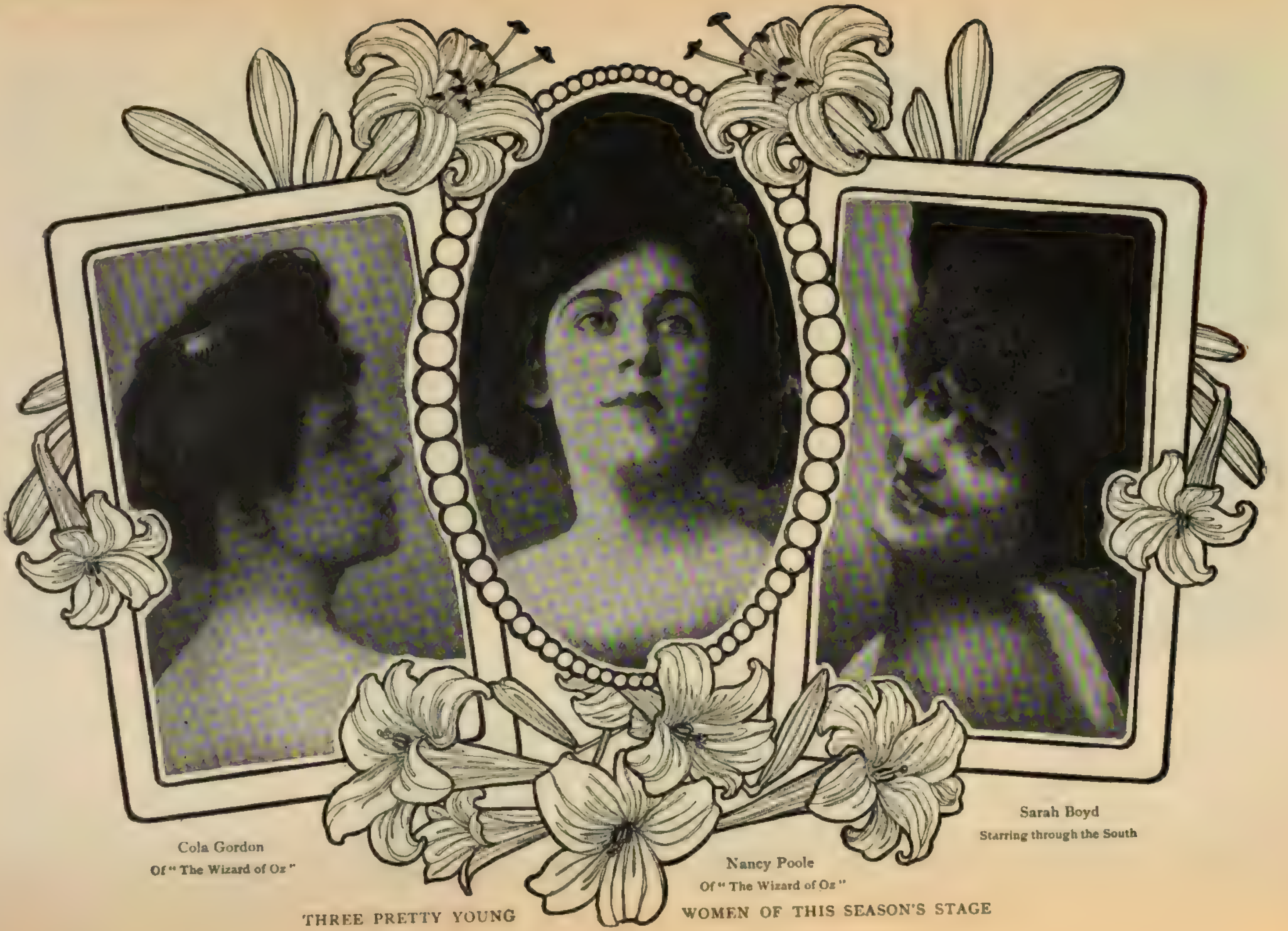
May Buckley was ideal in "The First Born." No sweeter little Chinese maid has been seen on the stage, yet it was a character rôle inasmuch as it completely disguised her personality. Most actresses are excessively eager to assert a certain characteristic, which implies their own individuality in all their rôles; but when a character rôle completely disguises a woman's features and form, she at once loses this vanity and becomes a better artist.

"Sis Hopkins'" name is a by-word, so completely has she identified it with her rôle; unlike Miss Robson, this other young woman is not given to having her photographs taken, and Sis Hopkins has no personality outside of that of the Indiana servant.

It is curious to note that many talented women enjoy and ably portray male characters. Fay Templeton won fame in a certain chappie act carried off with inimitable humor and mischievous understanding of the chappie's weakness; but Fay Templeton is something of a genius, anyway.

The true character artist is as completely lost in the character of the make-up as the rôle itself. To retain one's individuality is to lose one's art.

When all's said and done, the woman who is willing to disfigure herself for the purpose of making us laugh, is certainly a creature with the courage of her convictions. From time almost beyond conception woman has been taught that beauty and comeliness are almost the first things that bring happiness in their wake. Thus it is that the woman, who, despite the conditions of her sex, will either for art (with a large or small A), or for mere lucre, make of herself something unlovely, though humorous, deserves commendation, if only for the reason that she is a living refutation of the statement that vanity has its being in woman. Thus it is also that the character artist, be she ever so humble, is something more than a mere mummer, and must take her place alongside the painter who limns nature as it appeals to him.



Cola Gordon
Of "The Wizard of Oz"

Nancy Poole
Of "The Wizard of Oz"

Sarah Boyd
Starring through the South

THREE PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN OF THIS SEASON'S STAGE

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A quartette of players under the management of Col. Henry W. Savage

Gertrude Rennyson, as *Floria Tosca* in "Tosca." Gertrude Rennyson, also as *Tosca*.
Claude Albright, as *Queen Lil* in "King Dodo." Flora Zabelle, in "The Yankee Consul."

THE NEW THEATRICAL SEASON

By Roland Burke Hennessy

THE season just begun in New York seems to prove conclusively that musical extravaganza is to hold its own again during the coming eight months. When the musical comedy and extravaganza were brought forward prominently a few seasons ago, they attracted the attention of the critics because of their prevalence and growing popularity; but it seemed to be generally conceded that they would soon die a natural death and take their place alongside the defunct farce comedy with music. The production of "Florodora" at the very zenith of the musical comedy vogue and its continued and prodigious running qualities through three long seasons, together with the fact that at least three other important productions aimed to attain the importance of the Leslie Stuart piece, seemed to prove conclusively that this form of entertainment was in for a long and extraordinarily successful term of popularity with American theatregoers, who are notoriously fickle. A year ago we were treated to the spectacle of a full two score of important and exceedingly expensive productions which were sent out with much confidence on the part of their promoters, and a large proportion of which sailed through the season and ended late in the spring with metropolitan and road runs of anywhere from twenty to forty weeks.

And here we are starting another season with a record threatening to eclipse that of last. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that two million dollars is represented in actual value by those musical plays which are already on the boards or which will see the footlights before the middle of October. In this list of course I include such companies as the Rogers Brothers, "The Crystal Slipper," "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," and other organizations that have done good service in the more or less recent past and which also cover the field of extravaganza.

The young Shubert brothers, young in years, but centuries old in experience, will share with Col. Henry W. Savage the honor of leading the country in the number and pretentiousness of their productions, although of course their paths separate when it comes to serious musical pieces. The Shuberts have that happy faculty of not being able to see defeat when others can discover it at every point of the compass. For instance, when they produced "The Runaways" at the Casino, the whole town, including the critics, who know the fate of anything almost before the first night, was quite sure that "The Runaways" would not do at all. Truth to tell, it was not a brilliant and overwhelming success during its first weeks at the New York Casino. The Shuberts, however, did not acknowledge or even seem to know such a thing as failure so far as

PEGGY FROM PARIS
TREMONT THEATRE
PEGGY FROM PARIS

The last photograph taken of the front of the famous old Boston Museum just before it was torn down, and subsequent to the departure of the "Peggy from Paris" company, now appearing at Wallack's Theatre, New York City

"The Runaways" was concerned. Instead of closing the theatre and throwing the manuscript into the waste-paper basket, they got Fay Templeton to take the leading rôle, had new musical numbers added, cut out and put in new lyrics and lines here and there, and announced Opening Night No. 2 of "The Runaways." As a consequence, the whole town has been going to the Casino ever since, and no doubt next season there will be the original as well as a couple of other companies playing this piece on the road; all of which seems to prove that the critics don't know much, that the Shuberts know a great deal, or that Fay Templeton's name coupled with her personality spells success.

The next important production of the Shuberts will be "Winsome Winnie," which, as this article is being written, is being rehearsed with Paula Edwardes in the title rôle. It is only a few years since Miss Edwardes played a very unimportant rôle in E. B. Rice's "1492" company. She stayed long enough with Mr. Rice to understand that there was very little fame and not much salary in that direction, so she came to Broadway and made her first big hit in the "Belle of New York." She then made another hit in London and returned to America to find herself an important figure on the metropolitan stage. Her next rôle that attracted Broadway's attention was in "The Defender" at the Herald Square Theatre. She had not been given much to do either by the librettist, the composer, or the stage manager, but nevertheless she managed to so sharply define her work that it stood out against a background of mediocrity. The Shuberts announced last spring that they would star her in "Winsome Winnie," and now New York is looking forward with considerable interest and much good will to this process of making another star.

"Peggy from Paris" is announced for a hearing at Wallack's Theatre early in the fall. It has been seen on the road, and ran for many weeks in Boston, but this of course does not count very much on Broadway. Indeed, the average New Yorker crows over the fact that he rarely ever agrees with the Bostonians. However, "Peggy from Paris" is by George Ade, who also wrote "The Sultan of Sulu," which scored a long run on Broadway last season.

Another new comic opera that will be heard under the Savage auspices is "The Yankee Consul," which will see the light of day in Boston, a city which, by the way, laid the theatrical fame of Col. Savage as an important figure in American theatricals. Amongst the other lighter musical pieces that Col. Savage will have on the road this season are "The Sultan of Sulu," "King Dodo," and "The Prince of Pilsen," all of which have been seen in New York and throughout the country.

In addition to all this musical mélange there are to be a number of important Shakespearean revivals in which some of our prominent players will assay rôles they have been eager to appear in for years, and the opportunities thus afforded

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them will tickle them, even though it does not always bring money to the coffers of their managers.

Two pretentious pieces that are expected to run for a long time on Broadway are the "Three Little Maids" at Daly's and "The Princess of Kensington" at the Broadway. Both of these pieces come to New York with the stamp of London's approval.

The very first gun of the theatrical season on Broadway was fired by Rich & Harris when they produced "Vivian's Papas" at the Garrick Theatre. This is a broad farce by Leo Dietrichstein, written for the purpose of exploiting John C. Rice and Thomas A. Wise, two stars who have been seen successfully in "Are you a Mason?" by the same author. "Vivian's Papas" is thoroughly New Yorky, not to say Parisian, in theme and treatment. It lays bare with no uncertain hand the joys, foibles, and most unusual intimacies of the Show Girl. This particular Show Girl, played by Hattie Williams, is of New York and of this very minute, but she is as surely from the French farce foundry as any frail and busy young thing that has been seen in New York for years. Her scene with several men, young and old, in Act II of "Vivian's Papas" has set the town by the ears. There is not the slightest doubt that Miss Williams has added very much to her reputation as a farceuse by her work in "Vivian's Papas."

Photograph by Pack Brothers, N.Y.

Adelaide Thurston

Who appears this season in "Polly Primrose," by Paul Wilstach

Mr. Wise, as *Frederick W. Walker of Chicago*, displays much of that finesse in humor and downright art of lightly making the most vivid effects without an effort (an art, by the way, that has made Gibson so famous in another field), that have characterized his work in the past. When Mr. Wise appeared in "The Last Chapter" at the Garden Theatre about four years ago, he was almost unknown. To-day he is gladly and surely accepted as a star by the New York theatre-going public.

John C. Rice as *Chester D. Farnham* is whimsical and enthusiastic in a not particularly clever rôle.

Gertrude Whittey as *Madame Verdier* offers a small but cameoed bit of character work.

"My Wife's Husbands," by Edwin Milton Royle, was the season's second Broadway offering. Mr. Nat Roth's company appeared in the Royle piece at the Madison Square Theatre without very much blare of trumpets. Those who had seen Mr. Royle's "Captain Impudence" a few seasons before were not willing to concede that the same author would be likely to turn out a comedy good enough for Broadway. "My Wife's Husbands," however, is by the Royle of 1903 and not by any means the Royle of 1896. "My Wife's Husbands" is pert, clean, and as thoroughly American as the owls on the *Herald* Building. It is built around the adventures of *Gwendolin Winston* (Selena Fetter Royle), a much-married divorcee who is looking for No. 4. She finds him in the person of *Ralph Kirtley* (Mr. Royle), whom she finally captures. He doesn't seem to amount to very much as a husband, but for farce purposes he is all right.

Hugo Toland as *Col. Randolph Kirtley* was a surprise to those Broadwayites who remember Mr. Toland in various other productions in the last ten years. He surprised them by being very good.

Emily-Maud Kirtley, played by Grace Henderson, might just as well be played by a Show

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Pauline Fredericks

Who is appearing in "A Princess of Kensington"

Girl. However, Mr. Roth evidently signed the best players he could lay his hands on first, and figured out their rôles afterwards. In doing this he succeeded in getting some very good players for very unimportant rôles.

It is difficult to suit James T. Powers. This is probably the case with almost any actor whose personality is so strong that mere makeup will not disguise voice, gesture or general method. "A Princess of Kensington" was not written to meet the requirements of Mr. Powers, but nevertheless this piece suits him so much better than anything he has appeared in of late years (do you remember his efforts in the rather doleful "Jewel of Asia"?) that it is expected that we shall see him in the English piece for some seasons to come. In saying that "A Princess of Kensington" is a typical English light opera it does not necessarily imply that it is another "Pinafore" or "Mikado." There are, however, some hits in it that should become quite as popular as "The Ruler of the Navy," or the Spring Song. One particularly, "We are Four Jolly Sailormen," as sung by Mr. Powers, will unquestionably be hummed and whistled everywhere outside of the deaf and dumb asylum.

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Photograph by Marceau, N. Y.

Louise Gunning

Leading lady of the DeWolf Hopper company

I believe I have remarked before in this department that there is no player on the American stage who is more widely liked or more cordially disliked than Mr. Powers. The Powers contingent, and it is a large one, say he is par excellence the first comedian on the American stage. The anti-Powersites, on the other hand, claim just as vociferously that he is not. Between the two we strike a very happy average. Incidentally, it might be remarked, because or in spite of this fact, it is hard to know which, Mr. Powers manages to draw about as large a salary as is paid to any man in his line of business in America. If, therefore, art may be judged from a financial standpoint, Mr. Powers is an artist of undisputed position.

William Collier (only a quarter of a generation ago he was plain Willie) has been appearing at the Bijou Theatre in "Personal." Mr. Presbrey is responsible for "Personal," and perhaps this is why Mr. Collier stands a better chance of becoming a paying star than he would in a piece by a cleverer writer, like Augustus Thomas. Mr. Presbrey has no particular illusions or delusions about the drama. For years he was one of our very best stage managers and is past master in the gentle art of constructing an effective "curtain." The literary parts of his stage pieces are merely negative. Personally I could spend an evening hearing Mr. Collier recite "Asleep at the Switch," because he could undoubtedly get into it many new touches of which Marshall Wilder and John E. Kellard never dreamed. However, with this William Collier it is not what he does, but how he does it that counts. He unquestionably is the best exponent of light American humor that we have.

In "Personal" he plays a reporter. This particular Park Row product is a trifle more sane than the usual blustering and impossible creature that hitherto has been compelled to do service as an exponent of newspaper life. The *Jack Heritage* of "Personal" is quite possible. He does and says things that any reporter might do under the same circumstances, although I admit that if the circumstances were to become a part of the

Madame Blauvelt, as *Zerlina* in "Don Giovani," at Covent Garden, London

Madame Blauvelt is one of those American women who have made a big hit in London and on the continent during the last few years

everyday New York reporter's existence, they would soon revolutionize the New York newspaper business. However, Mr. Presbrey must be allowed a few lapses from cold facts.

Nanette Comstock as the ingénue of "Personsonal" is pretty and winsome. Surely no other adjectives should be necessary in describing an ingénue.

The sad case of Earnest Hastings, the actor who became insane shortly after his arrival in New York from San Francisco, after a season of stock work, leads up to the very natural question: Why should stock work in 1903 be more difficult or brain-racking than stock work of fifty years ago? It is difficult to imagine a more distracting and nerve-destroying work than that performed by stock companies. It is a hard, pushing, never-ceasing round of study, rehearsal and performance. The average person can hardly conceive of the difficulty of giving a decent performance of any of the principle rôles of plays like "Romeo and Juliet" or "The Prisoner of Zenda" when one or two plays are produced each week for six, seven or eight months. The stock player of to-day is not supposed to be able to continue this line of work without breaking up physically and mentally. Fifty years ago plays rarely ran for more than a week at a time. The play that ran a full month was a phenomenal success, except of course in a very few instances which are matters

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Trixie Friganza

Who plays the widow in Col. Henry W. Savage's western "Prince of Pilsen" company

of history. The average player was usually compelled to be up in thirty or forty parts during one season's work, and as many of these were Shakespearean and other classic rôles, it is easy to understand how a player in those times might easily have become a fit subject for the insane asylum after a very short career on the stage. As a matter of fact, there were much fewer breakdowns than there are at the present time. Is it not true, therefore, that it is not stage work alone to-day that makes a stock actor lose his mental balance, but that coupled with it also are those elements of rush, crush and terrible grind of every-day existence that characterize our latter-day life? At any rate, it is a question that alienists may well study with profit to themselves and to the public at large.

It must also be remembered that players of that period were not in receipt of salaries that enabled them to have all the luxuries of life such as are known to our twentieth-century civilization. In fact, if we are to believe some of the written and unwritten traditions of the actor's craft of fifty years ago, they were really very badly off so far as keen enjoyment of life is concerned. Whether or not they were greater students is purely a matter of conjecture.

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HE MARRIED AN ACTRESS

By Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman

GEORGE CARLETON was more surprised than were any of his friends when he married Miss Alice Greeley of the "Message from the Moon" Company.

He had always held such strong views—he grew angry if anyone dared to call them prejudices—regarding the stage and the people of the stage.

His views about wives had been equally positive. He would marry a small woman and a dark woman. Not that he admired the type particularly, but he had a fancy that such women were more domestic and so made better wives and mothers. He would never marry a business or professional woman of any sort. Heaven forbid! They were so offensive, sometimes, in their quick readings of a man. A girl who had been brought up in what he chose to call the "sheltered twilight" of home was the one for him. That was fully settled.

Yet here he was, married to an actress George Carleton was astonished. He could give no reasonable excuse to his friends or to himself. He only knew that when this tall girl, whose shining golden head was on a level with his own, smiled at him equally with her soft blue eyes and her pink thread of a mouth, in which her white teeth gleamed with dainty evenness, that his objections to the stage vanished. The earth narrowed to those two and faded away, and in its place was heaven. He was conscious that this, while it was human enough, was scarcely logical, so he attempted no excuse. He was married and he was happier than he had thought any man could ever be. He set about a necessary readjustment of his ideas.

"I bought it with my savings from my salary since we were married."

Alice was the daughter of a manager and a leading woman, and she had all but been born upon the stage, and she had been playing almost ever since that event. She had "traveled" and had lived at hotels, spent her summers in theatrical colonies on Long Island, and home had been as vague a name to her as God is to the dancing dervishes. But when they had come, after the wedding at the Little Church Around the Corner, to their tiny apartment on East Fifty-ninth Street, she had dropped her shining head on his shoulder and cried for joy.

"Tears on our wedding-day?" he protested.

"Forgive me, George! I was crying because I am so happy to have a home. Just think, George! A home!"

Alice was a happy iconoclast. No sooner were they married than she set about shattering all his preconceptions about actresses.

He had thought that they affected vermilion hair and screaming costumes. His wife always wore black or gray for the street.

He had thought that jewelry was indispensable to their happiness. Alice never wore it.

He had believed that their lives were a never-ceasing parade. But Alice rarely went out except for strolls up the avenue and through the park with him.

He thought they could not live except as the centre of a shrieking magpie group like themselves. If their portly coffee-colored maid-of-all-work brought a card, Alice was always "out,' unless he insisted that she was "in."

There had been a year of this life when one morning he found her in her pretty morning negligée standing beside his desk, pressing his hard-working fountain-pen to her lips. That tableau of devotion had lived with him all day, in his trying interview with prospective publishers, and in his calls with a view to collections from the old ones. It fortified him for the sight of the bulky yellow envelope that shouted "Rejected!" at him from their mail-box. It made him seize the little fingers that were mending a rent in the parlor curtains and reverently kiss them

After she had gone to the matinée the blow fell. In her hurried dressing she had drawn a paper from the drawer that was still open. It had fallen to the floor. It was so large that he thought it a contract with his last publisher. He opened it. He groaned.

"My God! I was right. They are all alike! O Alice! Alice!"

She tripped in cheerily just as the city's blackness was relieved by the turning on of myriads of lights. She turned on the gas and looked smilingly about for her husband. He was sitting at the edge of the bed, the paper still in his fingers.

From "By The Stage Door." Copyrighted and published by the Grafton Press, New York.

"You naughty boy!" she laughed. "So you've found your Christmas gift already?"

He lifted sullen, inquiring eyes to her face.

"How long have you had this?"

"Since yesterday."

"How did you get it?"

"I bought it with my savings from my salary since we were married."

"A lot at Orange?"

She nodded while the tears drowned the joy in her eyes as they had done the evening of their wedding when she surveyed the little flat and cried at the thought of a home.

"You will not be sensitive about it, dear?" she pleaded. "Those horrid publishers are so slow about seeing the value of your books, and I knew how you loved the country. I thought you could write more satisfactorily there. In another year we can build a house together in this lot, or if you haven't your last novel on sale, then maybe I can save enough to put up a small one. Aren't you glad, dearest?"

Carleton rested his forehead for a moment on her strong young shoulder. She noticed afterward that her dress was wet where his face had rested.

"Are you tired?" she asked him, wonderingly.

"I have had a bad day," he admitted, thinking of the hours he had sat at the edge of the bed holding the deed in his fingers.

"Your ability will be recognized. You will be known as one of the greatest authors of your time."

"Alice," he asked impulsively, "can you ever forgive me?"

"For what, George?"

"For everything. For any foolish suspicions I may have ever had because you had not had a home, nor a home influence."

"But I have both now, dear," she said, looking at him with bright, trusting eyes. "And you could never have been suspicious after you knew me."

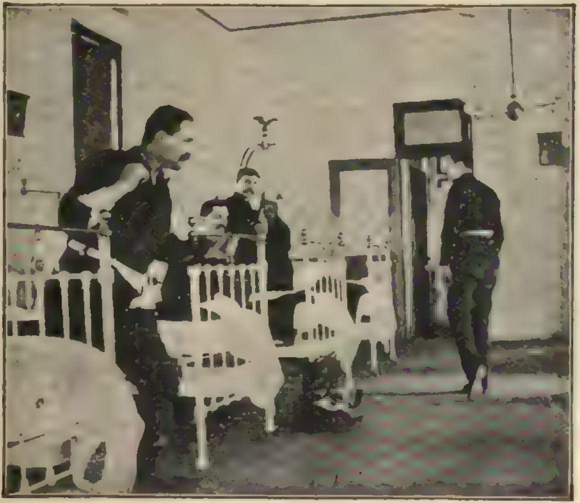
He hung his head while pretending to rearrange his necktie.

"Dinner's ready," announced the portly, coffee-colored maid.

THE FIREMAN'S STRENUOUS LIFE

By Elmer G. Brandis

YOUTH is enchanted with the fireman's life—particularly through ignorance. When the engine goes roaring by, the bells clanging, and the great crowd pauses in its work, however earnest it may be, to see the sport and wonder of the thrilling scenes that await the fireman when he flies along the asphalt to his duty (perhaps dressing himself in fireman's regalia en route), the young heart is fired with enthusiasm. A little closer study of the situation, however, discloses one of the hardest lives in the world—a life of suspense, of long waits between sudden strokes of stratagems of night and day watching for the deadly foe of mankind—conflagration—and the hurry that kills.


A flashlight of a New York firemen's quarters at sound of the alarm

The fireman is the only man who can be said to serve the public year in and out by sleeping with his clothes on and one eye open, like the miser guarding his hoard. He never knows at what minute of the hour the stroke of the gong will make him the slave of the most terrible exigency which the modern metropolitan meets—the instant demand to rush to the salvation of life and property. For hours previous he may yawn over a game of whist with his comrades, but at the sound of the terrible bell he is a new creature. He springs like a warrior into the saddle, ready to do battle to the death, if need be, for human life and the shelter of perhaps hundreds of stricken people who look to him as their natural protector.

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THE TERRIBLE BLACK DISHONOR

AN AMAZING EXPOSITION OF THE NEGRO QUESTION

By John Temple Graves

A brilliant Southerner, Mr. John Temple Graves, of Georgia, appeared before the Chautauqua Assembly some time ago and delivered an address on the negro and the terrible dangers that beset both Southern and Northern women. I consider this address the most powerful, interesting and poetic exposition of the negro problem that has ever been presented to the American public, and I believe it to be of such importance that it is worthy the perusal of every man who thinks the purity and safety of our American women are of far more importance than any constitutional rights of the black man.—The Editor.

I STATE two propositions. I am not necessarily committed to either. This is a time for discussion and counsel, and scarcely as yet for dogmatic assertion. It is my duty to present to you every remedy which may occur to me to fit the crime. It is your right to agitate and discuss it.

The present penalty for rape, final as it is, appears to be inadequate through its deliberation, to suppress the crime of crimes which is the cause of lynching. I have argued that the negro does not fear legal death, and that he is not restrained by the ceremonial processes of the courts. Is there any other penalty which can be devised, in or out of our present constitution, which will startle and intimidate the passions which it seeks to restrain?

It is necessary to speak plainly now.

The negro is awed by danger and intimidated only by startling penalties. He is nervous over things unusual. I offer here the opinion, extra-legal and extra-judicial, and perhaps extra-humane, from a philosophic study of the negro's characteristics, that no influence of suppression so mighty and so effective could be brought to bear upon the criminal classes of the race as a statute legally enacted and widely disseminated, making amputation the invariable penalty for conviction of the crime of rape.

If the punishment is severe, think of the crime it avenges—a punishment beyond custom for a crime without a parallel. That would be the one thing worse than death. It would add a new and startling terror to the gallows, and would appeal to an instinct of fear hitherto untouched in the criminal element of the race. Whenever the mob in its madness has adopted this terrible method of reprisal the record without a break shows that the terrible lesson has towered above every other in its restraining influences upon the vile passions of that class. It is a remedy that would perform the double purpose of intimidating crime and satisfying vengeance, and making impossible a repetition of the crime. I offer as evidence that in the two counties of Georgia where lawless mobs have written this law upon even lawless vengeance, no subsequent rape has ever occurred to defy the fearful memory which it evoked. I do not advocate the remedy, but there are those who think that the courts without mutilation or barbarity might adopt the lesson learned from the record of the mob, and enthrone the law in this new and startling terror for the suppression of this blackest and foulest of all human crimes.

. . . .

The mob has broken the barriers of section and lynching is at last a national crime. The spirit of lawlessness is clearly an evil of the times. The touch of the mob has made the republic kin. For every Newman there is a Wilmington. For Palmetto in Georgia, Kansas has its Leavenworth. Sam Hose is matched by Alex White. The Evansville riots surpass the riots in Carolina. The mob that shoots in Mississippi is answered by the mob that slays in Danville, Ill. Akron, O., storms a negro's refuge in jail almost within sight of Canton, where sleeps the martyr President—the best-beloved man who has occupied the White House since the Father of his Country. Pana and Carterville thrust their murderous Winchesters into the black faces of the workmen who come to delve in the mines of Illinois. A mob in Chicago, ready with rope, chases a negro through the streets. New York, the metropolis and cosmopolis of our world, has its central section from Thirtieth Street to Thirty-fifth torn by a race riot as fierce and as relentless as ever raged in New Orleans. And even in Springfield, Mass.—right in New England's noble heart—the police battalions battled half the night to rescue from the lynchers a bibulous citizen who, with a swipe of a broken beer glass, had nipped from its place another New England gentleman's obtrusive nose. The question has come home to the country at last.

And so in a spirit without recrimination we emerge from our separate glass houses not to throw stones at the dwelling across the way, but to examine our losses and to recast our common defenses for the future of the state.

Not in this generation have questions once sectional been amplified into a larger national interest, and if Providence, indeed, has sprinkled problems thick upon the bosom of the republic, it has in infinite wisdom broadened the vision and liberalized the mind of the people to solve them.

The spirit of truth is the spirit of the hour. Not truculence, nor temporizing, nor time-serving, nor temper, but fact—cold, clear, resolute, remorseless fact—is what these times and this people now demand.

If the spirit of lynching had its first expression in the South, it is due to causes which may be easily understood. The South is not predisposed to lawlessness or given to violence. Its temper is fair, and it has enriched the republic with the names of great jurists and the country's statute book with the record of wise and equitable laws.

I put in evidence here the fact that the Southern people have held women in peculiar and almost

Photograph by Vicksburg Art Studio, Atlanta, Ga.

John Temple Graves

Editor of the Atlanta *News* and the orator who made the brilliant speech before the Chattanooga Assembly

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romantic esteem. I am free by the record to assert that no people in history have ever compassed with greater tenderness and with more reverential chivalry the females of their race. Next to the divinity of Christ, the gentleman of the old South has always worshiped the women of his race. He may not have loved them always wisely, but he always loved them passing well. To this fine old product the sex of his mother carried with it a reverence that made her only a little lower than the angels. Her virtues and graces were set up on the sacred altars of his house. She was not amenable to the judgment and criticism accorded to men. Her faults, if she had any, were all atoned for in the fact of her existence and in the exemption of her sex. Throned on the pedestal of her purity she was the empress of his civilization, and she was ever as an abstraction in his eyes, as beautiful as Venus the mythical goddess, as beautiful as Venus the evening star. To treat her with disrespect was to summon from their scabbards a thousand swords of swift defense. To insult her was a crime punishable by death, and to degrade her person was, in the sight of God and man, the Unpardonable Sin!

The crime which begot lynching was a crime against Southern womanhood—a crime blacker than arson and deadlier than assassination—a crime beside which murder is a misdemeanor and death a holiday—a crime that killed thrice, and each a death without a resurrection—a crime that blasted memory while it murdered reputation—a crime unspeakable and unthinkable this side of hell.

We might as well state the question fairly. The problem of the hour is not how to prevent lynching in the South, but the larger question, How shall we destroy the crime which always has and always will provoke the lynching? When we reach this statement of the question we have made some progress. Not before.

This is the single question which I shall discuss to-day.

The answer which the mob returns to this vital query is already known. The mob answers this question with the rope, the bullet and sometimes, God save us! with the torch. The mob is practical about this matter. While the sentimentalists resolute on lynch law, the mob acts on rape. Let the sentimentalists learn a lesson here from the mob. Let them orate less on lynchings and act more earnestly and practically for the suppression of rape. Let the missionary spirit talk less and act more.

And let it not be thought or said that the mob's theory does not effect its purpose in a large degree. It is the narrowest of reasoning to declare that assaults upon women continue in despite of lynching; and that, therefore, lynching does not effect its end. That argument is blind and fatuous folly. Followed to its conclusion it would abolish capital punishment and close the jails, for criminals multiply in spite of them. The mob knows its business and the mob does its work. And the mob is to-day the sternest, the strongest and the most effective restraint that the age holds for the control of the monstrous crime which it avenges.

The lyncher does not exterminate the rapist, but holds him mightily in check. It is folly to protest against this truth. Without the mob there would be a hundred assaults where there is one. Without the mob the South to-day would not be a place to live in. Thousands of vicious negroes halt in terror before the blazing anger and the fiery vengeance of the mob.

Criminal? Yes. Lawless? Yes. Ought to be abolished? If possible, yes. But as a sheer, cold, patent fact, the mob stands to-day as the highest, strongest and most potential bulwark between the women of the South and such a carnival of crime as would infuriate the world and precipitate the annihilation of the negro race.

It is not a pleasant thing to say. It is not a popular thing to say. But it is the only true thing to say.

It requires and admits no debate. The negro is an inferior race. Of all the nations of the earth the African has registered the smallest development and recorded the fewest achievements. It has made no history and developed no civilization. What this people have done they have done only under their two centuries of contact with the white man, from whom they have learned very little and after whom they have patterned very much. The negro is the weakest and the Anglo-Saxon the strongest race on earth. With the all-conquering Saxon given a thousand years the start, the recordless African is placed side by side, upon equal terms of law, and, in the unspeakable and unexplainable folly of a statesmanship of emergency and compromise, these two races, wide as the poles in merit and development, are expected to share upon equal terms the privileges and the vast responsibilities of the greatest and freest government under the sun. It is difficult to conceive how any passion of partizanship or any expediency of statesmanship could have forecasted any peace or any profit from an experiment so incongruous and so hopeless of assimilation.

There is no real remedy but one. To the problem of the races and to the problem of this hour there is but one solution, there is but a single remedy. We are wasting time in theories as idle as they are unequal to the peril of the hour, which is at last but a symptom of the peril of the times. We are temporizing with a giant danger upon hasty and childish expedients. We are salving a broken limb with vaseline. We are healing a cancer with catnip tea.

This, my countrymen, is a case for surgery—surgery heroic, but beneficent; the knife that severs the limb, but saves the life. For no statute will permanently solve this problem. No anodyne of law, no counter-irritant of legislation, will quiet it longer than the hour of its application. The evil is in the blood of races, the disease is in the bones and marrow and the skin of antagonistic peoples.

Religion does not solve the problem, for the Christ spirit will not be all-pervasive until the millenial dawn.

Education complicates the problem. The negro has the most criminal record of any race on earth—by the census, worse in proportion in the North, where he is in a minority, than in the South, where he outnumbers the white race; by the census, worse in the South since his education than before. For by the census of 1900 the negro—12 per cent. of the population—furnishes

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30 per cent. of the crime, including 50 per cent. of the assaults in the whole country, and this after thirty years of freedom, when $120,000,000 has been spent upon his education, and his illiteracy has decreased 42 per cent.! Every year of enlightenment increases the negro's apprehension of his position, of his merit and attainment, and of the inconsistency between his real and his constitutional status in the republic. Education brings perception, and ambition follows with aggressive bitterness against the iron walls of a prejudice that has never yielded and will never yield. The conflict is irrepressible and inevitable.

Time complicates the problem by giving increasing numbers and additional provocation to the negro, and increasing danger to the struggle which logic and destiny render certain.

Politics complicates the problem by bringing times of fierce civic conflict, when the passions and prejudices of faction may be moved to partisan alignment with the deep and lurking dangers of the race question!

And the truth which lies beyond and above all these temporizing expedients and suggestions is the great central truth which I have been preaching for years—that separation is the logical, the inevitable, the only solution of this great problem of the races.

REAL HAPPINESS ON THE EAST SIDE

By Bryan C. Mott

ONCE a month or oftener there comes out of darkest East Side of New York a literary weeping and gnashing of teeth on the condition of the poor in the great heart of the billion-dowered city. There is of course a deal of truth in the allegations of the scribblers and politicians who are looking for sympathy at the polls by exciting sympathy with the public. However, it is not all darkness and misery. There are hundreds of thousands of homes in the dense East Side where there is health and happiness, comfort, if not indeed wealth, and intelligence if not genius.

Interior of the push-cart king's home on Essex street

In the most crowded stretch of the most crowded street in the wide world—Essex street—there is this little family of children, the pride and joy of a push-cart pedlar. Living opposite that blessed oasis in the desert of humanity—Seward Park—where there is a free kindergarten and gymnasium, as well as playground generally, these children are tanned and browned by the summer sun and get a vast deal of joy out of their humble condition. Knowing nothing of the life beyond Broadway on the west nor above Grand street on the north, their little world is all in all to them. Their home is a model of neatness and good taste, with here and there a family heirloom from the far bleak steppes of the Russian Balkans, which is held in due reverence and which indicates that the family at home is one of high respectability, if not of some local importance.

The pushcart man, the interior of whose home is seen here, is a Russian who came to these shores some years ago with scarcely enough money to save him from being deported as a pauper. He bought a pushcart. For seven months thereafter it was his only counter for transacting business, his dining hall (since he lived on the food he himself sold from it), and his only roof, since he rolled it into an alley and turned it over in a convenient nook where he could crawl beneath and sleep. Within a year the poor Russian peasant was buying diamonds—literally and actually—not for ornamental purposes, but because in the simple peasant mind, diamonds represent the highest value in the smallest space, and they have not yet outgrown the terror of the thumbscrew tax-collector and the Russian knouter who "wrings from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash by foul means," as Shakespeare says, and obliges them to make hasty tracks for parts unknown. Later the peasant sent for his people, and later still established a home. He now owns a hundred pushcarts, all manned by trusted countrymen, and also a general store where their stock is supplied. He is worth fifty thousand dollars and is one of the many refutations of the stricture that the East Side is all darkness, squalor, poverty and misery.

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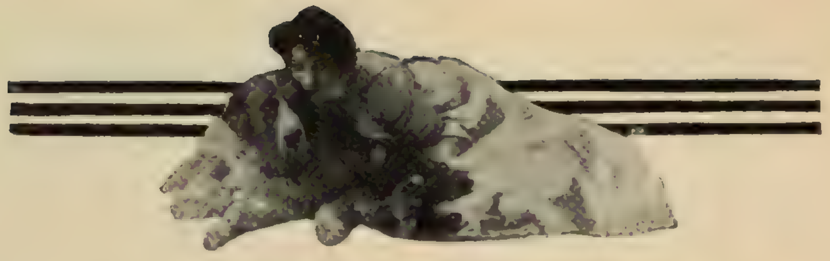

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD

By Carolyn Lowrey

MRS. GLYN IN NEW YORK

ELENOR GLYN, author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," is in New York for a short visit.

Mrs. Glyn is a handsome woman with reddish hair.

Sub rosa, her sister, Lady Duff-Gordon, has a dressmaking establishment in London which, while it excludes her from Court, does not prevent members of the royal family from consulting this clever woman, who in point of dress is an artist.

LO, THE POOR TRAVELER

THE young man's treasured traveling bag, pasted all over with foreign labels, may become a thing of the past.

It is learned that it is not a question of the number of labels, so much as the way they are pasted on, that makes the man popular.

In America the servants stand in awe of the much-traveled man, but abroad it is an indication of his character.

There, if he is liberal, the porters paste the labels on straight; if mean, they are put on slantingly.

It is the porter's code, and the knowledge soon reaches the social set.

The traveler now watches his former treasure with eyes of doubt.

CANNY MOMMER!

A WELL known New York young man who owns and wears a cork leg has a very wealthy but stingy mother.

As a child she taught him how to gather in the pennies by betting his playfellows that he could hold his foot in hot water longer than they could.

Strange, but true! and I can furnish the names!

GRACIOUS!

THE banks and trust companies have come to the rescue of lovely woman.

The thoughtful members of these institutions have provided a "Stocking Room."

Any woman may enter and search for her money without being obliged to tell her age.

No man is allowed to enter this "holy of holies" during banking hours.

JUST VEILS

ONE of the latest fall fads is a veil called the vapor veil. It is a yard wide and three yards long, and makes the hat of any season wearable.

It is intensely becoming to the young and a friend to the old.

One of the social leaders at Newport has originated the rainbow veil; this necessitates the wearing of three veils of different colors.

MRS. "CORNIE," JR., ON TOP.

SOCIETY is shocked because there has not been the promised reconciliation in the Vanderbilt family.

Mama Cornelius, senior, still holds out, but it has no outward effect upon Mrs. Cornelius, Jr.

She wins fresh laurels every day, which makes her husband proud of the fact that he loyally stood to his colors. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., had a really great triumph abroad.

IN THE CHEEKS

A NEW YORK society woman who is fond of color has had a perpetual pink injected into her cheeks by tattooing.

With the process goes a guarantee that you will not faint.

KATE CONDON AS A LIFE PRESERVER

KATE CONDON, one of the sopranos of The Bostonians, has won a medal of appreciation from a grateful mother for saving a child's life.

The little fellow had swallowed a button. Miss Condon took him by the feet, and swung him feet down.

When thanked, she modestly stated that she had borrowed the idea from Joe Miller's Joke book.

Mr. Miller suggests that when a child swallows a button, one should take a buttonhole, attach it to a thread, sling it down the throat, fasten it on the button, and stand the child on its head.

Miss Condon sings better than she makes a buttonhole, and so was able to use only a part of Mr. Miller's method.

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SEVERAL years ago the citizens of New York were delighted to be authentically informed by a Boston shoemaker—I suppose "pedal extremity architect" is the modern Athenian phrase—that the women of the metropolis as a class were possessed of the smallest feet of those of any city of these United States, and thence he ran recklessly down the list from Alpha to—Chicago! New York did not take the matter with undue seriousness, although mildly purring over the triumph from so high a source; but the windy city seems to have suffered interminable spasms of hysteria over the fact that it was a tail-ender in the contest, all the more because St. Louis, hated rival, kept rubbing it in with prehistoric big-foot jokes which survive to this day. But at last Chicago has evened up on New York. A certain wise and discriminating hatter (who hails this time from the oracular domain of the late prince of truth-tellers, Benjamin Franklin) affirms that after half a century of the hat business, during which he has clapped down the *conformeur*—that instrument which measures and defines the exact circumference of the cranium—upon several thousand heads, he discovers that Chicago men lead the list as types of the wide and bulging cerebrum, and that poor despised New York is this time the Omega on the roll of honor. Whereas the Boston shoemaker, when he sees a Chicago woman approaching, jumps several octaves into the "No. 5 D" shelf, and when the fair New Yorker follows he slides along to the "No. 1 A's," so the Philadelphia philosopher, when he sees the New Yorker advance upon him, hands down a "6" hat, and when the Chicagoan blows in on a cyclone, edges along to the "8's" or even the "9's." Thus does Chicago at last, after thirty years of rankling bitterness, get her poisoned rapier back into the vitals of the metropolitan by way of Philadelphia, and great is the rejoicing thereof. Whether it is indeed the prevalence of the perennial cyclone which accounts for what George Ade, himself a Chicagoan, calls "amplification of the coco," or merely that the lakesiders have been colonizing the hatters' district of Philadelphia with local statesmen afflicted with various forms of megacephalia with revengeful intent, deponent saith not. But the fact remains, no Chicagoan that lives will ever again believe that a metropolis whose parental mainstays wear a "No. 6" hat and a "No. 1 A" shoe will ever advocate anything but the doctrine of retrogression, and ultimately sink into oblivion, to become a lost race. The recent heavy investments of Philadelphians in New York securities show that large invoices of money have come in from somewhere.

AS this is a Special Theatrical Number, let us have a few theatrical editorials. It is interesting to note that Charles Frohman still retains the same ideas regarding personal publicity that he started out with years ago. Mr. Frohman has always contended that the public is not as interested in his photograph as it is in seeing the plays he presents and criticising them on their merits. It is a curious fact that there is not a newspaper editor in New York City who would not pay a big price for a late and authentic picture of Mr. Frohman. He is willing to have his attractions boomed, and in fact is one of the shrewdest and at the same time most legitimate advertisers of the day. At the same time he is insistent on the point that his own personality shall not be kodaked and lithographed and pen-and-inked. Mr. Frohman is a pretty-well-defined type of the conservative manager who looks upon his calling as semi-professional and semi-business, and he sees no good reason why it should not be conducted as sanely as any other in the curriculum of commercial and artistic life. This manager, by the way, is a very good example of the shrewd American business man who couples with his hard-headedness a desire to appeal in a reasonable manner to those who consider art an important factor in our moving life.

WHICH reminds me that an admiring and sympathetic public is looking forward to the re-entry of Miss Maude Adams with no uncertain sentiment. Miss Adams has always appealed to all that is best in the hearts of the theatre-goer. She has been dignified and non-sensational, and embodies the truest principles of the drama for art's sake. It would be difficult to name any other woman on the American or foreign stage who occupies the peculiar niche Miss Adams fills in the affections of her audiences. This is as true in New York as it is in Columbus, Ohio. We can scarcely afford to wait another season without the winsomeness and refined womanliness of Miss Adams, especially as there is no one who comes anywhere near filling her place.

A YOUNG American woman who, if she follows out her present methods, is bound to become an important factor in American theatricals, is Miss Kathryn Osterman, who starts out this season as a star in "Miss Petticoats." Miss Osterman, who although a young woman has had considerable experience in dramatic work, has always gone on the principle that the woman who always remains the woman—who retains all the charms and graces and the dainty fluffiness of femininity—is bound to be the woman who will keep longest the admiration of her following. Miss Osterman is a non-believer in the theory that cleverness consists entirely of the bizarre and the unconventional, and her success even in a time when new stars crop up over-night, proves that her judgment is as good as her art is charming.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL

Pro by Elmer Merrill—Con by Joseph D. Parmalee

MRS. LESLIE CARTER

PRO

A FEW years ago an actress appeared whom everybody, save one or two long heads, believed to be hopeless. Her manner was stilted, lacking reserve, magnetism, aplomb—everything that characterises a star of even inferior magnitude. One of these long heads was Mr. David Belasco, a genius in the art of discovering genius. He saw that the ambitious star had the artistic temperament and the theatrical intuition. He undertook the most difficult task that a man could assume on his own responsibility, and within the compass of an incredibly short space of time whipped into shape the crowning American actress of the day—Mrs. Leslie Carter. For fire, incisiveness, sympathy and true heroism of the dramatic order, Mrs. Carter takes precedence to any actress of any land, and what was for years the thorny path of obscurity is now the roseate way of fame strewn with yellow-backs. Mrs. Carter stands supreme. In some features she may be approached, in others equalled, but in none excelled.

CON

AS a reflected light of genius, Mrs. Leslie Carter stands as a living example of the advantage of choosing our own Mentors even if we cannot our mothers. Mrs. Carter has had the rare good fortune to profit by the judgment and untiring industry of a man who knows every dramatic situation, inflection, mechanism and trick of the trade. He was a whole university in little, and she was the entire college roster in one. There are ten thousand ambitious women on and off the stage to-day who in the hands of such a consummate moulder of talent and fortunes that the result would be the same or even greater. Mrs. Carter is nine-tenths the creature of circumstance, one-tenth a woman of talent, shining greatly in the effulgence of a reflected light, surviving as the little moons of Jupiter, which would otherwise ever remain obscure and unknown were it not for the glory of its principal. Let Mrs. Carter congratulate herself, but do not let her believe that the great American public has any delusions on that score.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

PRO

JUST in the nick of time Richard Mansfield came before us. He found the stage in a moribund condition, and without any assumptions with regard to elevating it, started in to give the Amercan public something fresh, refined, subtle and intellectual in contradistinction to the gross, the frivolous, and the clownish with which the stage was then afflicted. He succeeded. For a long time he was caricatured, lampooned and soundly hated for the enemies he made through his indomitable determination and his versatility as an actor. He essayed many things and did them all with equal facility, refinement and subtlety. He offered new points of view and found them accepted. His *Brummel* was a revelation, his *Cyrano* a delight. He refused to advertise himself in any meretricious manner, and remained judiciously inaccessible. He worked hard and with a certain deadly aim. He brought the stage to its senses. He proved after all that a serious play by competent talent would succeed, and that all was not frivolity and cant. He woke us to a new condition of things. The American public was duly grateful and fixed the name of Mansfield on a pinnacle where it is beyond the reach of the malicious carper or the incompetent ingrate to tear it down.

CON

IF strenuosity is the secret of presidential success, it ought to be likewise on the stage. Only—it isn't. Mr. Mansfield is a living ideal of strenuosity—he undertakes so much and fulfils so little. He has done some good things—what metropolitan star has not? But his overweening ambition has been his subjugation. He has essayed, like Balzac, who would to write the entire human comedy, to play every great part in the classic program. He wanted to be the Alexander of the footlight world. When he found it beyond him, he took to finding fault with the world in general, and the critics in particular, and since he could not thrash the world nor find the critics, he took it out on the supers. Thus the advertising which he eschewed through the police court; and to be a super who could stand punishment, and lots of it, became a job second in financial rank to understudy. In his earlier work, before disappointment embittered him and success turned his head, Mansfield was a pleasure. In his *Cyrano* he was passible and in his *Julius Cæsar* execrable. However, let us live in hopes that he may yet come into his own, for Mansfield is not all pose.

EDWIN H. SOTHERN, PLAYER

PRO

E. H. SOTHERN has proved that he is something better than a great man's son—he has in him the possibilities of greatness, even if he is not great himself. His work of recent years has been such as to confirm the predictions of years ago. He does not advertise himself in any meretricious manner, and holds aloof from the malodorous space-puddler, whom he has the temerity to estimate at his true value. He knows his book and is an artist to his finger-tips, as well as being the hardest working and by all odds the most conscientious of the serious men of the stage on this side of the water to-day, bar none. He has succeeded—he will ever succeed more and more because he deserves it, and is a living proof that merit of a high order does not go unappreciated in an alleged ungrateful republic.

CON

THE glamour of the name of Sothern counts for much with an American public—we who theoretically believe in the principle of every man standing on his own merits, yet who are so easily blinded, foozled and befogged with the lurid mists of departed glories. Mr. Sothern, better than anyone else, knows this—in fact it is his chief stock in trade. He would otherwise be struggling to-day in the curbstone ranks and doing as hundreds of other equally clever men along the Rialto are doing: fighting against merciless odds in an overcrowded matinée-hero market. Mr. Sothern is the apotheosis of the mediocre. He has a little native gold pounded out to cover a vast deal of space, yet ever at the expense of depth. However, there are possibilities that he may live down his digital mannerisms and live up a hitherto undiscovered degree of quality.

KYRLE BELLEW

PRO

THE Romeo of perennial youth and engaging charm is the English favorite who is doubly appreciated on this side of the water—Kyrle Bellew. He is a phenomenal person, having had the remarkable ability to hold himself before the public for a term of years, and instead of finding his interest waning with the better classes of theatre-goers, is ever on the advance. Preserving his youthful figure and the splendor of his enthusiasm as well as the flexibility of a rare voice, he promises to remain a public idol for many years, and eminently deserves it. Mr. Bellew has given us some of the finest interpretations that were ever presented to an American audience, and that his work has been appreciated is evident in the box-office returns—the one true test of popularity. May he long continue to dignify and honor the stage!

CON

HAD Kyrle Bellew been an American, he would never have achieved the heights of success which have been his by rightful conquest, and granted him away beyond his merits. He evidently knows a good thing when he gets it, and is versed in the art of nursing it. Therefore, long after his voice has failed him and his youthful rôles are an old man's caricatures of the weaknesses of youth without its noble and enduring enthusiasm, the insistent Kyrle continues to beckon the maiden to his feet—the maiden of a new generation, for her predecessors have long since become prosaic matrons with growing daughters, or hopeless spinsters with positive convictions about social reform. Mr. Bellew should be congratulated upon discovering a country of such easy conquest. His was an opportune coming. A few years more and public taste will have risen to a point which will make made-in-England matinée heros a little less obtrusive.

ADA REHAN

PRO

IT is a delight to know that Miss Ada Rehan intends to return to the metropolitan stage. She will redeem it of many grave offences, for assuredly when it comes to compare the present achievement of classic art with that of the dynasty of Daly, we are fallen wofully upon evil times. Miss Rehan has given the world some of the rarest interpretations that the stage has ever known, and reached in her art such a climax that the struggle of the smaller fry to attain her seat of eminence has been heart-rending but ineffectual. Miss Rehan has had a long and doubtless improving rest. She will return to the stage with a new enthusiasm, having lost none of the charm of her *Portia* and *Rosalind* of the past, and adding new splendors to the most perfect woman parts ever written by man. Success to her triumphal re-entry!

CON

THERE is something about the footlights that hypnotizes and illusionizes to the last. Once a woman has heard the clap of hands and seen the glitter of eyes across the footlights, she is never the same. Retired to private life she is like the war-horse that wastes away and dies for lack of the nourishing smokes of battle. Miss Rehan saw her best days—and they were admittedly great days too—long before the passing of the late Augustin Daly, but she survived them in the dying glow of her talent as the electric bulb continues to glow for a little time after the current is turned off. But now that the great dynamo has gone to rust, the old impressiveness has vanished, and to parade behind the footlights in the toggeries of a forgotten era is a mockery and a caricature. However, when a woman will, she will, and "that's an end on't."

A characteristic portrait of the late Phil May

PHIL MAY: A MEMOIR

By His First Editor

ARTIST of artists, Bohemian of Bohemians, Phil May, whose death at the all-too-early age of thirty-nine, and to the sincere regret of everyone who knew him, took place recently, was a genius born somewhat out of due time. He belonged by temperament to the Quartier Latin of Henri Murger, yet not even twentieth-century "smartness" or the much-maligned atmosphere, material and artistic, of modern London could kill the broad humanity and the whimsical humor, or dim the fire of genius to which we owe an interminable gallery of genial caricatures, often instinct with the generous sympathy of a John Leech. Street-arab, loafer, *gamin*, 'Arriet and 'Arry, the pathetically humorous men and women of mean streets, the curious denizens of Bohemia, the people whose habitat is the world of sport or the *coulisses* of the theatre, quaint Dutch folk, specimens of French vivacity, German stolidity, Italian flamboyance, men, women, and children of any nationality, appealed with equal force to his cosmopolitan temperament and were portrayed with equal facility by his inimitable pencil.

Phil May was a Yorkshireman, and his first sketches were of actors and actresses at the Spa Theatre, Scarborough, and the Grand Theatre, Leeds, where he perpetrated immature but promising caricatures and sold them for a few shillings each. Coming to London, still quite a lad, in the early 'eighties, he soon became famous.

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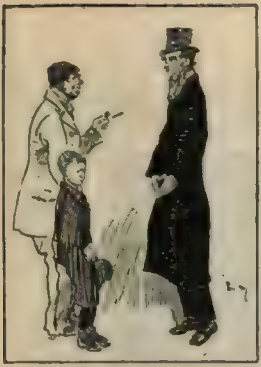
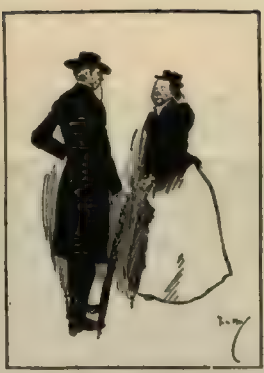


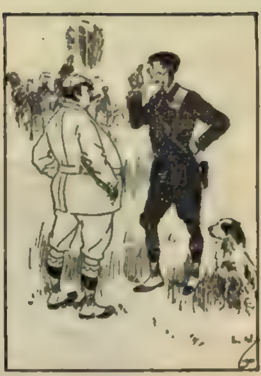
School Board Inspector: Why don't you send your boy to school?

Bill: We'll, 'e don't lose nuffink, 'cos I learns 'im meself.

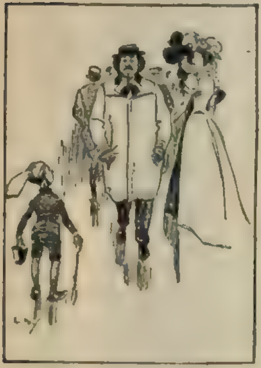


The Vicar: I don't see your husband at church now so often.

Mrs. Miggs: Well no, sir; you see he's enjoying very bad 'ealth.

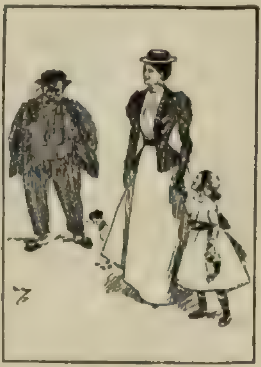


Host (who is rather ashamed at the number of servants Snobley has brought with him to the shoot): By the way, Snobley, I notice you have not brought your gardener with you; I trust there is nothing serious the matter with him.



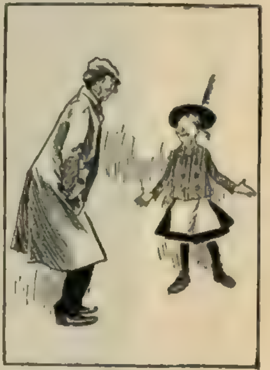
Sketched at Margate

PUTTING ON SEA SIDE



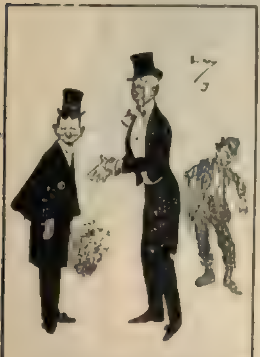
Isn't-he pretty, mummie?

FLATTERY



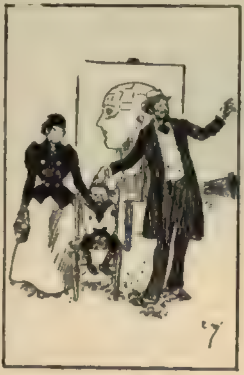
Old Gentleman: Well, have you been a good girl and been to school?

Kid (jubilantly): Na-a-w, I've got the smallpox.

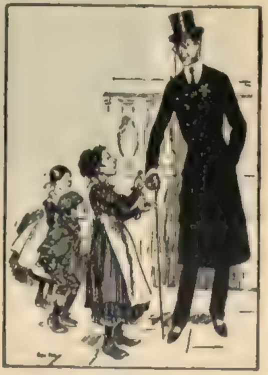


OUTSIDE THE GAIETY STAGE DOOR

The Masher; Here she comes.



Phrenology at Yarmouth



O, please can yer give me two fardens for a ha'penny?

A SELECTION OF TYPICAL DRAWINGS BY PHIL MAY

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From a photograph by Ritzman, New York

Lillian Thorpe

Of "Under Cover," the new Harrigan play at the Murray Hill Theatre

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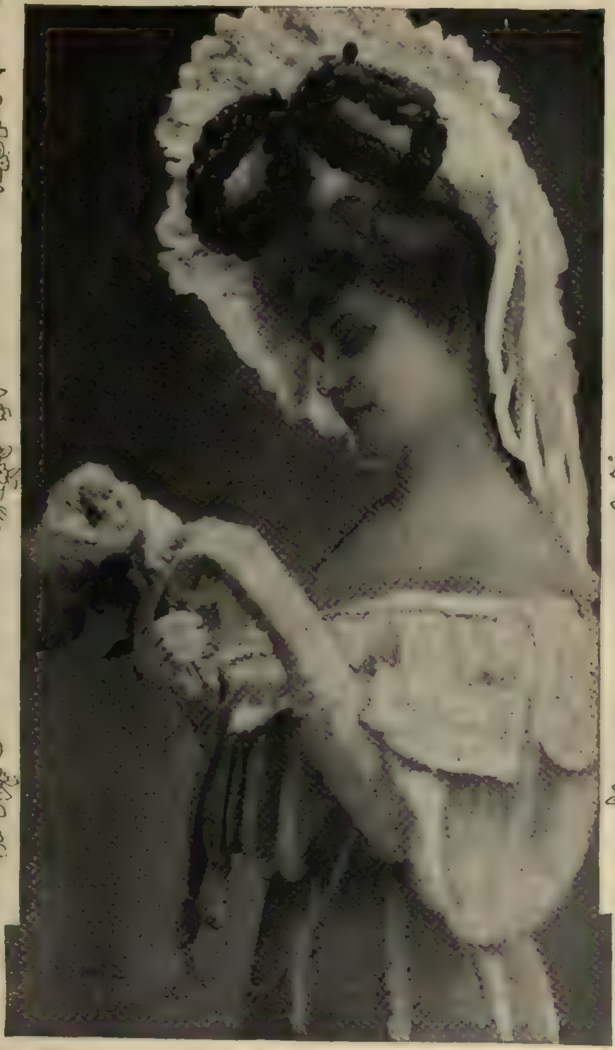

Photograph by Davis and Sanford, New York

Loretta Ward

One of the pretty girls in "The Runaways" at the Casino

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Lettie Lind

The famous English dancer who is now appearing in "The Girl from Kay's," in London

A FUNEREAL PROFESSION

By S. L. Powers

A melancholy stillness broods
  Through all the haunted home;
The ghouls of souls departed since,
  Seem everywhere to roam.
A silence most oppressive all
  The gladsome household cloaks.
And why? The old professional
  Is writing jokes!

Sackcloth and ashes are our lot;
  No smiles nor gladness ours;
The milk of human kindness with
  Yon dismal thunder sours.
My soul is sick, my sense grows numb,
  My voice with sobbing chokes;
For pop, for one samoleon each.
  Is writing jokes!

Google

Lillian Coleman

One of the principals in "The Rogers Brothers in London" at the Knickerbocker Theatre

ONE WEAKNESS.—By George St. Maur

He wears an air of sanctity;
He teaches Bible classes;
His voice in hymns of praise devout
The highest pitch surpasses.
In business he is upright, just,
And fearless for the truth;
He's held up as a model for
The aims of wayward youth.

But there is one thing that this man
Of goodness so supreme
Still can't resist, however great
Or small the sin may seem.
'Tis this: that when he gets in change
A quarter counterfeit,
He scruples not to stick a friend
Or foe alike with it.

Google

Selena Fetter Royle

Who plays *Gwendolin Winston* in "My Wife's Husbands."

Mrs. Royle plays the leading part in "My Wife's Husbands," a musical comedy which is one of the season's hits in New York. Her scenes with Mr. Royle are quite as good as anything that New Yorkers have witnessed in a good many years—and that is saying a good deal, you must admit.

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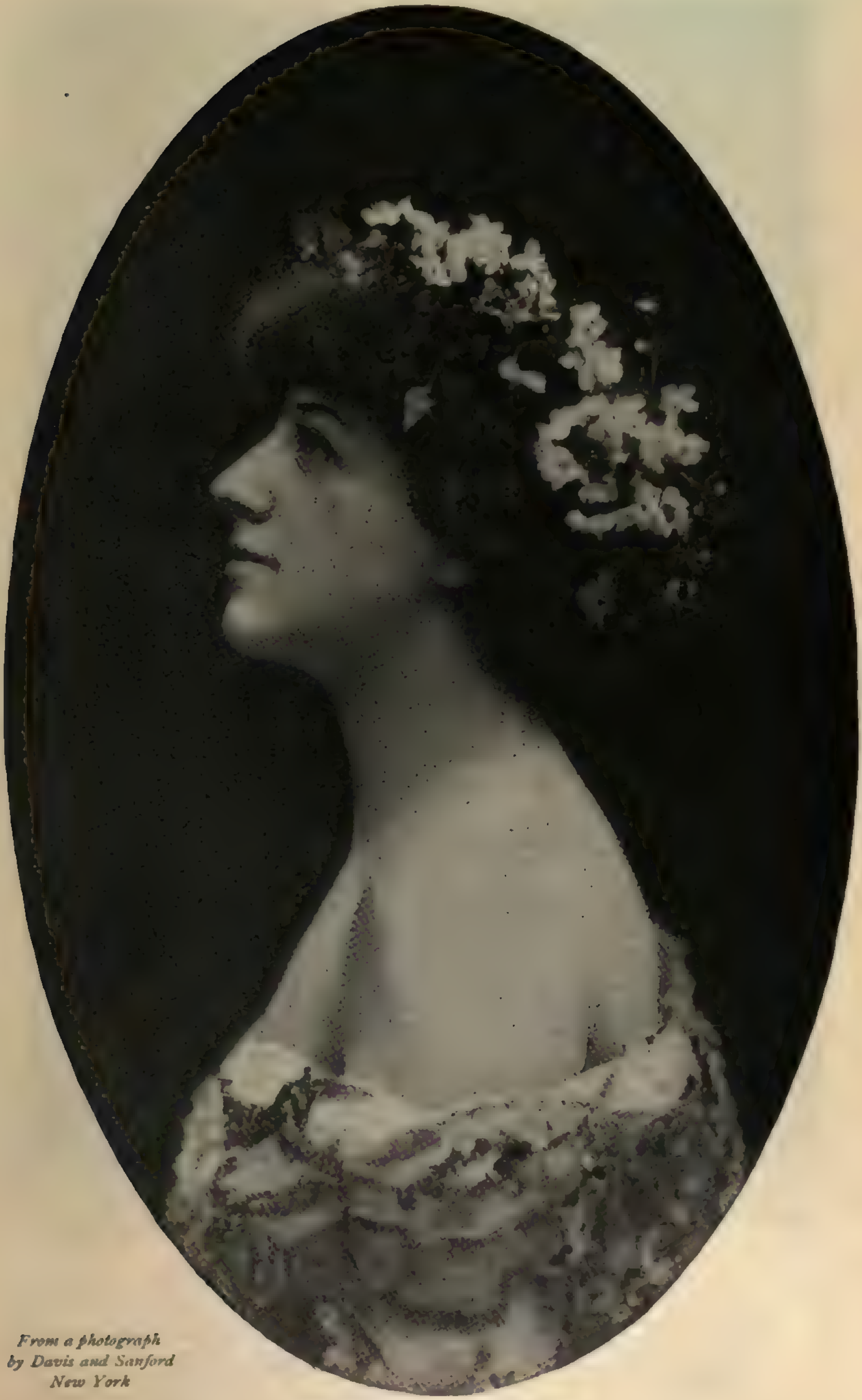

From a photograph
by Davis and Sanford
New York

The latest picture of Blanche Ring

Who is to star in "The Jersey Lilly," under the management of George W. Lederer

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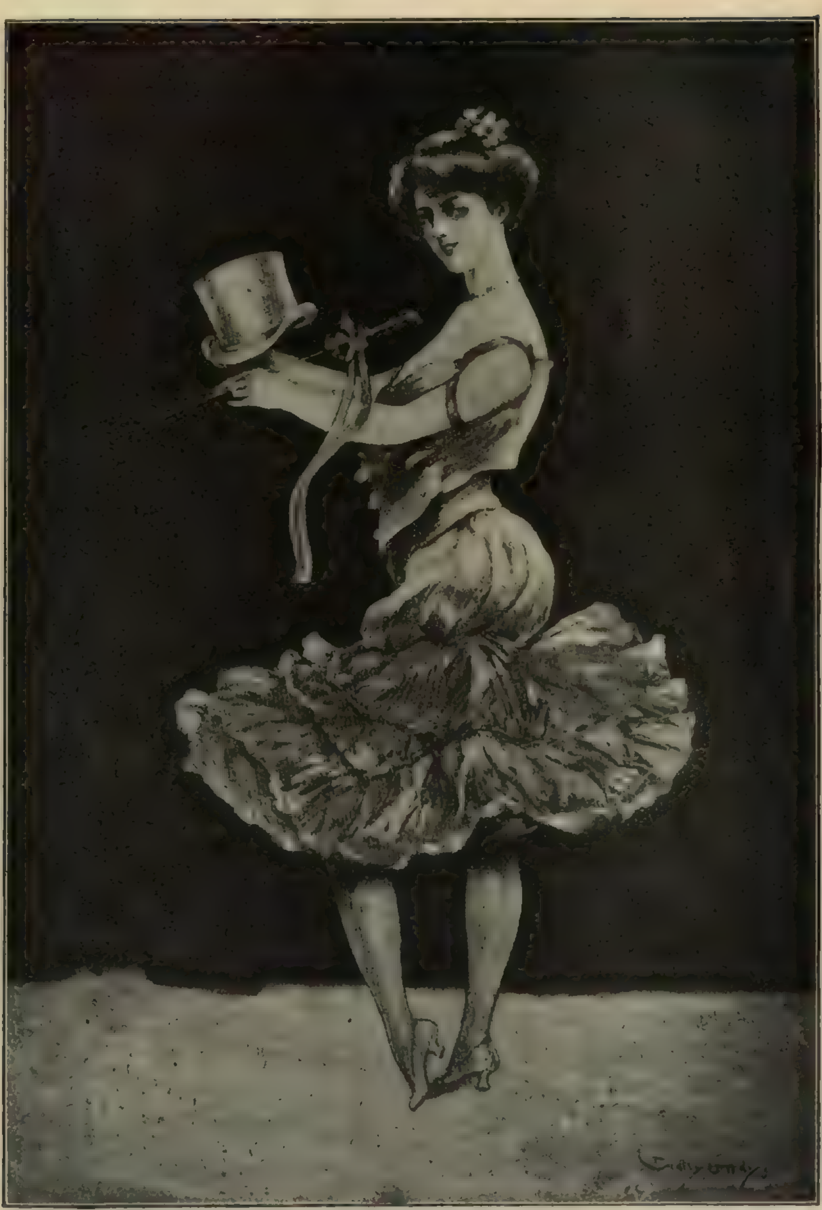

Her Gorgeousness, the Show Girl

THE BEE-WAY GIRL

I'm a rollicking Bee-way Girl,
I'm right in the midst of the whirl,
With top hat and cane,
I'm just a bit vain;
I'm "it" to the frills and the curl.

It's not quite conventional dress,
But isn't it gay? Well, I guess!
Bah! London and Paris:
I'm queen of the fairies—
The Bee-way Girl winsomeness.

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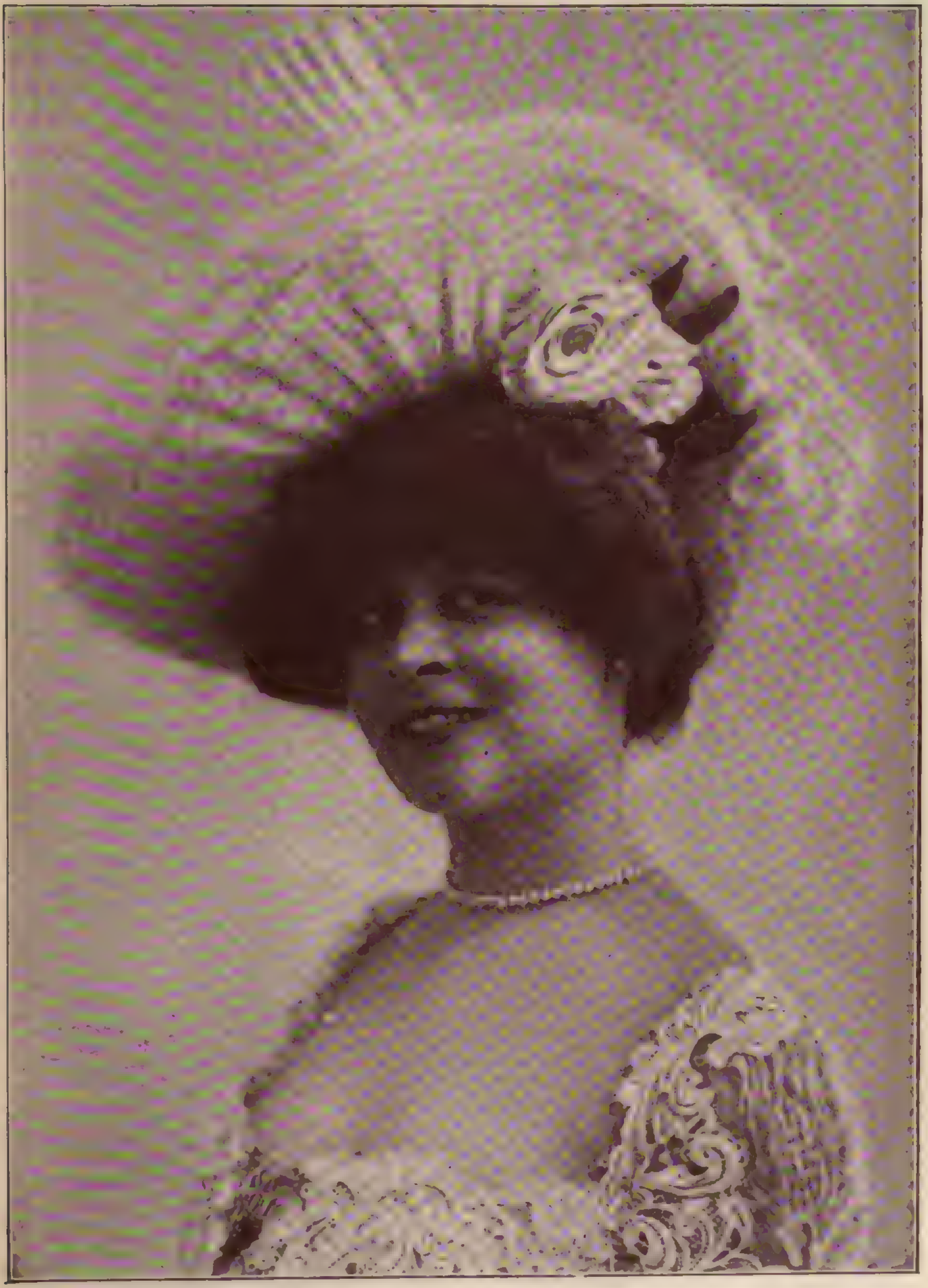
Interesting Players of the Season



Elise Devere

With the Ziegfeld Opera Company in "The Red Feather"

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

Ethel Moyer

In Anna Held's company presenting "Mam'selle Napoleon"

From a photograph by Hall, New York

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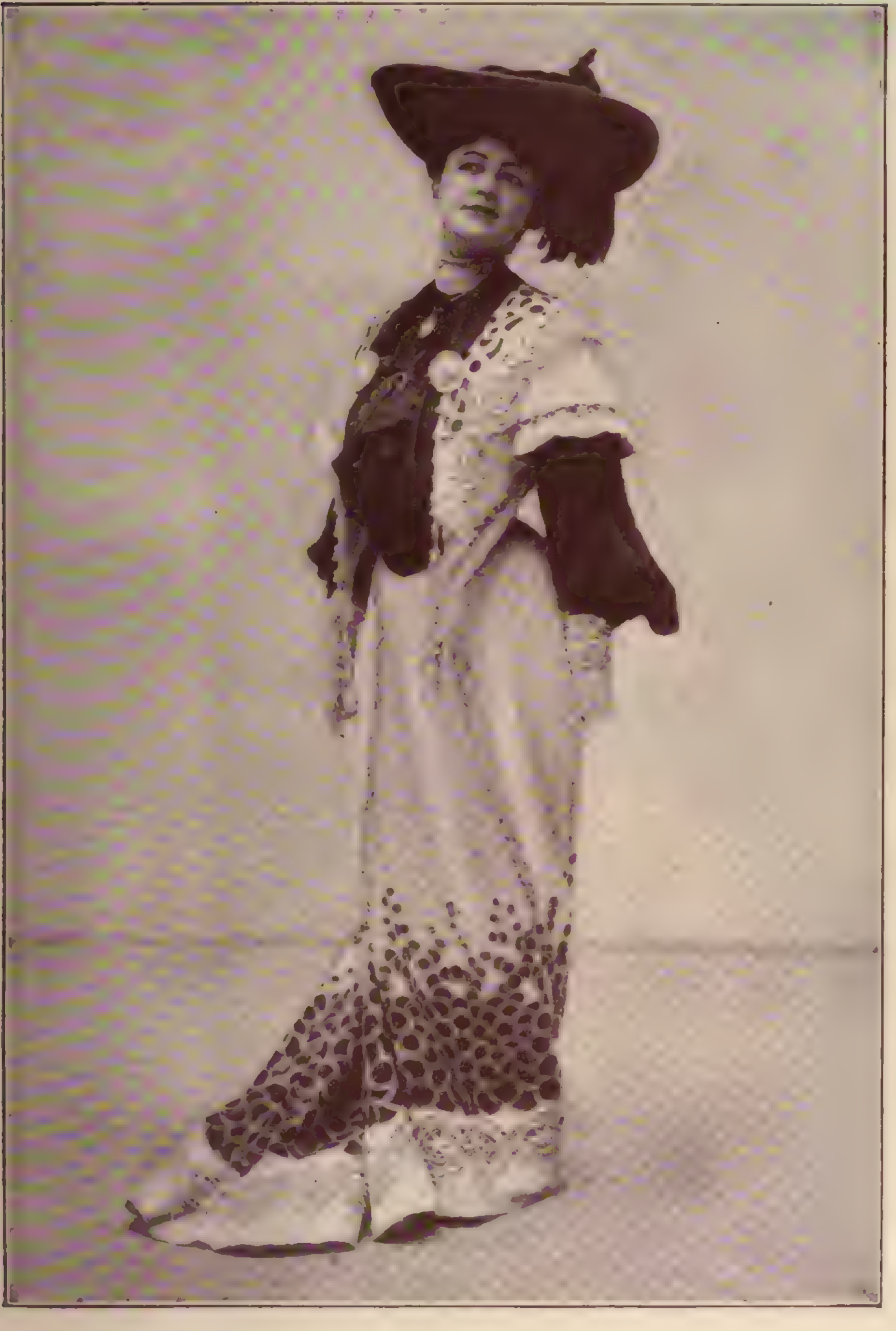


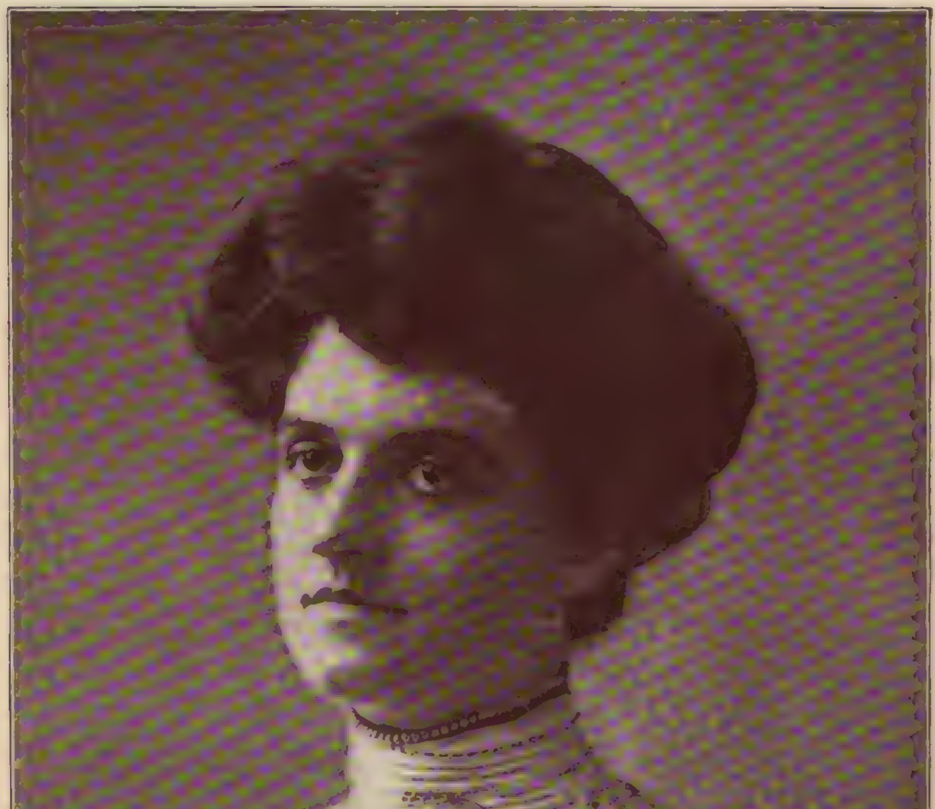
Maude Knowlton

As *Dixie* in the new Harrigan play, "Under Cover"

From a photograph by Hall, New York

by Google

Interesting Players of the Season



Adelaide Manola

Daughter of Marion Manola, in "Under Cover"

From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston

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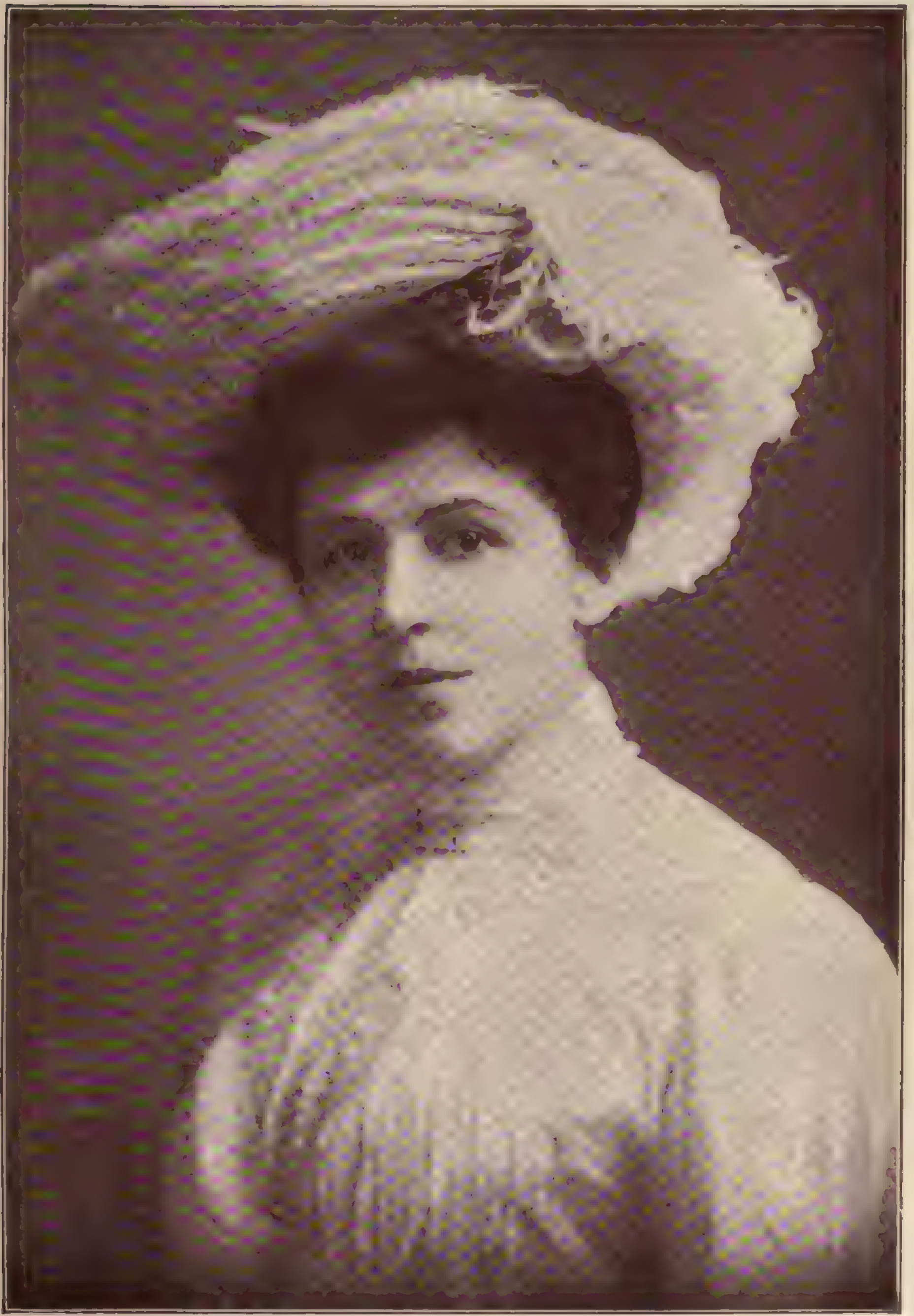

Viola Allen

Who appears this season as *Viola* in "Twelfth Night"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

Google

Interesting Players of the Season

Mona Desmond

In the Ziegfeld production of "The Red Feather"

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

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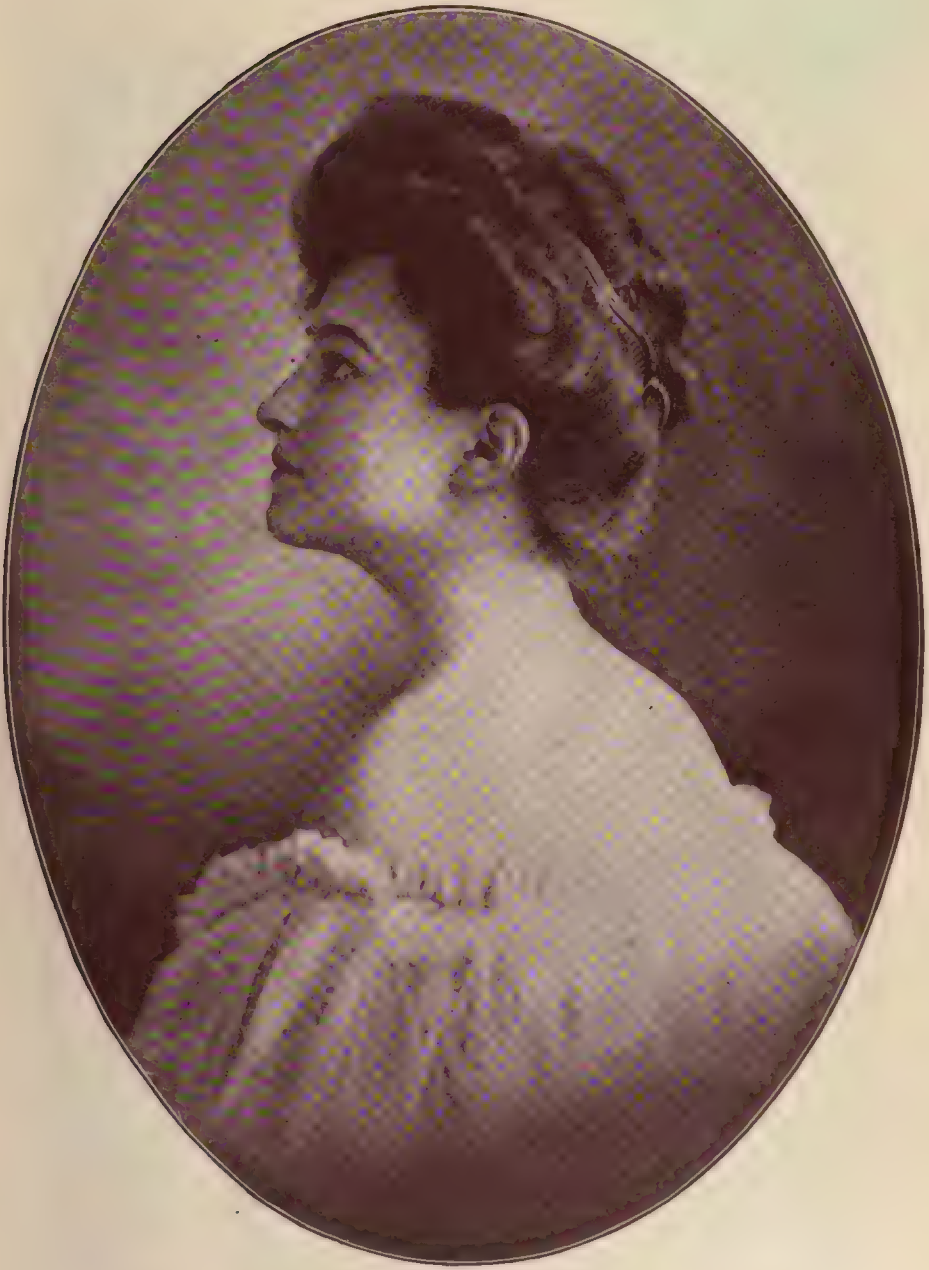
Interesting Players of the Season



Pauline Fredericks

Of "The Princess of Kensington," under the direction of John C. Fisher

From a photograph by Marceau, New York

Google

Carol McComas

As *Rosalba* in "The Billionaire"

From a photograph by Cooner, Chicago, Ill.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR NOVEMBER, 1903

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EDITORIALS, DEPARTMENTS, ETC.

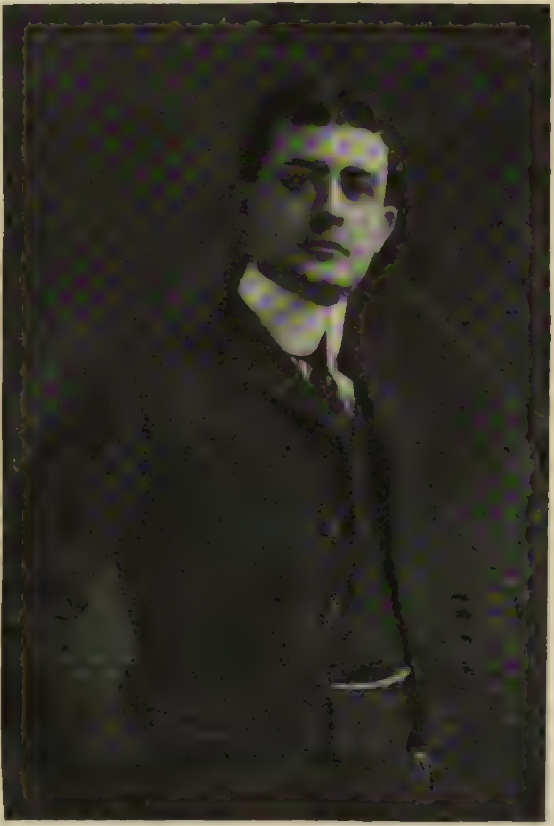
The next issue of Broadway Magazine will be

Special Holiday Number

The Holiday Numbers of Broadway Magazine for previous years have been handsome, unique and thoroughly interesting. The 1903 HOLIDAY NUMBER of BROADWAY MAGAZINE will break all Broadway Magazine records for

BEAUTY, COLOR, LIFE, CLEVERNESS

Broadway Magazine Company, 121 W. 42d St., New York



Orrin Johnson, one of the season's new stars

Mr. Johnson plays the principal rôle in "Hearts Courageous," at the Broadway Theatre, New York City. Mr. Johnson's most recent rôle of prominence was as leading man with Annie Russell. This young actor has been before the public for some years and there is this to be said to his credit: he is earnest, good-looking and conscientious. All this, coupled with definite ability, seems to lead to the conclusion that he is bound to become a successful star.

Go gle

BROADWAY MAGAZINE
VOL. XII NOVEMBER, 1903 No. 2

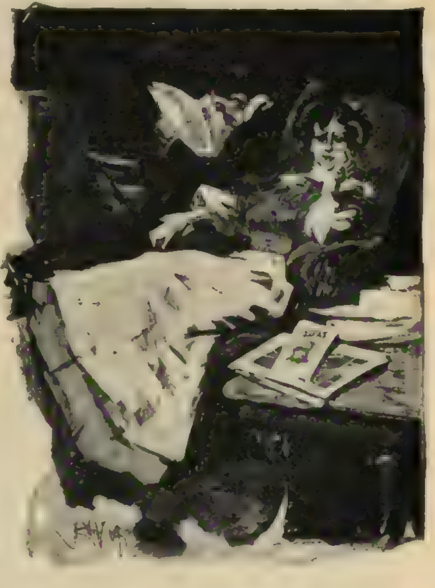
THE GIRL OF THE NEW YORK STUDIOS

By Milton C. Ochs

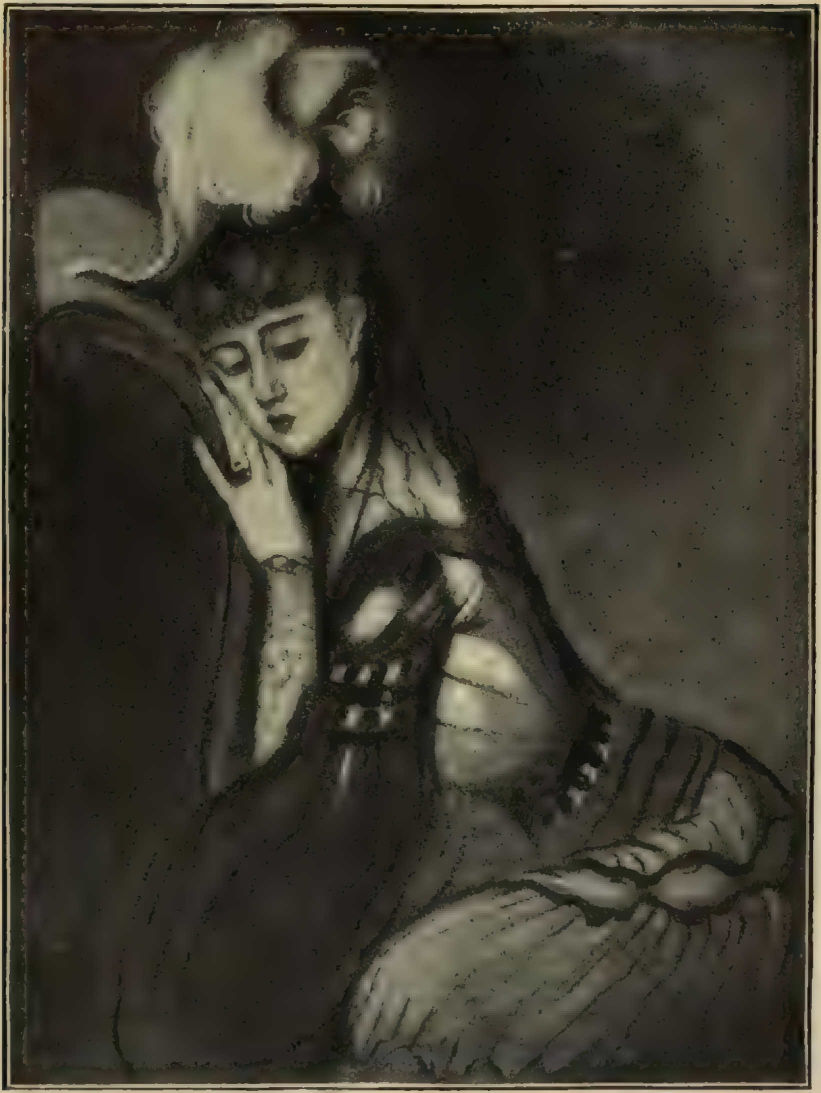
IN order to rightly understand her, the girl of the metropolitan studios must be seen in her own environment. She may be a residenter or merely a passing sojourner. She may frequent the district simply because she loves it, or because she is compelled to earn a living, and finds that model-work is not so difficult nor requires such a special talent to succeed in as perhaps many other walks of life. Still again, she may be herself an art student, relying upon an occasional remittance from home and the sale of a casual "study" or finished picture to make both ends meet. Finally, she may have a husband in the arts, who, by hard labor and increasing assiduity, makes sufficient for two or more, and who has provided for her a home that is delightful in its intellectual atmosphere and its repose—a rare enough enjoyment in this strenuous age and country.

There are many types of the girl of the studios, but however they may conceal the evidences to the unobserving, there is some distinctive mark which denotes the association with men who dream and paint and

She has the art look in every feature


She enjoys the best of literature as well as art

A Bohemian fancy-dress ball is her delight



The girl of the studios is not always beautiful, but she has a certain distinctive way of doing things

work out their artistic salvation after the manner of the men of the various Latin quarters, so called, of the world—in Paris, London, Berlin or Munich.

There is a peculiar thing about the artistic atmosphere: once it is breathed to the victim's utter fulness, the individual is never the same afterwards. Women are especially susceptible to this spirit, and fall easiest prey to the fetichism of wet paint and dry purses, high thinking and low diet. The men who have done the great things in art have been invariably poor; but to be merely poor does not imply the talent to succeed in the arts. However, there is something in the artistic nature that is unbelieving of any obstacles, enemies or doubts of self—there is such an atmosphere of confidence and trust, or hope and abiding faith, that failure, even when it is inevitable, has its compensations. It is the feeling that the artist has made a good struggle against tremendous odds, and while dreaming and hoping, has poured out

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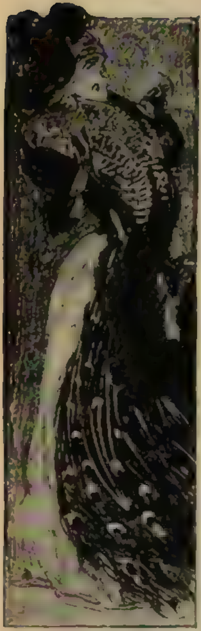


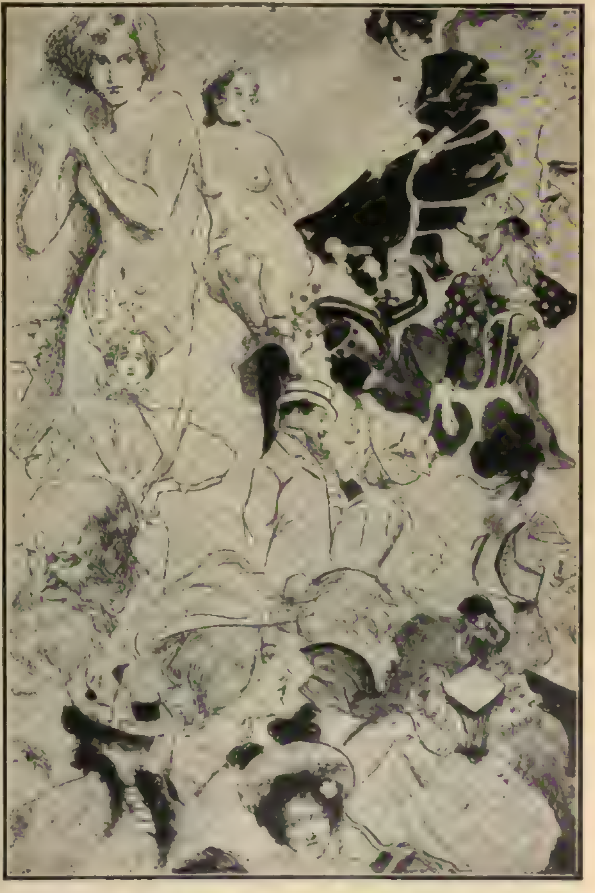
She perchance makes her own gowns, and they are creations

Waiting for the tneatre hour

of him the best there was within him, that makes up for many privations and silences the whisper of scorn which meets the unsuccessful man in street, salon, corridor, or wherever the successful man meets the unsuccessful and with a glance of pity or commiseration condemns him.

Success in this country is the god of all men's worship, and in the main success means the acquisition ot money. And yet, nothing could be more radically antipathetical to the artistic spirit. The love of money, "the root of all evil," and the love of art, the source of only the beautiful and the true, cannot dwell together in the same bosom. And yet it is necessary to face the question of existence, and this the artist does by reducing all wants to the minimum. As Marcus Aurelius says, "happiness consists not so much in seeking those things which give us pleasure, as in avoiding those things which give us pain."

The metropolitan art-worker has brought the science of economy to a fine point perforce of a difficult rôle in life, and yet it is strange that where you will find one man who is willing to give up his days and nights in genial hostage to the great problems of color and form, you will find half a dozen women willing to do likewise. It may be that young women have a larger appreciation of



Types with which the girl of the studios is familiar

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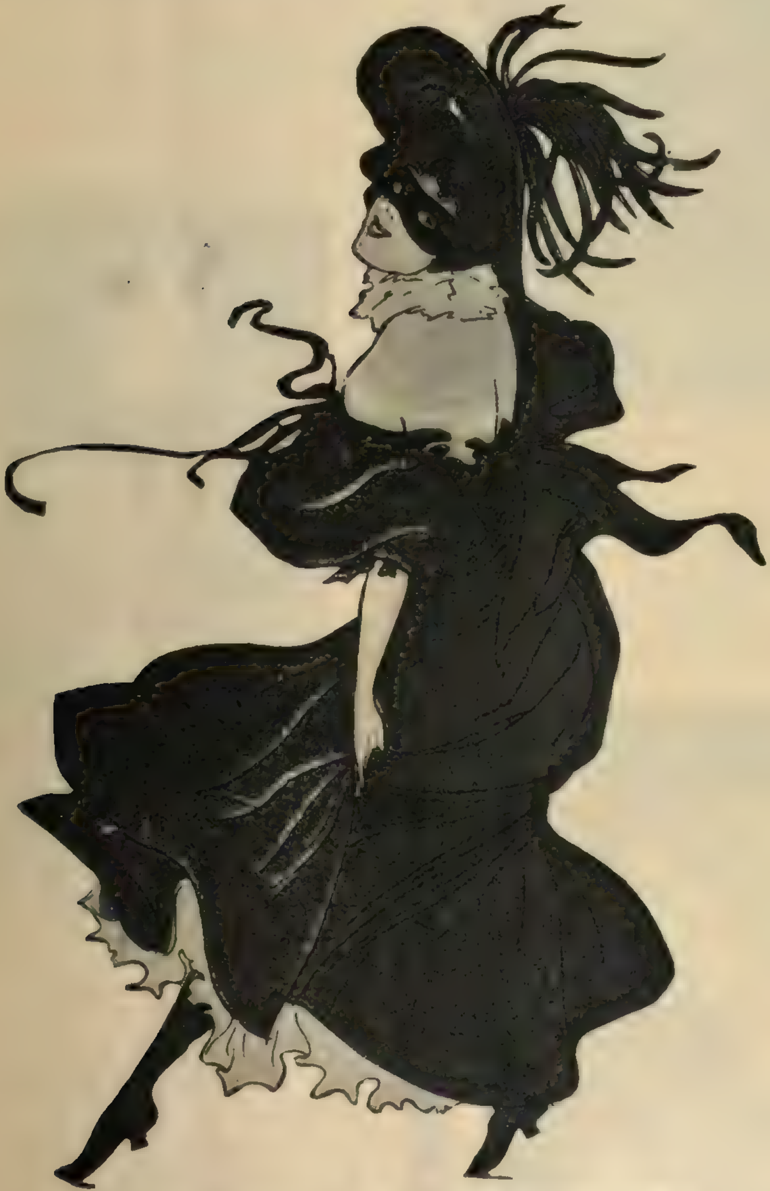
the art sense and that they possess a more refined and resigned spirit, but the number of young women in this great metropolis who are following the bent of their genius, or believing that they are so doing, is amazing, and increasing year by year.

The girl of the studios is usually a brainy personage, and one whose wit and conversance with things in general it is dangerous to encounter. She has commingled with brainy people all her artistic career, if not all her natural life, and what she knows of art, of manners, nations, types and things of human interest in general is wide and sure. She loves an intellectual spar—a wordy tilt that brings into play all her manifold talents and ideals, and gives her an opportunity to exploit her altruistic theories with regard to the redemption of the world in general.

But the girl of the studios is not altogether visionary. She is possessed of a practical turn when the occasion offers. She can prepare a little supper for six as well as for two, and serve some of the daintiest dishes in all the realm of Bohemia in her own unique style. She has the fatal gift of versatility. She can turn her hand to

The girl of the studios is accomplished in many arts 'most any of the feminine arts and accomplishments. She can make, and make over if need be, her own dresses and hats, and she can turn her capable mind to ragouts and patties as easily as to the poetry of Maeterlinck and the art of Rossetti. This is the saving grace of the girl of the studios. She is not all ethereal dreams and vague hopes. She somehow gets something out of life which escapes the majority of her sisters. She meets society people now and then, and perhaps each looks at the other in wonderment and with a certain amount of pity. But whereas the girl of the studios may not have the money to meet her every caprice, nevertheless she has something that mere money cannot buy—a certain content which is in itself a



"Art is long and time is fleeting," but there are other fleet things in studio life

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An occasional call between studios is appreciated

delight and a solace for the weary hours when life takes on the drab of indifference and the sepia of woe. She has conquered the worldly desires, considered from a worldly standpoint alone, and becomes a dedicated spirit. It is wonderful what a transformation a life devoted to the arts accomplishes in an incredibly short space of time. Youthful enthusiasm will work the miracle of spiritual change quicker than any other education in the world, and there is no place on the western hemisphere where this takes place as thoroughly and speedily as here in the metropolis.

Like Queen Louise and Marie Antoinette, the girl of the studios often receives her friends in bed

The girl of the studios is not always a creature of beauty. But of her mental capacities there is no doubt. After a time the sombre hues of maturity close in about her, she sees herself doomed to spinsterhood and a life of cherished but unrealized ideals. Then very likely she betakes herself to other spheres, having "had her fling," as it were, and heartily glad of it. If she settles down to domestic life, she makes a loyal wife and an ideal house-pilot, bringing into play here all the charming touches of art which delighted her as a student, and is the better for having been just—what the title of this semi-confession deponeth—a girl of the studios.

Those winter nights are charming for their informality and mirth

THE CASE AGAINST THE GREAT AMERICAN CORPORATION

By William H. Osborne

THE man with the heavy black moustache leaned forward and touched Pintard upon the arm. "What difference can it make?" he asked, in a smooth, easy, careless voice, touched nevertheless with anxiety; "it's a thousand dollars in your pocket; it's nothing to his Honor, and to us it means simply doing a few scoundrels who ought to be done—Marvin, Bates, and that gang. Come, what do you say? All we want from you is the word "for" or "against," the instant his Honor hands down his opinion—and we want it only twenty-four hours ahead of time; in fact, ten or twelve will be enough. Here's the stuff, Pintard. Catch hold and say Aye, Aye."

The Great American Corporation was a consolidation of everything in creation—it was the trust of all trusts. Corporation after corporation had joined it, and its stock had risen to heights unheard of. Suddenly, however, in the midst of its unparalleled prosperity, one Samuel T. Hotchkiss, a stockholder, had instituted a suit to annul its charter on the ground that it was a most unconstitutional monopoly. The whole Street waited with bated breath for the outcome of the suit. The first man who knew could have it all his own way, for the stock was a fluctuating one, and to buy or sell immediately prior to the announcement of the decision would mean the rapid gain or loss of an enormous fortune.

But the world was somewhat handicapped, for just two men and no others would know of the decision before it was announced to the general public. One of these men was old Judge Nathaniel Tidewater, the Vice Chancellor—the other was Pintard, his private secretary. Under the circumstances, therefore, Pintard had been much sought after, especially by the man with the heavy black moustache.

"Come, Pintard," he reiterated, "what do you say? It's up to you."

Pintard looked at him steadily for a few moments. Then he shook his head.

"You know what it means," he returned; "it's as much as my job is worth: in addition to that," he added quietly, "it involves the commission of a crime. In addition to that," he continued, "you fellows are getting all the plums yourselves." What Pintard really had in his mind was the fact that he had a wife who spent more than he made, and who had said to him the day before, "I must have more money to dress on. For Heaven's sake, Paul, make some somehow, anyhow."

The other man smiled as one smiles who scents victory in the wind, and thrusting his hand deep in his trousers pocket, pulled forth five crisp one-thousand-dollar bills. He passed them over.

"There you are," he said, "take that." Pintard shook his head, and uttered but one word. "Ten," was what he said.

"The devil!" muttered the other man under his breath, "it ain't worth it."

Pintard nodded toward the door. "I'm busy now," he returned; "come in some other time." Again the man thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth five other bills. It was all he had. With the first five he passed them over. The secretary smiled, took them, and buttoned them up into his coat.

"Judge Tidewater," he observed in a lowered voice, "dictates his opinions to me. I transcribe them on the machine. Sometimes it takes a couple of days before I can turn them out—he often asks about them. Understand?" The other nodded, eagerly.

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"Then," continued Pintard, "and not before then, they are ready for the public. When he dictates the opinion in Hotchkiss versus The Great American, the typewritten transcript will not be ready for at least two days and a half—that is, except your copy. That will be ready on the day of his dictation. I will let you know. Good-day."

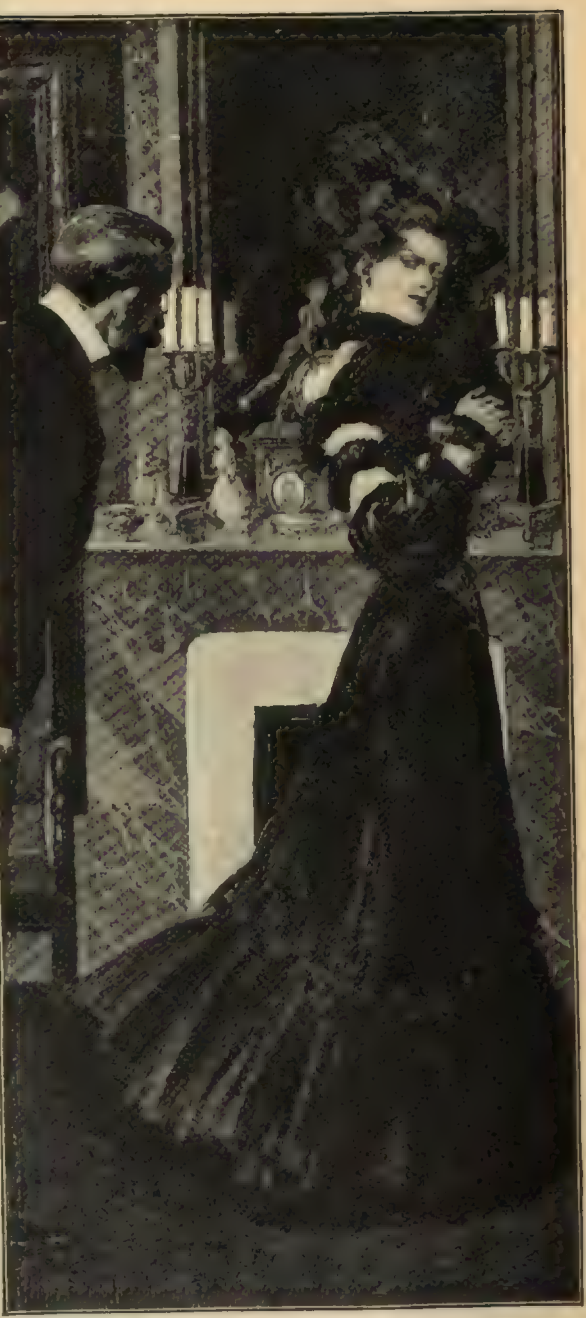
Going out, the man brushed against another—it was old Judge Tidewater coming in. Judge Tidewater looked at him closely.

"Who was that man, Pintard?" he inquired. Pintard shook his head. "I know!" returned the Vice Chancellor," I sent him up once for two years when I sat in Sessions. What was he doing here."

Pintard blushed and looked out of the window. "He—he got into the wrong place—that's all," he replied, "and then he went out again. But this," he thought to himself, as he felt of the crisp bills inside his pocket, "is just the right place for me."

Time went on. Down on the Street two large factions and any number of smaller ones were waiting for the decision of the old Vice-Chancellor. The Marvin-Bates crowd waited with millions up their sleeves to buy or sell G. A. C. The Spooner-Thomas-Howell gang waited in like manner. It was the latter faction that was represented by the man with the heavy black moustache. It was this man who one day received the following unsigned note:

"At two o'clock his Honor will be out. At the same hour I shall have stepped across the street for lunch. At times I leave the Chambers open. Once I lost a gold ink-stand from THE SMALL DESK IN THE CORNER. Take it all in all, it was careless in the extreme."



"Who had said to him the day before: 'I must have more money to dress on. For Heaven's sake, Paul, make some somehow, anyhow.'"

The private chambers of the old Vice Chancellor were in an old office building. Thither the moustached man went. He pushed open the unlocked door and peeped carefully inside. Then he crossed the room and glanced at the papers on the small desk in the corner. One of them he hastily snatched up, put it in his pocket, and sneaked out unobserved. Once in the street he looked at it.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "decision for the complainant, and the G. A. C. wiped out as clean as a whistle. Though, Lord knows," he mused, "it makes small difference what the old man did, just so long as Spooner knows it ahead of everybody else. I'll take this down to Spooner." He did. Spooner called his crowd together and read the opinion to them.

"Clear out now," he commanded as he grabbed his hat, "clear out and sell G. A. C. like mad." It was half-past two. At three o'clock half a dozen brokers were selling G. A. C. like crazy men—and all the world was buying. All next day the sales continued, but G. A. C. had the confidence of the community, and the community took it in at fair prices—all that was offered.

"Blamed idiots!" muttered Spooner, with a genial smile.

To sell any stock means that you must deliver it within twenty-four or forty-eight hours, according to agreement. But when you can sell a stock at a very high price and deliver it at a very low price, the stock is easy to get, and—the difference is yours. Spooner-Thomas-Howell and Company were making several fortunes every day. At least so it seemed to them, for while they sold at 116, they knew in a day or so when the news came out, the stock would sell for something less than nothing. And they waited keenly for the news to come out and astonish the world. It came out and it astonished a good part of the world. The newspapers announced it in headlines. The first line was quite consistent. All that it said was "WINS." The second line was more specific: "DECISION FOR THE G. A. C.—HOTCHKISS FAILS.—THE GREAT AMERICAN CORPORATION HERE TO STAY.—TEXT OF THE VICE CHANCELLOR'S DECISION." It came in on the ticker, and Spooner caught it from the edge of the crowd. The crowd was wild. It began to buy—buy—buy. Spooner was wild too.

"What the devil does it mean?" he cried, tearing his hair as the stock advanced point by point. He wired everybody everywhere. He sent for the man with the black moustache. That gentleman was dumbfounded. He rushed up to Pintard, the private secretary. "What the devil does this mean, Pintard?" he demanded fiercely. Pintard glanced at him in mild surprise. The man threw down the copy of the opinion he had received in advance. "I—I paid you ten thousand for this," he cried; "what in thunder do you mean by it?" Pintard held up his hands in surprise. "You—you paid me ten thousand dollars?" he exclaimed, "why, I never even saw you before. There must be some mistake." The other man grew purple. "You—you—" he gasped, striving hard to articulate, and smiting the air with his fists, "you ——." But that moment the door opened and the old Vice Chancellor entered. The man, who knew the judge quite as well as the judge knew him, suddenly departed. The old judge turned to Pintard. "There's that fellow again, Pintard" he said; "what does he here?" Pintard shrugged his shoulders. "I told you before, your Honor," said Pintard, "that he got into the wrong place. It is quite true. He did." The judge glanced at the soiled paper that the man had thrown upon the desk. "And what is this, Pintard?" he asked. Pintard smiled once more. "It is an opinion in the Hotchkiss case," he answered "an opinion on the other side of the fence. In fact, it is one that I wrote myself. Perhaps I shall be a judge myself some day," he added.

"Pintard," exclaimed the judge, "I sincerely trust you shall!"

TYPES OF NEW YORK GIRL

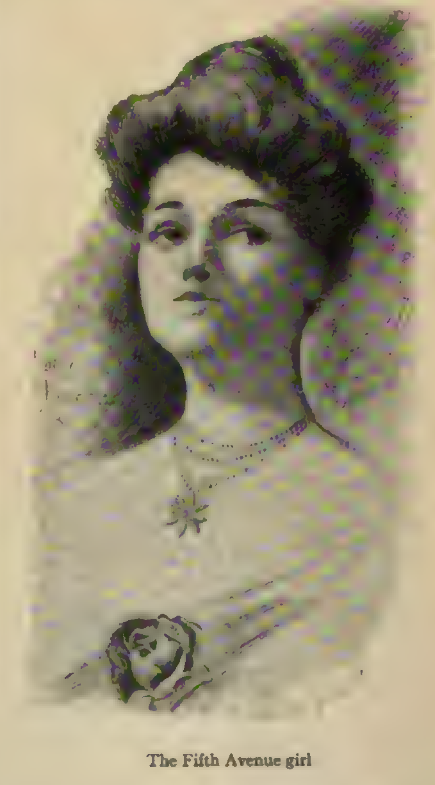
By Syd. Greyham

Harry Pierce, ***Artist***

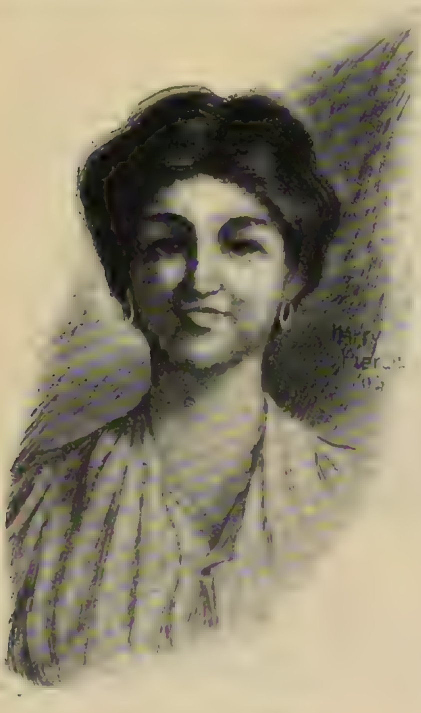
A native of New England, a traveler, and student of human nature, who has made a metropolitan success by portraying the various contrasting characters of Gotham.

NOWHERE in the country has the student of various feminine types the opportunity to study so wide a range of character as in this metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. The art student has here an infinite variety of the human family from which to choose, representatives of every clime and zone, of contrasting facial expressions, temperaments, characteristics and tastes. It is a fortunate young man who realizes this and makes the best use of it.

Mr. Harry Pierce is one of these young men—a Bostonian by birth and a traveler by inclination, as well as an artist in execution and temperament. Mr. Pierce studied in his native Athens of the West under Ernest Major, W. A. J. Claus, Chase Emerson, and others of that city, and after roaming through the entire range of the Union, settled back in the East for hard work in his chosen field—that of art. It was not until he had tried other fields—many of them in fact, foreseeing the difficulty of the work-a-day craftsman to achieve a competence or even a degree of fame in the arts. Mr. Pierce's versatility was only equaled by his courage, for he attempted many trades and professions—for instance, that of electrician, bookkeeper, cashier, editor of a mazagine, orchestra leader, dancing master, advertising manager and booking agent, shoemaker



The Fifth Avenue girl



The Mulberry Bend belle

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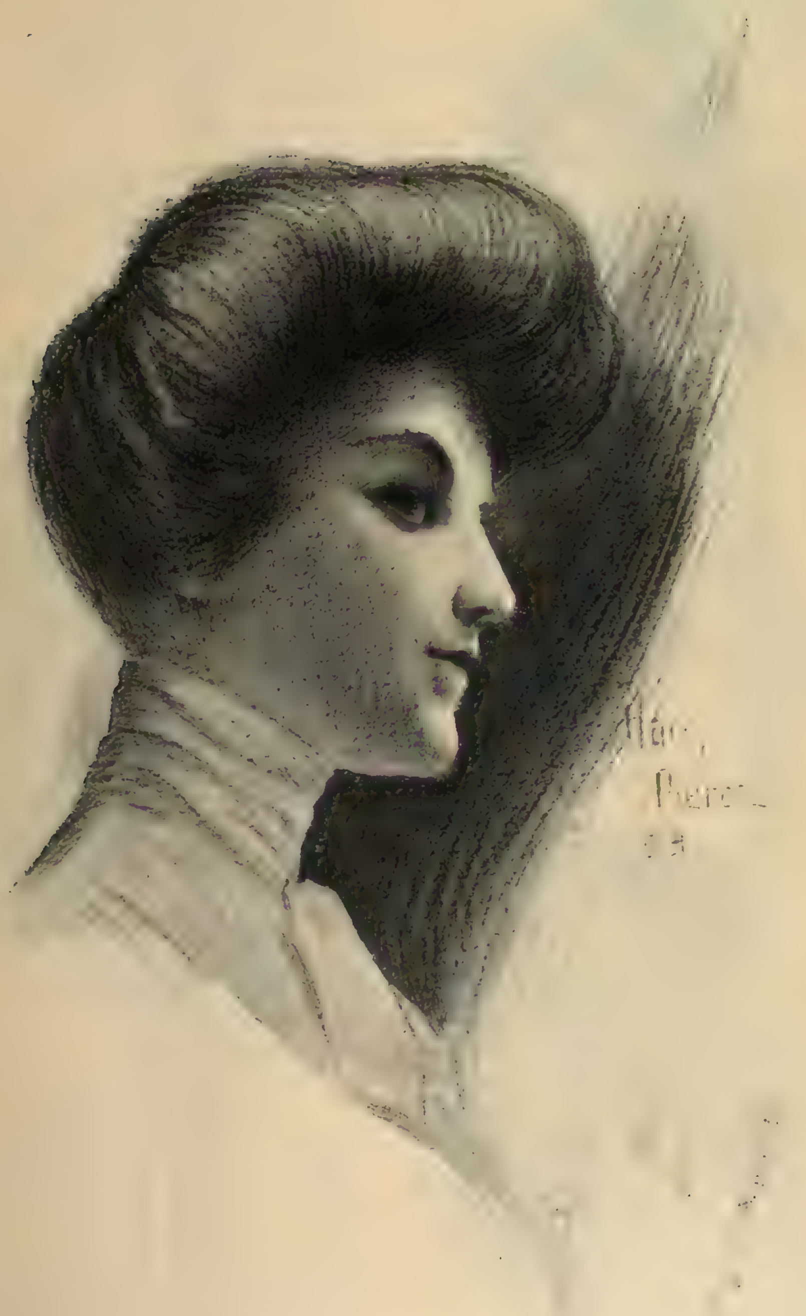

The Broadway girl

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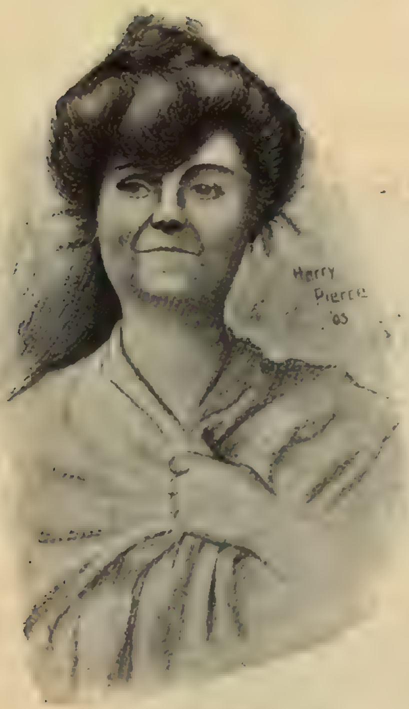
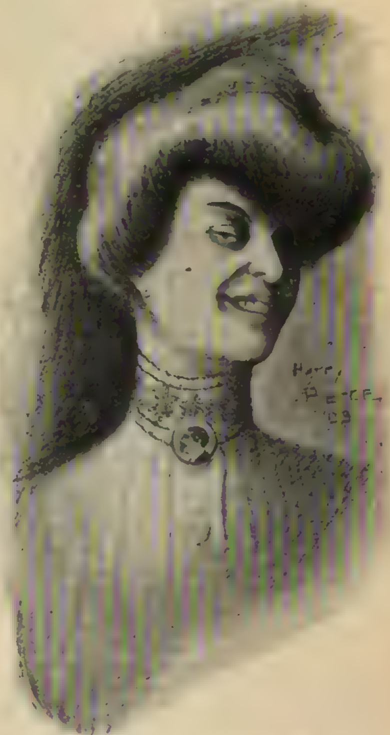
and champion revolver shot. Foreigners affirm that Americans are the most versatile people in the world, being able to turn their talents to account almost anywhere that the spirit moves; and it would appear that the experience of Mr. Pierce bears out this assertion.

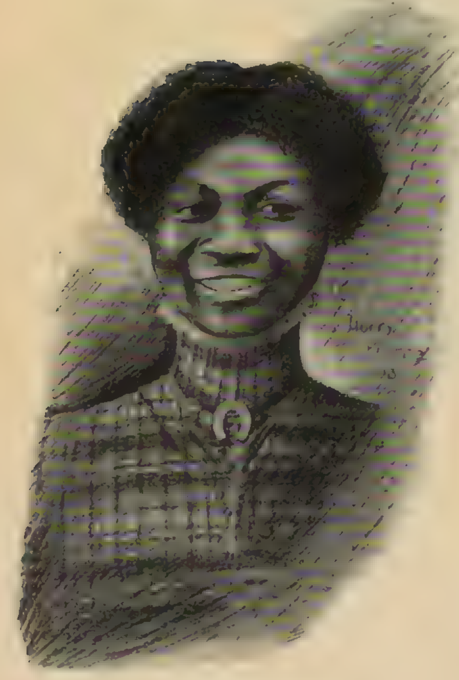
Mr. Pierce gathered a fund of experience and information during his wanderings and his dabblings into many fields that has served him in good stead. He is alive, active, overflowing with health and vitality, and takes a normal view of men and affairs. He is a lover of the horse, and learned to handle the reins on the Western frontier, taking long jaunts in the saddle. He is also versed in the sailor's science and is a medal-winning canoeist. Altogether, Mr. Pierce's apprenticeship is such as to make it reasonably sure that he will some day make his work felt even in the hard competition of New York art life, as the keen appreciation of contrasting types of character here represented gives abundant evidence.



A colleen of the upper West Side



The Fourteenth Street belle

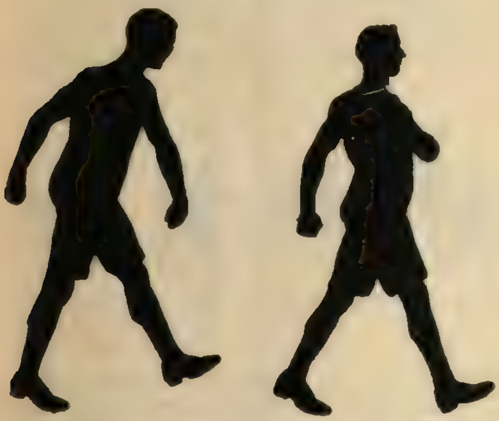


A Thompson Street queen

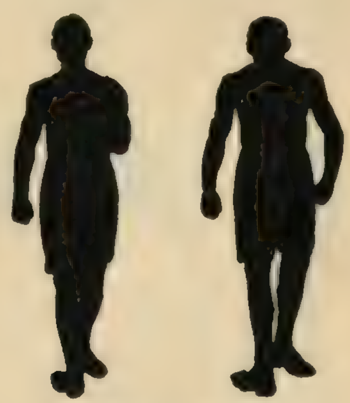
THE GENTLE ART OF WALKING

By Dan P. Dailey

FROM the hardy clime of old England the craze comes, and all the world is inclined to follow. All classes and peoples are represented in the great pedestrian procession, and it would not surprise us to hear of a walking pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In society and out the mania has taken great form. It is certainly a healthful and delightful exercise. It does not cost as much as to run a stable of thoroughbreds, nor does it require the wealth of the automobile owner to enjoy it to the utmost.



The wrong and the right way to walk



Good form and bad

There are a few tips for would-be walkers, whether butchers or bishops, and these will be appreciated. The matter of training is all-important. This is the best insurance against fatigue and is bound to give the best results. In training let the walker abstain as much as possible from the use of tobacco, if not totally, at least in the main. To make an irksome task of the self-denial is conducive to more harm probably than a reasonable amount of worship at the shrine of "My Lady Nicotine." Still, total abstinence is bound to reap rewards for the walker. The same may be said with regard to alcoholic drinks. Those who have been accustomed to a light refreshment may indulge with their meals, and perhaps a little at night, but in the main it is the total abstainer who stands the hardest strain on a walking tour. One benefit that will follow the walking craze is that the inducements to keep late hours and to indulge in various forms of dissipation will be removed. The hour of ten-thirty, at the latest, should see the trained walker well under the coverlets. Early to bed and early to rise is a sure winning proverb for the walker.

I believe that the man in training for a walk should rise about six-thirty, taking a short wakening spin along the way for a mile or two before breakfast. Of course, the cold rub-down following the walk is essential and induces hearty appetite for breakfast, which should consist of fish, eggs, tea or cocoa, with bread and butter. There should follow a walk of five miles or so before luncheon, the latter meal consisting of chops or steak, vegetables in quantity (except potatoes), some fruit or light pudding, with water, or light beer if the man has been used to it. After this another walk follows, and for supper let him enjoy cold meat, salad in plenty, fowl or any other article of diet he is fond of, brown

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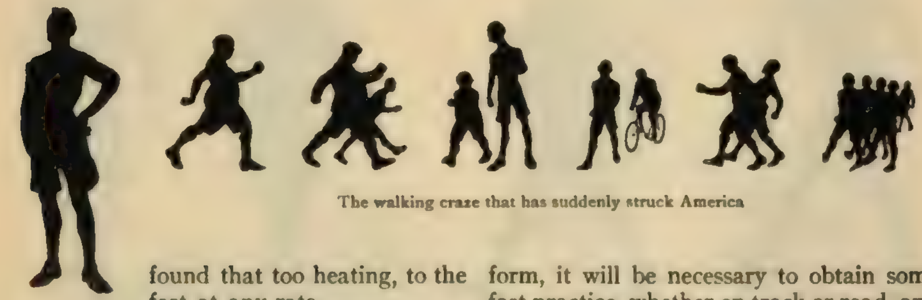
bread at least a day old, some toast, with water, cider, milk, or a small glass of light white wine. For my part, I prefer water, and always encourage it to the exclusion of all other beverages.

Directly after the meal, the man in walking training should get into his walking suit, taking care to put on light all-wool clothing next to the skin. A good rub-down with embrocation will prove very beneficial, and five minutes should be spent on gentle massage of the feet, which should be coated with a preparation for lubricating the surface of the skin, and thus preventing chafing or blisters. Neglect of this precaution may cause serious trouble and put a man back a week or more in his preparation. The movements of the arms and legs will also cause trouble unless the arm-pits and insides of thighs receive their due share of attention by lubrication. At the beginning of my walks I tried tallow, but found that too heating, to the feet at any rate.



The walking craze that has suddenly struck America

Half an hour will have been spent in getting ready for the evening's walk. Now a start may be made at an easy pace for a time, not exceeding four miles an hour. Then the meal will have had time to digest, and the pace may be increased according to capabilities, up to five or even five and a half miles an hour.

The novice will commence with two hours' exercise nightly, and his improvement will render three or four hours' work no very severe task; but let him be in no hurry to reach this point—his feelings will be his best guide. If he is conscientiously training and feels his work irksome instead of pleasurable, let him reduce its amount for a night or two. He must not imagine that he will attain championship form in two or even three weeks.

On returning, he should at once strip and enter a warm bath—not too hot, but just a shade over the surface temperature of his body. A handful of washing soda thrown into the bath will prove refreshing and its cleansing properties need no comment.

As an adjunct to training, cleanliness will stand a very close second to godliness. Let the body be lathered freely with good soap—I find pine-tar soap the most refreshing of those I have tried, but the number of good soaps is almost unlimited. Whatever it is, let it be antiseptic.

On emerging from the bath the athlete should have a thorough rub-down with a rough towel, and then the assistance of a competent masseur will prove a boon to him. Every muscle from head to toe should receive attention, and the harder the rubbing the greater the benefit.

After a short rest, bed should be sought, and sleep should follow almost instantly.

For those who aim at attaining first-class form, it will be necessary to obtain some fast practice, whether on track or road, and they should therefore place themselves in the hands of a competent coach. In this article I am, however, addressing principally those who have determined to cultivate distance walking rather than track racing. Record breakers will naturally come from the class which most successfully combines the two methods.

At the end of five weeks our man is as hard as iron; all his muscles are in beautiful working order; his feet are hard, and he has no superfluous flesh.

Three days before any long and difficult walk he must cease all training. He must now put on a little fat, by doing nothing beyond lounging, in order that he may have a little superfluous stock on his body to work off in the course of the race.

The great questions to consider now are, What clothes shall be worn, and what food shall be eaten on the day of the tramp? To

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take clothes first, it is essential that the athlete shall be warmly, yet lightly, clad.

In our changeable climate one must refuse, except during a settled spell, to give the weather twelve hours' credit. A bright warm morning may be followed by a cold drenching rain before mid-day, and the walker must be prepared against the most unfavorable conditions. Therefore, as light a costume as possible, of all-woolen texture, buttoning right up to the throat, and sewn to the stockings just below the knee, will prove a sure protection in case of wet weather; and, provided the texture is light, will prove no hindrance in warm weather.

Don't on any consideration attempt a serious performance in new boots. Don't desert old, tried walking boots, with thickish soles, for a long road walk, with such soft leather above that the uppers do not rub the feet; wear cap and gloves, for warmth's sake, at the outset.

Now—and this is most important—before the socks are drawn on, let the feet and the inside of the socks be well rubbed with some lubricant. This is the best of all safeguards against blisters. But the athlete's feet should be so hardened by the nightly baths in brine—though not made so hard that they are liable to crack—that he should have no fear of blisters.

The food should consist of such light refreshment as rice, custards, strengthening jellies, and perhaps boiled chicken—and the drink should be beef-tea, or, during the later stages of the race, either home-made ginger beer or ginger ale with an egg beaten up in it. Soda and milk is a thirst-quenching drink, but can hardly be recommended during the severe exertion that is called for toward the end of a race, as it is liable to curdle in the stomach and cause unpleasant effects. The thoughtful attendant will take care that rice pudding is not immediately followed by grapes, or an orange by soda and milk.

Every half-hour on a long hard walk a little nourishment should be taken; "feed in small quantities and often" is the golden rule. If a man grows fagged, refreshment should be administered by his attendant at quarter-of-an-hour intervals.

In the basket, moreover, there should be a bottle of champagne, as a stimulant to help a man over the periods of depression that are sure to come. Champagne is the best of all stimulants—better than drugs, better than spirits.

Grapes, oranges, and pears may be found refreshing to moisten the mouth.

And one other matter deserves attention. A tramper should tramp to a prearranged time-sheet—that is to say, a little table should be prepared, setting forth the various stages and the time that should be allowed for each stage, so that the walker may know whether or not he is making the time that he should be making.

And now all that remains is for the day of the walking match to dawn, and I prophesy that the man who has faithfully carried out all the "tips" that I have given him will not be far from the first man to reach home.

AMERICAN NOVELTIES AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME

By James Gardiner Clarke

The man who made the Shah laugh

The pocket circus

THE invasion of England by the members from the far West continues as it has continued from the time of Buffalo Bill. At present there is a bevy of plays wherein frontier life is made the trellis upon which to hang such thrilling episodes as we became familiar with in the yellow-back days of the dime-novel drama, but which even Third avenue has outgrown.

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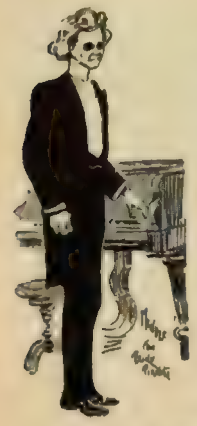
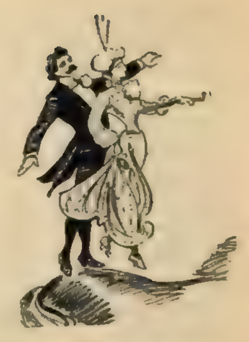
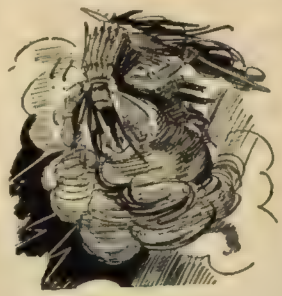


The blind Pianist

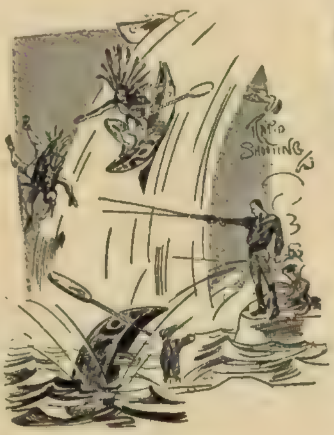


Walking on thin air

The one in particular which now attracts the greatest crowd is "The Redskins," at the Hippodrome, and from all advices it is seen that the marvelous in fiction anent Mr. Lo, the poor Indian, has been reached. However, in England they have the Proctor habit of interspersing their thrillers with various features of vaudeville, notably jugglery, donkey-riding, magic, tumbling, plate-smashing, et cetera.

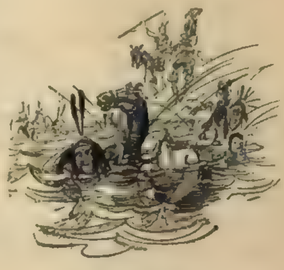


Threatening "Thundercloud"

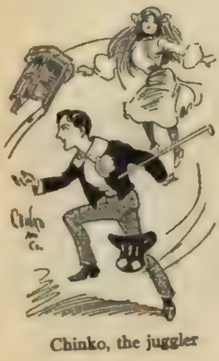


Rapid shooting the chutes

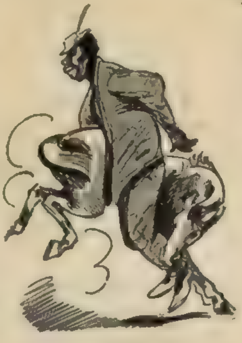
The Indian as a creature of romance and beauty, however, is no longer the star of the high-class London attractions to the extent that he was some years ago. There are too many Britons who own ranches in the far West, and who have cultivated contempt by due familiarity with the redskin ever to preserve the Fenimore Cooper illusions and the Mayne Reid enchantments.



Mixed bathing



Chinko, the juggler



The pony of Darktown

Here in New York the Indian has never been much in evidence as a stage feature. Very few plays have made an heroic rôle of the Sioux or the Chippewa, and even on the Bowery the savage has been relegated in favor of quite as savage and far more subtle a villain. On the continent, where distance still lends a certain enchantment, Mr. Lo continues to occupy the centre of many a rustic stage. The refined and the knowing classes, however, have been treated to the redskin in so many phases that the glamour of the paint and feathers no longer awes and charms. Our Indian is rapidly merging into the new type—education and assimilation of civilized manners having the effect of effacing almost all of the picturesque qualities he possesses. The East End London audience, however, still enthuses, and while this is so, there will always be melodrama writers who will step up and satisfy the longing. As one phase of Americanism afflicting old England, it is interesting.

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Miss Faubourg St. Germain coaches through the Bois

THE GIRL OF THE PARIS BOULEVARDS

By a Girl at Julien's

THE Girl of Paris takes many significant phases and plays many rôles in the great whirl of life as it is lived at the French capital, but the Boulevard Girl, while not being one of the esoteric members of the sisterhood, as it were, is nevertheless one of the most interesting. Moreover, she is about the

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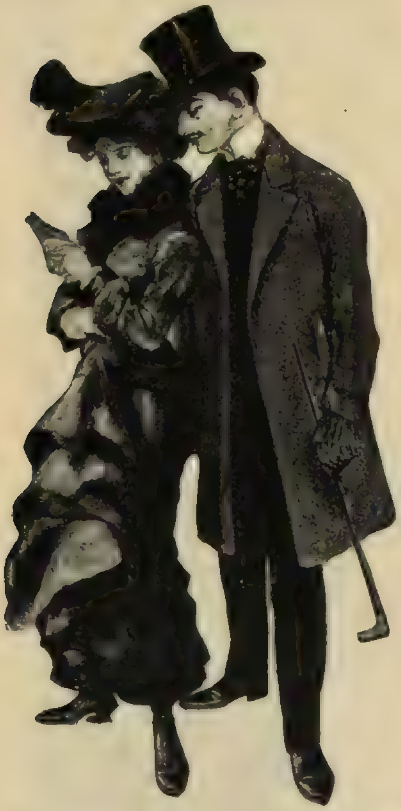
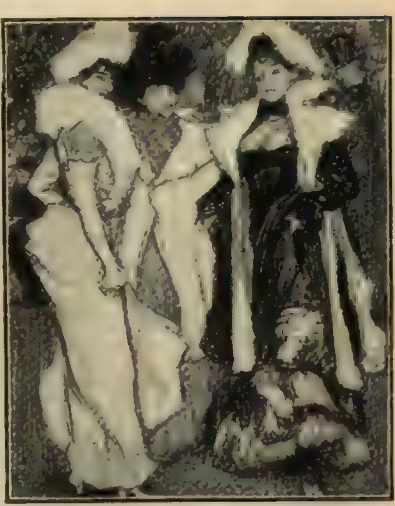
only one of her fair guild whom the casual traveler, or even the temporary sojourner, ever sees; for the other members of this composite society are kept in more or less elegant seclusion.

American girls are apt to think that they are the only ones in the broad continent who are blest with privileges of freedom and disregard for all the rigid conventions of a staid and established social rule of action. But although the American girl has given her French sister the initiative in many of the pastimes which are constantly crowding upon the Parisienne, either born or by adoption, through all the gay season, nevertheless the French girl has developed into a creature of outdoor amusement and ubiquity that rather takes the salt out of the witticisms which make her out a thin, weakly and love-sick pet in a gilded cage, pining for marriage to make her free.

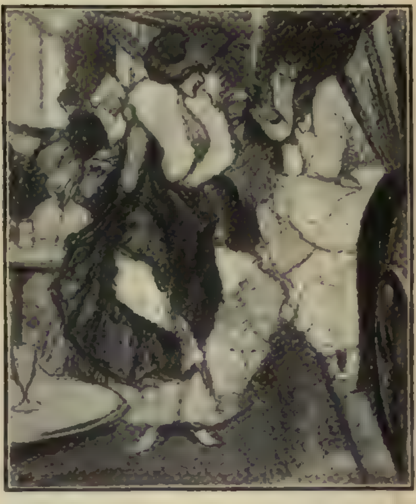


The sentimental Boulevard Girl may wander through the Tuilleries Gardens alone with anybody not more distantly removed than a second cousin



A meeting near the Madeleine, and the latest gossip retailed

Take a walk from the Madeleine up the Champs Elysées, to and through the Bois any fine afternoon, and you will see the force of the argument. The French Girl of the Boulevard may not be unaccompanied, but she will be all there in her glory; whether in carriage, motorcar or on foot, whether accompanied by her mother, sisters, chaperone or one of the trusted masculine sex—presumably a doting uncle or cousin. Once in a while she will be accompanied by her adoring suitor, accepted or otherwise, and then of course she is duly



The cafes beyond the Seine are dotted with the Boulevard Girl at the hour of noon

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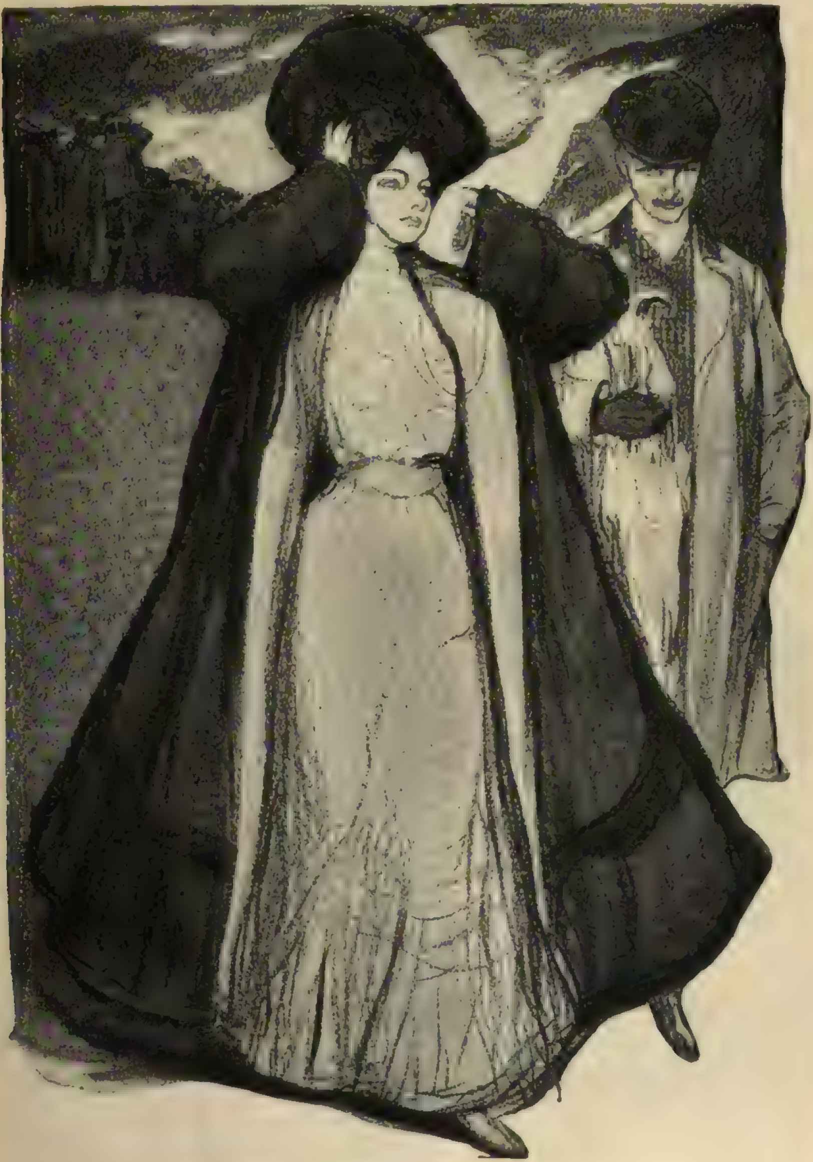
chaperoned. But there is one thing noticeable about that combination—the French girl will flirt and "carry on" in public, under the eye of a chaperone, as few well-bred American girls would do at any time, even with the men of their choice; for the chaperone, whether mother, spinster aunt or a hired menial, usually serves as only a sort of fortification behind which to flirt desperately in perfect security.

And what swing and dash the Boulevard Girl possesses! There is something about her that recalls a queen—something patrician and of the quality of the *ancien régime*, when fashion was even a greater fine art than it is to-day, and when to be versed in manners was to sway the destinies of the civilized world. To her the boulevard is a



The Boulevard Girl enjoys a tournament with her brother at Auteuil

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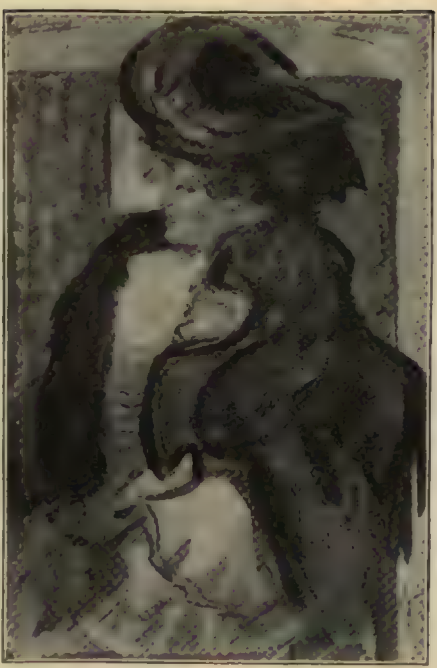
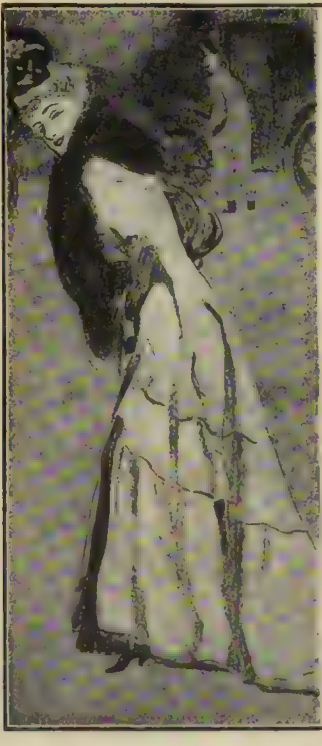
forum, the ante-room of the great palace hall of life, the foyer of her theatre of triumphs. Here she is sure to meet those of her associates whom she delights to meet, and who are as up to date in the affairs of the town as she is herself.

It is a very pretty sight to see the scores of beautifully gowned girls moving to and fro along the great thoroughfares, laughing and chatting as only the French maiden can when she is in the height of her emancipation age—that is, the period when she is just growing out of her teens, and the tight apron-strings of her *bonne* and her mother are lengthened a bit, enabling her to get a glimpse of the great world of which she will some day be a component part and in which she is likely indeed to become some day a factor of more or less importance!

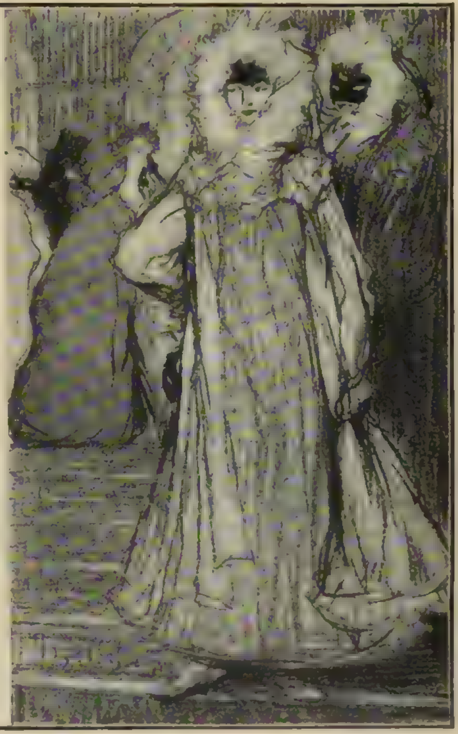
The Boulevard Girl of Paris has all the slang of the town down pat. It is a source of the greatest confusion to the American girl who had passed through her course of Racine and Molière at Barnard or Vassar, and who believes that



A typical Boulevard Girl of Belleville



Few street episodes escape the Boulevard Girl



After the Students' Ball

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she can speak the Gallic vernacular with precision and grace, to hear the slang of the Parisian boulevard, which is a language in itself. Much of this patois of refinement is imported from England and America; particularly the latter, as the American is in great vogue in Paris—greater than ever before. It is a wonder how quick the French are to assimilate the customs and phrases of foreigners who are particularly favored in French society. The phrases are for the most part translated literally, as for instance, "dans la purée" (in the soup), or "bibi la bouillon" (a man playing to hard luck). "Detraqué" is another Anglo-Americanism, a translation of "off your trolley"; and "fichez le camp," is another translation of "flying the coop." The Boulevard Girl is an adept in the art of repartee, the dainty slang of the outdoor folk and the latest stories of the big people—stories which are ninety-nine per cent. fiction, but nevertheless enchanting as she retails them.

"You have heard the latest about Monsieur le Prefect of the Seine? *Mais, non?* Ah, it is too rich to keep. Don't let it go any further: here it is." Or, "La, la, Bibi! Did you hear of the ludicrous little *esclandre* of the distinguished Deputy of the — Arrondissement? Oh, a gem of a blunder. Do listen! Come, let's sit down in this quiet spot on the Quai and I'll tell you; but promise not to tell anybody, eh? *Bien!*" Then she will go to work and make a mountain of charming and picturesque rhetoric out of a molehill of fact, and by the time the story reaches the third retailer, it is ready for "Gil Blas" or "Le Journal Amusante."

The Girl of the Paris Boulevards is interested in everything that interests brilliant people. She is up in art, society, manners, music and the theatre. Touch upon any subject of common discussion, from politics to the cuisine, and you will find her entirely *au fait*. Perhaps she will have only a smattering of the subject about which she prattles so glibly, but she will make what little she knows sound interesting, and never bore her hearers with dull disquisitions or theories of universal reform. In fact, she is so truly in love with the world that while she may blind herself to several patent truths of society and the opposite sex, she nevertheless accepts the inevitable. She thinks this is just the best world ever devised for mortals, and she cannot conceive of any place beyond which can stand as an improvement on Paris. She is so wrapped up in her own point of vision, that, like the oyster which decorates the interior of its shell with rainbows and is sufficient unto itself; she regards everything of the great wide world through Parisian spectacles, and while sometimes distorting and lurid, the picture is of entrancing interest.

The Boulevard Girl generally winds up the day at a reception

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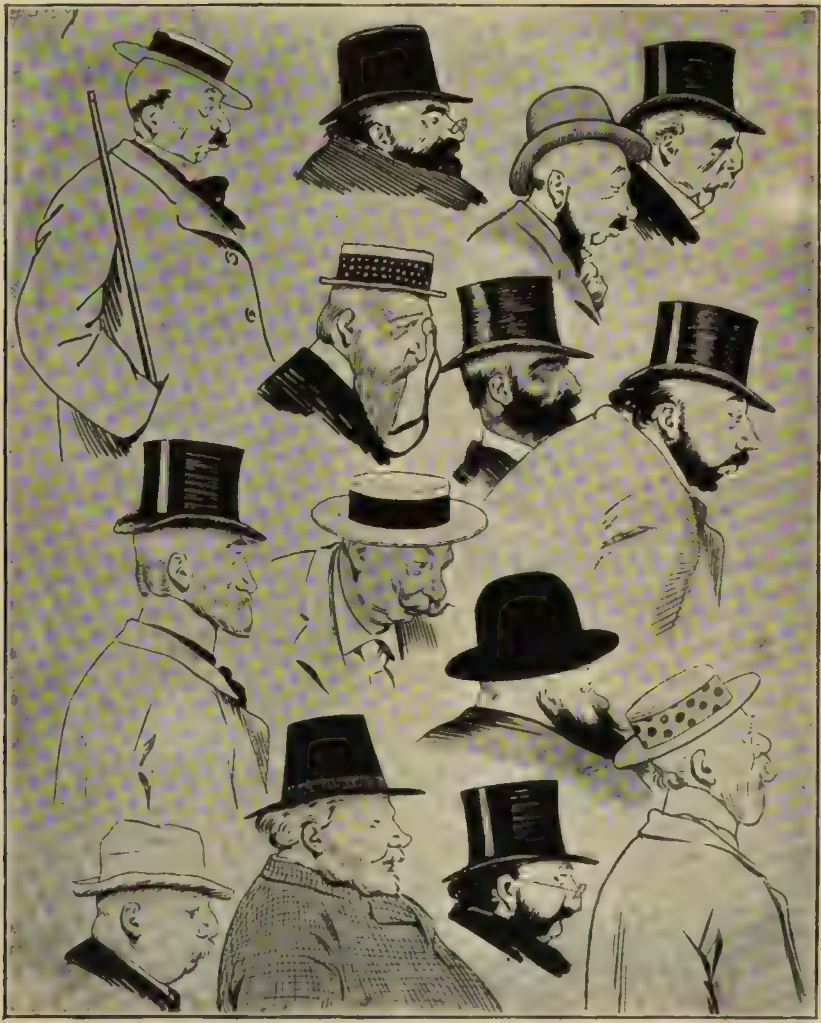

Some of the types of *cous-de-caoutchouc*, the Boulevard Girl encounters in her perambulations

The Girl of the Parisian Boulevard is not always the maiden of careless wealth and ease that she appears. She is quite as apt to be the occupant of a single room somewhere in the old Faubourg and to live on a single meal a day in order to have the exquisite pleasure of enjoying that meal at some one of the fashionable restaurants where the world congregates, and where she can see and hear as well as be seen and heard. She has but one bugaboo—that of being dull or that of being bored, which is practically the same thing. She has an insatiable passion to be "in the heart of things"—to be one of the great moving throngs as well as one with them. Sometimes she does something very well worth while on her own account—writes a great book, delivers a sound lecture or paints a fine picture, or, as in rare cases, leads some great political or social movement. She has been known to succeed on the stage, for she is a born actress. But her chief delight is to feel the pavements of dear old Paris beneath her dainty feet, to smell the breath of the cafés and hear the concatenation of voices which make up the medley of the metropolis, and to see the great whirling machine of society and progress go on day after day, and to be

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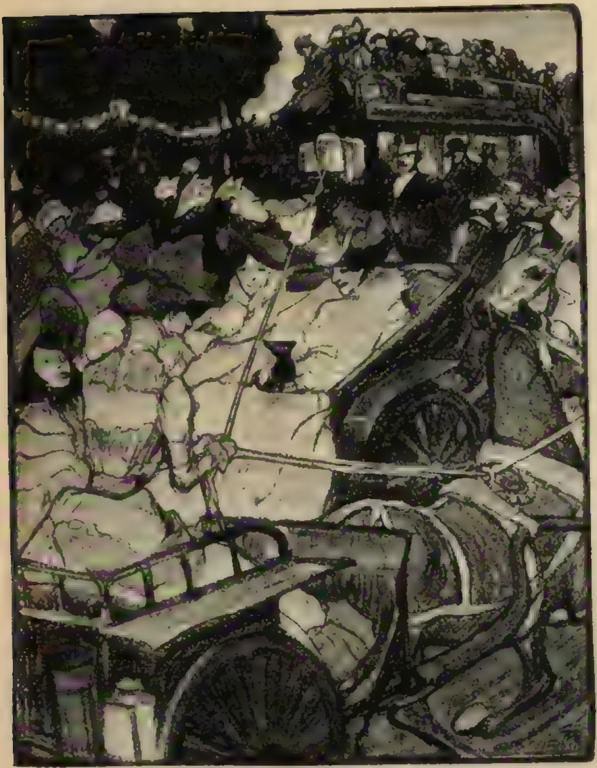

A dash to Longchamps on race days is her delight.

one of it. She may economize to accomplish it—may do as "the divine Sarah" was known to do when she was a poor student at the Gymnase: go without necessities for a week, and walk through the back streets to her school for seven days, for the delicious privilege of driving thither one day in the week in a coach. You can therefore seldom tell whether the Girl of the Boulevards is in receipt of a steady income from papa, or subsisting on the work of her hand in art, music or literature. She looks capable of any intellectual labor and stands in a position to criticise anything that offers itself to her keen sense of appreciation; and her judgment is sure to be approximately true.

Altogether it may be said that the Girl of the Paris Boulevards is a rare creature who enjoys rare privileges and more of them year by year. The infusion of American spirit into the French has accomplished wonders, and the maiden fair enjoys to-day greater freedom and hundreds of pleasures which were formerly denied her. As a usual thing "she toils not, neither does she spin, yet Solomon in all his glory" (nor his wives, indeed) never presented a fairer picture of health, sprightliness, refined interest and that particular and peculiar art which the French woman acquires and which sums up her very life and environment—*le bonne tenue*—an art which expresses Parisian boulevard life in a mustard seed, as it were.

Vive la belle Boulevardiere! Without her, what would dear old Paris be? For her thousands travel across continents and seas; for her the cafes and the shops offer their choicest fare and their daintiest trifles. She is a spoiled child, a favored creature, but she is as necessary to Paris as Paris is necessary to her.

A score of gay admirers see her off when she starts for her country villa

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NEW YORK'S RICHEST AND POOREST HOMES

By Samuel H. Lingard

NEW YORK is a city of contrasts. There are the richest people here, and there are the most humble. There are people who spend hundreds of thousands every year, and others who live on a mere pittance, insufficient, one would think, to keep a well-groomed spaniel alive. The mansions of the great and the hovels of the lowly are sometimes within a stone's throw of each other. The richest mansion in New York is undoubtedly the house of the Vanderbilts on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. The poorest is the self-made cottage of Mrs. McCaffrey, in South Brooklyn. The former cost several millions, the latter was built out of driftwood from the harbor, collected by a woman and pounded together as best she knew. The former is furnished with the various decorations of the nations—every room is a masterpiece of architecture and decorated with the wonders of the world, rare tapestries and paintings that cost their breadth in solid gold. The latter is furnished with a few tin pots, a couch, a small stove, and an old chest where are stored away a few relics of better days. Ten millions would not cover the value of the former, and if the latter with all its contents were put up at auction, one dollar would be a high bid.

The Vanderbilt mansion, Fifth avenue, New York

The other mansion is one of the historic past. It is also in Greater New York, being the home of one Christopher Billop, of pre-Revolutionary fame. Christopher was a sailor. The question before Parliament in those colonial days was, What about Staten Island? Does it belong to New York, or to New Jersey to which is it geographically annexed? King George said that any island in New York Bay that could be sailed around within twenty-four hours should belong to New York. So the edict went forth and "Chris." Billop, being an able seaman, got into his little dory, and made the tour of the island within

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twenty-three hours, thus saving the island to New York. For this act of beneficence to the Empire State, "Chris." was given a large tract of land on the south shore, and there he built this mansion and lived the life of a gentleman Tory till the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

The old Billop mansion, Staten Island

Mrs. McCaffrey's shanty, built by herself in South Brooklyn

Naturally, when the war came, Christopher, who had been so generously treated by royalty, was a staunch adherent of monarchy, and it was not long before he was forced to show his hand. The colonial forces took the mansion by storm and Christopher fled to New Brunswick, where, years after, he died. His sons were of the opposing frame of mind, and continued to enjoy the mansion. When Lord Howe sent word to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia that he wished to confer as to a peaceful settlement of the war, the mansion was the scene of the meeting between his lordship and his staff, and Benjamin Franklin and others delegated by Congress to meet him, the latter traveling by coach through New Jersey and crossing the narrow ribbon of water at low tide. The interview, so history states, was long and stormy, and it was with great difficulty that peaceful Benjamin interposed between combatants, for there was blood boiling on both sides. The conference broke up in a fine old row, and the continentalists bowed their way out of the mansion and back to the refuge of the State House at Philadelphia. Lord Howe then began the siege of Brooklyn and started the campaign which resulted in the routing of Washington's forces and the taking of New York. The Billop mansion became once more a Tory stronghold, and a deep cellar was dug, with an underground passage leading under the hill to the sea, the same being used as a prison. The names of federal prisoners are still seen scratched upon the walls. It is one of the most noteworthy places in all New York, and ought really to become State property. There are many stories told of the tragedies and comedies of the old Billop mansion aside from the merely historical ones. It was said that the people who occupied the mansion were possessed of mysterious powers, and that they had the ability to arrive at and leave the mansion secretly—that is, without ever being detected entering or leaving the building. When the existence of the tunnel was discovered, it was seen that from the cellar of the mansion it was possible to make an exit under the hill down to the water's edge and under cover of darkness take a boat over the kill to the mainland, arriving later just as mysteriously as making the exit.

All told, these three domiciles—the richest in Greater New York, the poorest, and one of the most historical—offer an interesting contrast to the student of men and affairs.

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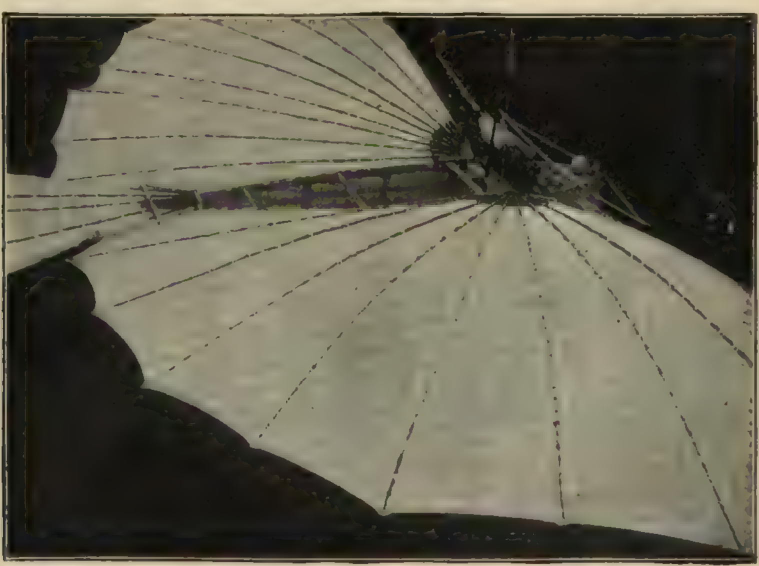
THE LATEST MARVEL IN FLYING MACHINES

By P. F. Collins

SO far as known, there are but two possible avenues of approach toward the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. One of these concerns the overcoming of a natural law of gravitation by some new discovery, the other relates to the application of established laws as exemplified by the flight of birds. In the former case, since ballooning has been abandoned in favor of aerodromics in one form or another, nothing has been accomplished within a century to justify an optimistic view of the situation, while the building of various mechanisms of flight after models offered by Nature herself, continues to occupy the attention of many serious minds.

How the eagle, a creature of great weight in proportion to its breadth of wing, can maintain itself for hours at almost a perfect plane of rest in the rarest atmosphere is a problem that has baffled scientists for many centuries. Professor Langley, probably the best-known authority on aerial navigation in the world, gave some clue to the mystery in affirming that wind at low or high pressure has an internal life and working power apart from that which is felt and whose effects are observable; that it has a natural uplifting cogency rarely credited to it; and that the eagle's wings, being in the nature of aeroplanes under perfect control, adapt themselves to these shifting currents, availing themselves of occult forces in high altitudes which we, as yet, but dimly understand. Man's chief difficulty in following so signal an example is first of all to accomplish successful elevation, to maintain equilibrium by reason of an intimacy with the occult forces which the bird of higher flight understands intuitively, and, moreover, has the perfected internal mechanism to overcome. To accomplish elevation calls for the minimum of weight with the maximum of power in order to propel the airship and its freight upward and to maintain it there against all stress. The problem



Whitehead's flying machine in motion

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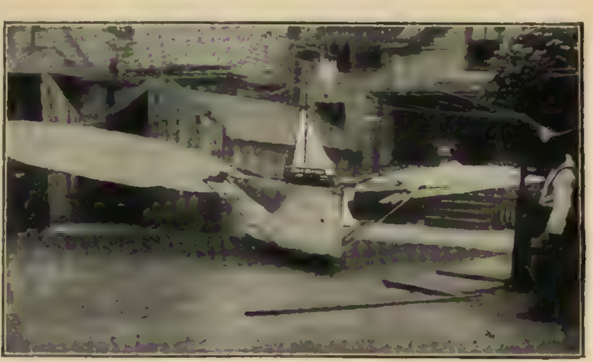
Whitehead's airship with wings folded

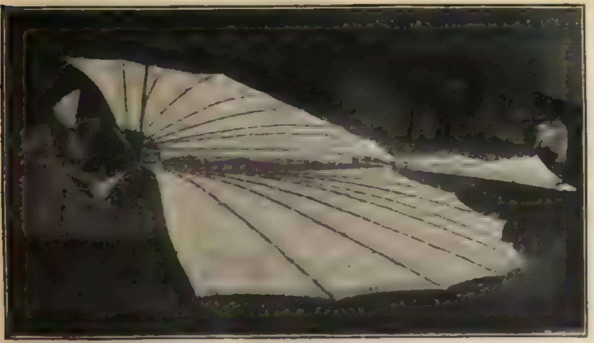
of equilibrium is a much greater one—not only to combat adverse currents, but actually to make aerial uses of them.

The matter of mechanical flight, then, concerns the following essential points: The resistance and supporting power of the medium; the motor, its character, energy and endurance; the engine for propulsion; the size, texture, and shape of the aeroplanes or other sustaining surfaces; lateral as well as perpendicular guidance; the ability to start under varied conditions, and the reasonable certainty of landing safely back upon terra firma. It will thus be seen that, while apparently easy to build an airship which will fulfil these conditions, to bring it to practical perfection without the loss of life or limb is something highly fascinating to contemplate from the standpoint of the observer rather than the aeronaut. The sudden death of many a wiser man than Darius Green has deterred cautious investigators who might ere this have brought the problem far nearer solution than it is today.



Whitehead's airship in readiness for flight

But there are many determined minds at work upon these mysteries of the air, and among them is a young inventor of Bridgeport, Conn., Gustav Whitehead by name, a Bavarian by birth and an enthusiast by nature. Mr. Whitehead has just completed his fifty-seventh flying machine, and claims that this last eliminates all the faults of its forerunners, as well as combines all their good points. He began very early his investigations in aerial navigation, being a wanderer by nature and a student of birds and their habits in various parts of the world—the condor in the Andes, the vulture in India, the albatross in the north and the flying fish in the south seas. And there is abundant evidence to the proof that his energies have not been spent in vain, for his present voyager accomplished the flight of more



Whitehead's airship beginning flight

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The Langley Aerodrome in flight

than a half mile with safety, and he claims that had it been manned by human intelligence instead of two hundred and fifty pounds of ballast, it would have gone successfully ten times the distance. But it proved to the inventor's satisfaction and that of his friends that the principle upon which he has long been working is the logical one, and future voyages will be made with the fearless inventor-aeronaut at the lever.

Briefly described, Mr. Whitehead's airship is a boat-shaped body of wood. It is sixteen feet long, covered with canvas and ribbed with steel. Stationary wings, folded and unfolded at will, ribbed with steel and bamboo, and covered with strong light silk, afford the necessary aeroplanes, strengthened still further by mast and bowsprit. These wings are of peculiar shape, in some respects like those of the bat, thirty-eight feet in full breadth, and capable of supporting a much heavier body than even the ballasted model ship and the engines. Wings that flap in imitation of the bird's wings have long since proven impracticable, and equilibrium is maintained by the shifting of the body within the car rather than by the manipulation of the aeroplanes.

The gliding machine

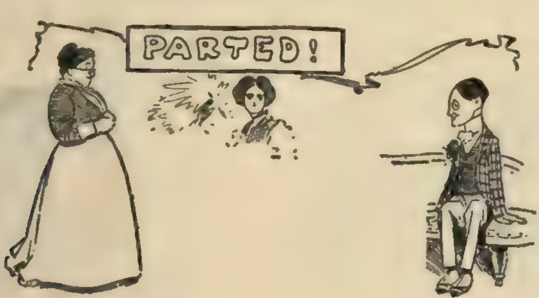
From the rear there extends outward some twelve feet a fan-shaped tail. This has perpendicular play for steering the ship upward or downward. Forward of the wings are two propellers run by powerful engines. These give the ship its forward motion while suspended in air upon its four hundred and fifty square feet of silk. In the matter of the aeroplanes and the propellers there is little modification from the experimental airships of Maxim, Holland, Langley and others. The engines for propelling the navigator, however, are of a variety absolutely new and original, the inventor claims, using a power hitherto never availed of, and promising practical results for the reason that great motive power may be carried in a small space at the minimum weight—namely, calcium carbide exploded in a cylinder by an electric spark. With this engine, weighing but thirty-five pounds, Mr. Whitehead claims to be able to develop as much power as can be obtained from a steam-boiler weighing three hundred pounds, and instead of a load of petroleum or coal weighing an additional great weight for a considerable flight, fifteen pounds of calcium carbide will give off enough power to sustain flight for hours.

Chanute's gliding machine in actual flight

Two engines are required in the Whitehead airship. The lower, at the bottom of the body proper, propels the four wheels upon which the ship rests when on the tracks, giving the ship its initial velocity necessary to lift it upon its aeroplanes. As soon as speed is sufficient to raise the body from the ground, another engine, stationed between the wings and revolving the propellers at a high rate of speed, gives the ship its forward motion in the air. The steering to right and left is done by increasing or diminishing the speed of either propeller as occasion requires, and the fan-shaped tail is always in hand for regulating higher or lower flight. The propeller blades are six feet in diameter and are capable of imparting a satisfactory velocity to the ship under ordinary conditions.

Gliding from the summit of a hill

Hitherto there have been no more than eight distinct motor types from which to choose in fitting up a flying model. Steam, the explosion of gas mixed with air, electricity, compressed air, liquid carbonic acid, rubber under torsion or tension, steel springs, and, latest bidder of all, liquid air with its pressure of nearly forty thousand pounds to the square inch. Professor Tripler is of the opinion that the problem of aerial navigation will be solved through the use of liquid air as a motive power, but as yet, notwithstanding the fact that an enormous pressure may be maintained at a minimum weight for a considerable duration, that valuable aid has not been called upon to support its maker's claims. The ideal motor for flying models must combine uniformity of applied power, durability under stress, economy and simplicity. Storage batteries are as yet too complex and heavy. It may be that in the calcium carbide engines of Gustav Whitehead the ideal propelling and sustaining power will be found.



They upon the sofa sitting,
Opportunity permitting,
Coo and bill.
Two fond hearts with love o'erladen,
Gallant youth and pretty maiden,
Jack and Jill.

Listen! There's a footstep creaking—
Fresh positions they are seeking,
In a crack.
When her mother, smiling sweetly,
Enters, they're arranged discreetly—
Jill and Jack!

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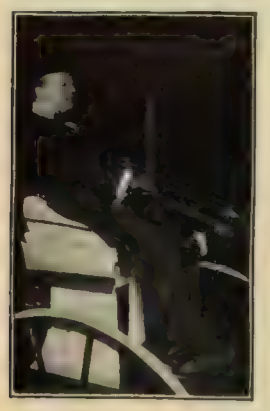
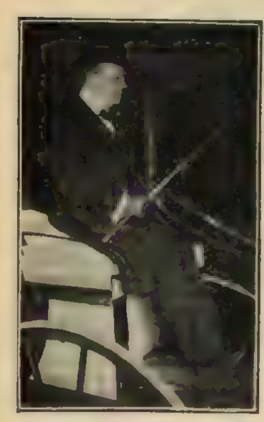
HOWLETT AND THE ART OF DRIVING

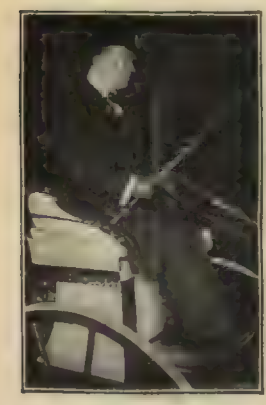
By John L. Norman



The wrong way to make a full stop



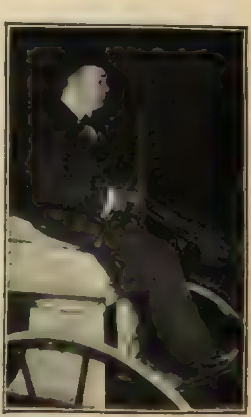
Proper position of the feet and hands when driving tandem



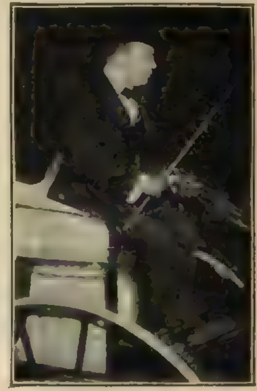
The essential loop in four-in-hand driving

MR. MAURICE E. HOWLETT is an Englishman, brought up in Paris. His father was the four-in-hand coach whip on the regular daily spins from the *Herald* building in Paris to Versailles. Although an Englishman in all his tastes and characteristics, Mr. Howlett is a perfect French scholar and is thoroughly acquainted with all the intricacies of the French art of driving. The French method has been largely superseded by the English, however, and the Howletts father and son, have been mainly responsible for the introduction of the British method on French soil.

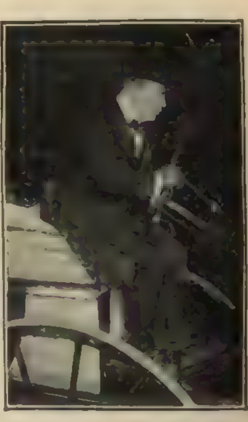
Mr. Howlett took several prizes as a four-in-hand expert before he was well out of his teens, and was recognized in Paris as an authority in the art of driving, having no less than two hundred representative men and women of the highest circles numbered among his clientele. He was induced to come over to America a few years ago, when the Horse Show brought to New York from all parts of the country leading people who give the horse a large share of their time and interest. Mr. Howlett proved that he was a wonder with the ribbons, easily beating the best of his competitors in a remarkable exhibition of speed and accuracy, and carrying away the $500 prize. This immediately made Mr. Howlett famous among the horsey people, and since that time he has been teaching his art to various members of the smart set. He numbers among his pupils the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, Hydes, Webbs and others who are distinguished for their skill in horsemanship. He has made the fastest time between New York and Philadelphia ever recorded with a



Correct position for four-in-hand driving



Incorrect form in body position and feet



A common and faulty way of driving

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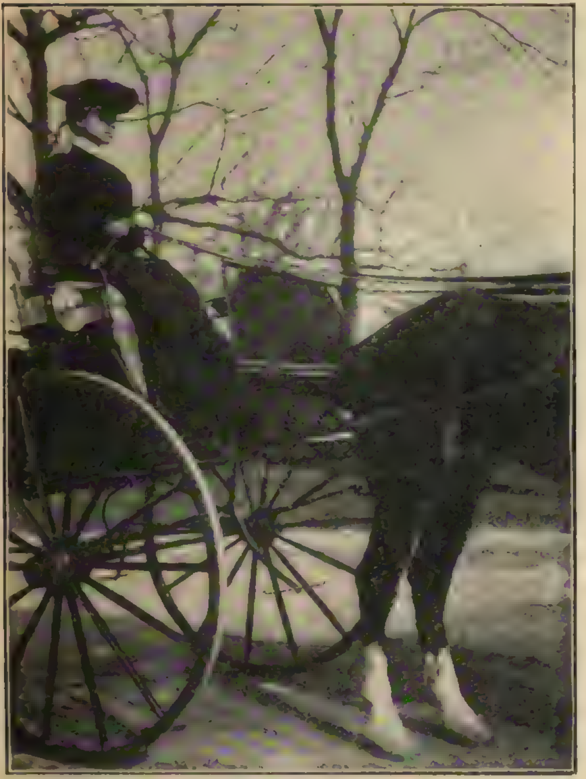


Correct form for woman driving tandem

four-in-hand coach and has accomplished other trips out of New York that are quite as famous among four-in-hand drivers.

"The art of driving," said Mr. Howlett, in an interview for BROADWAY MAGAZINE, "is one of great simplicity when once the rudiments have been acquired. The time was when good form in driving differed in various countries, but I think that at the present time the methods used in England and America are regarded as standard. Everything depends on form in driving, and by form is meant a perfect carriage, not too stiff and by no means lounging; correct position of the feet, poise of the head and proper position of the hands in readiness for any emergency. The handling of the whip is also something that requires a degree of skill, as in nothing can the driver show himself a novice as in the improper use of the whip. The lash should be carried curled around the stock in such a way that it can be used instantly and brought back to position again without getting caught or doing any serious damage. The hands should be kept rather close to the body and never spread out in county-fair style. The reins should be properly held, not clenched, and yet firmly enough retained to act on any emergency. The position of the feet is a very important note, because it supplies a purchase for the body if suddenly required.

"Horses are intelligent animals and they know when the inexperienced is driving. I have been able to take unmanageable horses and bring them into shape inside of a very few days."

Mr. Howlett teaching a pupil how to make a sharp tandem turn

Teaching a pupil to make a good halt and start

Go gle

THE IMPORTANCE OF WHISKERS

By J. Albert Fischer

THE popularity of Lawrance D'Orsay hangs by a hair, as it were, and in this, history is merely repeating itself, for the reputation of the elder Sothern as an actor may be said to have hung by his whiskers; not his own hirsute belongings, of course, but by those he wore in the character of *Lord Dundreary*. For no little part of the success of Mr. D'Orsay as the *Earl of Pawtucket* is undoubtedly due to the cavalry mustache which really grows on the actor, and which is usually ascribed to the Englishman who is a devil of a fellow, a crack guardsman, and one of the clubby sons of Albion.

The female novelists who have turned out thousands of stories for the serial publications which are supposed to reflect real life among the blue-blooded aristocracy of the English shires, have from time immemorial depicted their heroes as perfect specimens of manly physique, but never fail to state in plain language that they wear long, silken, tawny mustachios. No other color but "tawny" would fit the case.

And so it has come to pass that dramatists of the present day, when fitting out the part of a stage Englishman, have adopted the "tawny" mustache. In the elder Sothern's time Dundreary whiskers were fashionable—not that they were worn by the highest type of English officers, but by the foppish young men of the Mantilini order, who dawdled in drawing-rooms and never got nearer fighting than a commission in some yeomanry regiment.

Sothern seized this class of person as a type when he was assigned to a small part in "Our American Cousin," but his splendid character-acting and elaboration of the bit made it the most prominent and realistic feature of the production. It was then remodeled, and the tremendous success of Mr. Sothern is a part of the history of the stage. He made several fortunes out of the play.

Although the *Earl of Pawtucket* as offered by Mr. D'Orsay is a more serious sort of Englishman, he is real flesh and blood, and his mustache plays an important part in the picture.

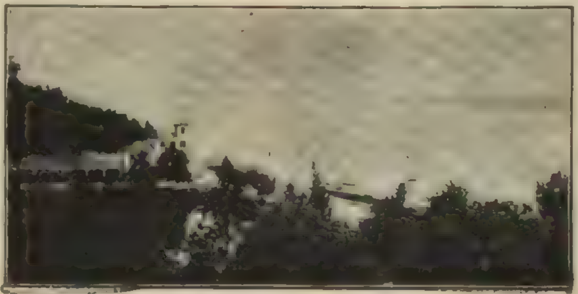
It has never been claimed that Mr. D'Orsay is a great actor. He is much the same off the stage as he is on the boards, and has merely to repeat his lines and act perfectly natural. In *Lord Dundreary* Mr. Sothern schooled himself to fit the part. In the case of the *Earl of Pawtucket*, the part was moulded around the frame of Mr. D'Orsay.

And yet, in spite of Mr. Augustus Thomas' tailor-made part, and of the conception of the author of "Our American Cousin," whiskers and mustaches have played the characters of the two principal actors into success.

In other lines whiskers have been indispensable to the prosperity of plays. "Mr. Fadden's Row of Flats," concerning which there were so many protests from the sons of Erin, would have been a flat failure had it not been for whiskers.

In the B'Gosh drama, whiskers are absolutely necessary, as they were to actors of the German, Hebrew and Svengali school.

But the two most notable instances on record are certainly those of Edward Askew Sothern and Lawrance D'Orsay.



LITTLE Neck Bay and the Sound as seen from the balcony of the home of Mr. James J. Corbett, erstwhile champion, and who was recently defeated by the still champion James Jeffries. The Crocheron House, in whose tower chamber Boss Tweed hid for three days before his flight, is seen in the middle left.

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The Massapiqua Fishing Club, near St. James, L. I.

THE ACTORS' COLONY AT ST. JAMES, L. I.

By James Kinsella

IS there any department of metropolitan industry that exceeds in strenuosity the actor's life, and is there any body of men and women more deserving of an interregnum of rest? Art, finance, mechanics, literature, even mercantile pursuits, have some sort of relief during the season of the hardest labors, but the actor's is a severe calling as pursued nowadays, with the competition so great and the standard of excellence demanded by the public so high; and whereas the ordinary individual may enjoy a holiday once or twice a week to serve him as a rest-cure on his difficult way, the actors must work harder on holidays than any other. Indeed, even the Sabbath is not granted him, as it is offered the humblest wherein to lay aside all work and thoughts of work, and recreate after the manner of our forefathers. On Sunday the actor often has his hardest rehearsals; and if not so, perchance he is making a quick cut across three or four States of a Sunday to fill a distant engagement, or even in some cases he must appear before the footlights on the Lord's Day.

Fifty years ago how few men of the profession had their country villas and cottages wherein to enjoy a season of much-needed rest? Yet to-day there are a score of so-called Actors' Colonies. The

Actors making hay while the sun shines

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Tony Farrell's cottage, with John Kernell, Charles F. Smith and others as guests

one situated at St. James, L. I., is perhaps not the largest, but it is one of the liveliest. It is peopled for the most part by the comedian element of the stage. Tony Farrell has a cottage there, as have also John Kernell, Frank McNish, William Callon, Henry Foyd, Jeremiah Sykes, the Barton Brothers, Fred Buller, Samuel Curtis, Monroe McAllen, and many others. The *esprit de corps* between these cottagers, it is needless to say, is charming, and the best of spirit prevails. There is plenty of hunting and fishing in the vicinity, and the colony is situated on a bay of the great Sound where there is the best of salt-water bathing, fishing and sailing. There are also regular entertainments given by members of the colony and their many guests throughout the season. On the whole it is one of the most delightful actors' rest-cures in all the vicinity of New York, the Mecca of players.

The Massapiqua Clubhouse and grounds

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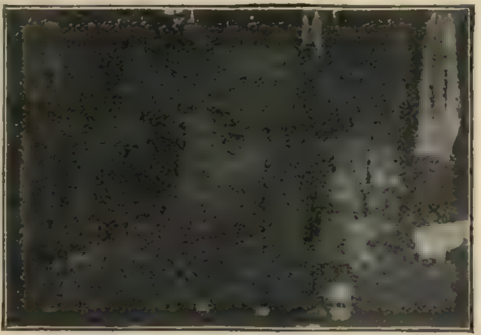
BEHIND SCENES IN CHINATOWN'S THEATRE

By Elmer Frisby, Jr.

THE Chinaman is a creature of traditions. He is of the old—the very, very old. We of a new country cannot understand this veneration of the antiquated and the obsolete. The eye of Americans is on the future. That of the Chinaman is on the past. He thinks that his father's way of doing things is good enough for him—and his father's father's five thousand years back. He is a creature of small imagination, but of great concentration. His written literature is expressive of his conservatism. It is poetry, but poetry of the hardest, most formal and feudal manner. His dramas are terrible in their severity—their absolute seriousness. They were written hundreds of years ago when the theatre was an adjunct of the church; that is, when the stage was erected in the temple grounds and used as a vehicle to call people to worship Joss. Later it became separated from the religious idea, but it has retained its strong significance and its oriental morale ever since.



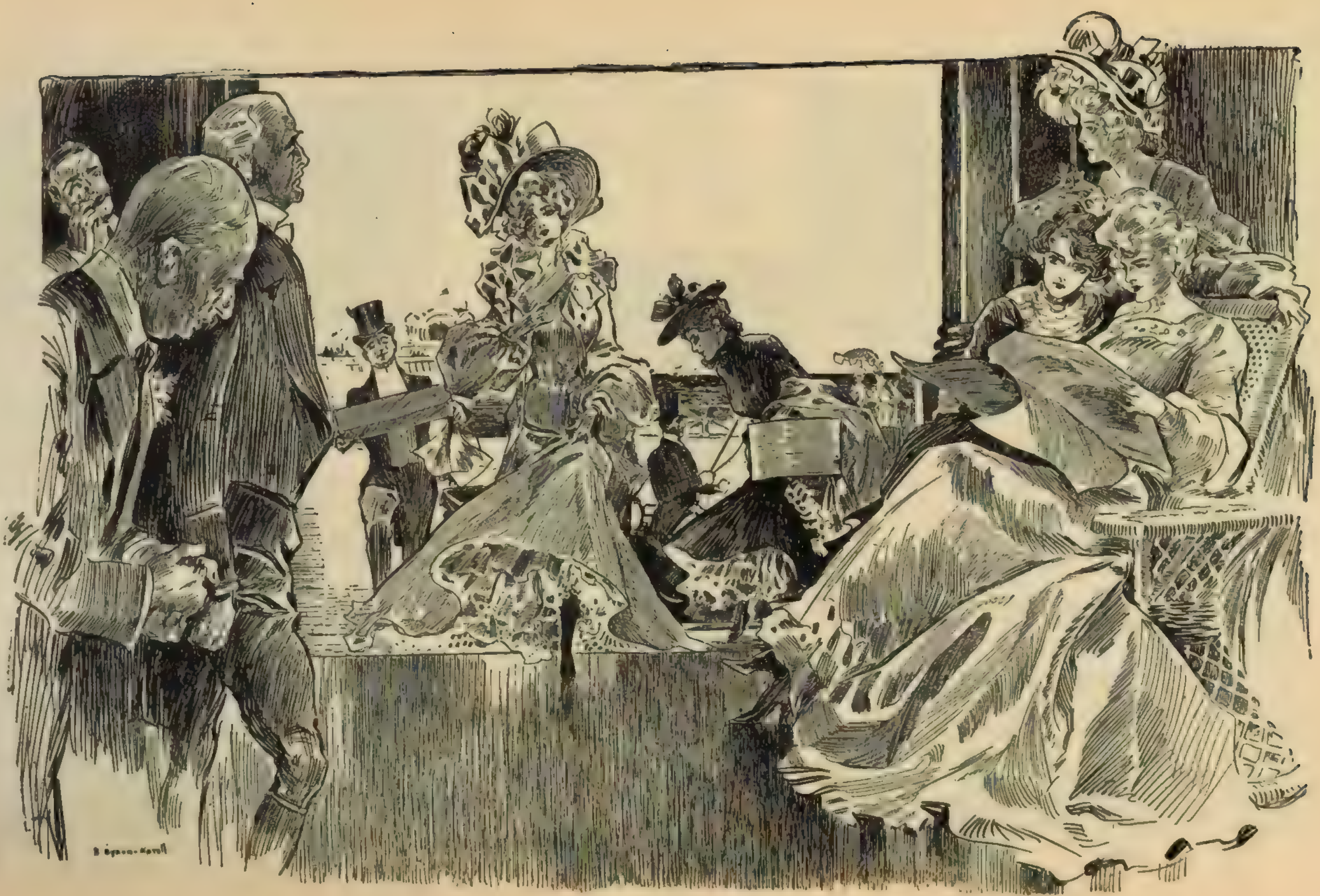
The main dressing-room in New York's Chinese Theatre

The interior of a Chinese theatre is not inviting to the western mind. It is bare even to desolation. Everything is reversed. Instead of stress being laid upon scenic effect, there is no scenery at all, the little signs, "This is a Temple," "This is a Palace Interior," and others, being all there is to denote the location of the scenes. The orchestra, instead of being in front, is back of the performers. There is no curtain, and the footlights are overhead. Other like paradoxes exist.

But it is in the dressing-room that the queerest traditions prevail. The patron god of the drama has a special temple niche, where before his picture burns perpetually a light, and during the performance his sublime majesty is enwreathed in punk-smoke. In the very centre of the room there hangs the root of a fig tree from some sacred temple of China, and upon this every garment is hung before it is assumed by the player. This has the effect, so it is believed by the Chinese play-folk, of driving away the evil spirits that distract the memory and spoil situations.

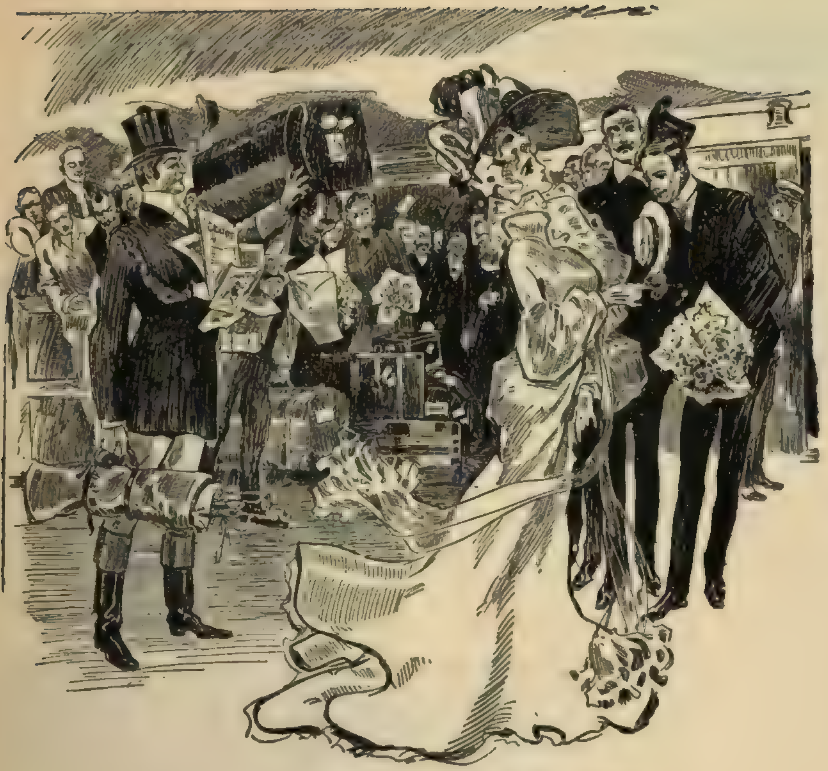
Ranged around the sides of the room are chests of oriental design which contain the costumes and paraphernalia of the players. These costumes are sometimes very valuable, being made of rare antique silk and embroidered with silver and gold. They have in many instances been handed down in the family of play-folk for many generations, sometimes for a period of four hundred years, and are still in excellent working condition.

The Chinaman's religion being the worship of ancestry, it is no wonder that he regards with deepest veneration the great works of the dramatists of the past. The situations of dramatic interest are much the same the world over, as for instance, when the writer accompanied a great Chinese actor to witness Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" in English, upon the play being translated to him, he affirmed that every important situation (like, for instance, that of the three caskets, gold, silver, and lead, which was to proclaim Portia's husband) was of Chinese origin and existed in the plays of the ancient Chinese dramatists.

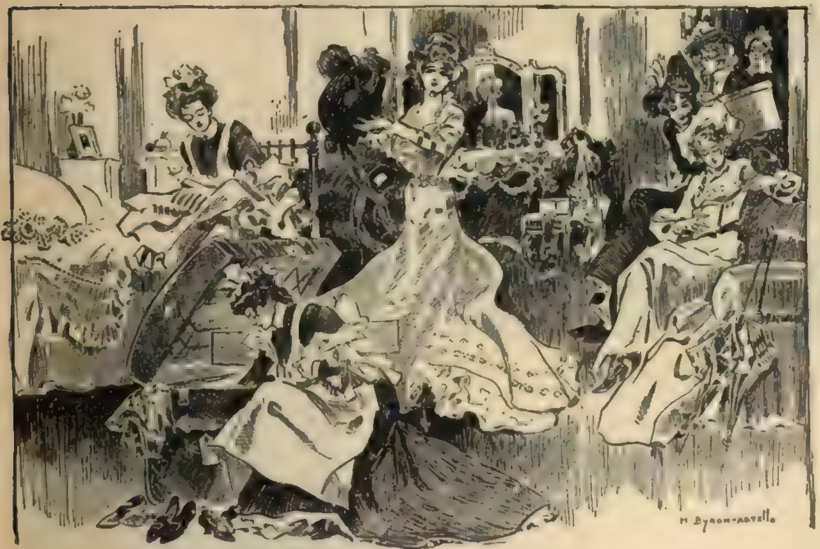


The triumphant return of Miss Hautton to New York after her Autumn conquest of hearts.

Go gle



She is met by gallants galore, servants ad libitum and glory unending



The unpacking of new gowns from Paris is a delightful occupation

Involving her sisters, cousins, aunts and—her vanquished rivals

Google

BEAUTIFUL HOMES ALONG "THE RHINE OF AMERICA"

By Wilber H. Lomas

FOREIGNERS who have seen the grandest rivers of the Continent of Europe, including the historic Rhine and "the beautiful blue Danube," nevertheless go into raptures over our own enchanting Hudson. From the extreme lower end of New York Bay to the very headwaters of the noble river, there is not a single foot that is not of great charm, in some spots exceeding in beauty any other river of the world. Being itself so inviting on account of its historical and picturesque qualities, it is no wonder that people of wealth should choose spots along its sloping banks or on the summits of its commanding cliffs to build thereon stately mansions wherein to spend the summer or, as often happens, the entire year.

Property within the few past years has increased in value amazingly, particularly along that stretch of the river known as the Palisades. The residenter of the Hudson district has double advantages—that of yachting and bathing in the summer season in the crystal waters of the river, and of ice-boating in the winter—a rare and exciting, if indeed often proven a dangerous, sport. Back of the ridge of hills which hem the great river there are stretches of beautiful country traversed by superb roads, and dotted by villas of the wealthy and cottages of the more modest in purse and taste. There are also club-houses and inns, with no end of sport for those so inclined —golf, polo and tennis—and the highways being kept in the best of condition, motor-carring is another pastime indulged in by the wealthy.

The Hudson district is also charming from a standpoint of historical association. Washington Irving was probably the most successful discoverer of the historic value of the Hudson country, and his name is identified with the charming hills and valleys that have been visited by thousands of many climes on pilgrimages of literary interest. Revolutionary history abounds in this region, for the Hudson towns and roads were the scenes of thrilling activity during the various campaigns of the federal forces under Washington.

Ardsley Towers, residence of A. G. Vanderbilt

Country home of Geo. W. Diffle, Dobb's Ferry

Residence of John Williamson, Tarrytown, N. Y.

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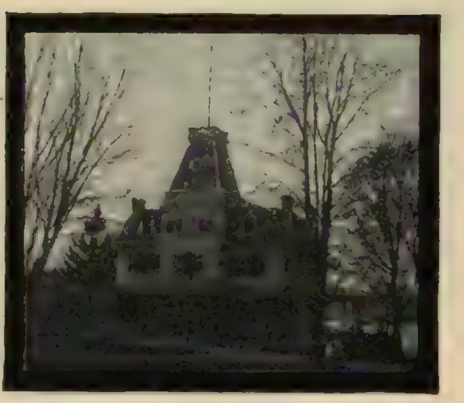
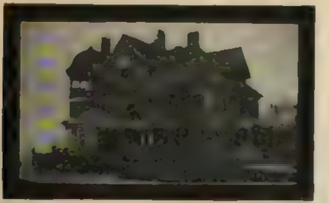
Previous to that there was also a deal of interesting history which had to do with the early Dutch settlers, and many of the old landmarks survive to this day. Indeed, it is impossible to travel many miles along the line of the Hudson without encountering interesting relics of bygone days—the headquarters of Washington during the perilous and bitter winter campaign when New York was in the hands of the British, the historic scenes about West Point, the spot where Major Andre was captured, and so on all the way up to Albany. It is a matter of no great wonderment, then, that with a country so picturesque in itself and hallowed by memories of the leaders of the nation, people who hold associations of the past in such reverence should choose themselves homes along the glistening ribbon of silver which stretches from ocean to the great forests of the Adirondacks, and find the highest enjoyment in these environments.



Residence of O. J. Smith, Dobb's Ferry



Residence of A. C. Field,
Dobb's Ferry

To give a list of the men of wealth and culture who have built themselves homes on the grand old river would fill a large volume alone. The catalogue includes some of the best-known men of the metropolis. It would be difficult to name a prominent family of Manhattan that does not, at some place along the Hudson, maintain at least a chalet, and more likely a mansion. The Goulds, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Fishes, Fields, and scores of other leaders in finance and society have homes along the big river, and entertain sumptuously there from the opening of the season till the snow flies and the exodus takes place city-ward again with the opening of the opera and the, otherwise gay months. There are many important clubs along the river and back among the hills, and these are the scenes of great social activity during the summer, tournaments taking place regularly and convening hundreds of the lovers of sport from all parts of the country.

Residence of Mr. Matthieson,
Tarrytown

Ardsley is one of the most popular resorts of the recreation-lovers who make the Hudson district their choice, and during the summer four-in-hand coaches run to and from the clubhouse from a prominent hotel on Fifth avenue, sometimes with Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Hyde or some other well-known society whip handling "the ribbons."

Mr. Cottinette's residence, Tarrytown

Percy Rockefeller's home, Ardsley

It is a curious fact that even the automobile has not by any means appeared to injure permanently the pastime of driving. There are today as many coaches seen on the good roads leading from New York to nearby points as have ever been observed in this vicinity. It would seem therefore, that the love of a fine house also means the love of fine horses.

Altogether it may be safely said that the Hudson district is one of the most charming in America and one of growing interest to Americans of all classes. There is some talk of establishing a grand state park along the Palisades.

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Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's residence at "Oakland Farm," South Portsmouth, R. I.

HOW A YOUNG NEW YORK MILLIONAIRE LIVES

By James G. Harson

RHODE ISLAND is the smallest state in the Union, yet if the entire series of states could boast of their wealth in proportion to that of the little state of Roger Williams, this would assuredly be the most valuable spot on the entire surface of the globe, bar none.

Rhode Island has gathered millionaires from all points of the Union. It early received the stamp of exclusive society, and its social capital, Newport, is the summer court of the Four Hundred. It is no wonder, then, that the millionaires who have brought into the state so many millions and improved the choicest districts, should choose these places as homes for at least a certain season of the year.

Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, although of New York City, has the finest country residence in all Rhode Island. It lies midway between Fall River and Newport, within easy run from the latter resort. It comprises about three hundred acres of the finest land, and was part of the old Belmont estate purchased from the elder Belmont by the elder Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt the elder improved the property immensely and left it to his son to improve still more, so that now it is one of the finest estates on the entire continent. There are miles and miles of box-hedges enclosing the farm, and it is supplied with every modern convenience and luxury. There are stables where scores of horses are kept, with breeding quarters, stables for polo ponies and storehouses for automobiles. Mr. Vanderbilt is a great lover of animals, and has every variety of farm stock—from ducks, geese, pheasants and other fowl through all the range of farm pets to thoroughbred horses and blooded cattle. There is also a dog kennel where some of the finest dogs in the country are bred, and a cat farm where rare varieties of this household pet are housed.

The mile walk to the old-fashioned windmill

The elm walk

All the luxuries of the gentleman farmer are to be found at the "Oakland Farm," as Mr. Vanderbilt calls his valuable estate near South Portsmouth. There are golf links and polo grounds where games are played regularly by the owner and his guests and where house parties are regularly given in the interest of sports. These events convene from Newport the reigning society matrons and belles, together with their scores of re-

Google

tainers, and sport-lovers from all parts of the world. Many exciting games have taken place at these meetings and the amateur records been broken. It is an ideal spot for any form of outdoor sport.

The country house of Mr. Vanderbilt is in colonial style, dignified and thoroughly in harmony with the surroundings. Huge white Ionic columns support the front gable, sheltering a broad piazza, and the setting of the windows is in the severely classic but nevertheless charming style of the later seventeenth century. Beautiful old trees surround and half shelter the mansion, and lovely walks lead to and from the various entrances to the outlying buildings, stables, kennels and conservatories. There is an avenue of elms which is worthy of a poet, the stately landmarks being of great age.

A tower on the hilltop supplies the water necessary to irrigate any portion of the great farm which may be temporarily suffering from a drouth. Not all the farm is under cultivation, but there are a sufficient number of producing acres to supply the working forces of the farm and to furnish the copious table with the freshest meats, fruits, vegetables and other necessities.

Mr. Vanderbilt exercising his horses to a brake

Although Mr. Vanderbilt has nearly a hundred horses in his stables, he is a lover of the automobile and has several of the latest models in his Oakland sheds. The roads in the vicinity of the farm are of the finest, and in fact all through the state the roads are unsurpassed by those of any state in the Union. Automobiling therefore is one of the chief sports of the cottagers, and fast machines are as thick as bicycles were four or five years ago. Mr. Vanderbilt makes a regular tour through his farm every day while he is there, and sees to every detail personally from the front seat of his auto. He also takes great pleasure in exercising his horses, either singles, doubles, tandems or four-in-hand, and in the latter he excels, being one of the best coach whips in the country.

Altogether it may be said that the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt is one worthy of the English squires of old, who made country recreations the refined art which it is to-day, and does credit to the country as well as to its youthful proprietor.

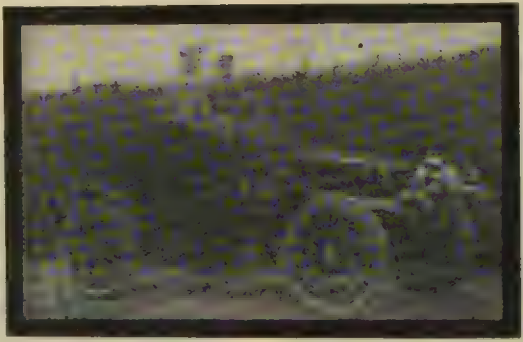
There is no doubt that within the past few years there has been an increasing exodus from the cities to the country,

One of F. Ambrose Clark's steeplechasers

Mr. F. A. Clark on his champion high-jumper

A herd of Jersey heifers at "Oakland Farm" people of wealth being prone to cultivate the amusements which the country affords, and building themselves charming villas and country seats where they can entertain with all the scope and lavishness that characterize American hospitality.

Dancing pavilion and rose garden



Mr. Vanderbilt in his auto touring his farm

Whereas in the city it is possible to entertain a handful of guests for a series of entertainments, in the country hospitality has free rein and scope. Many of the wealthy residents of Newport and vicinity entertain from twenty to a hundred people over Sunday, and even more during gala times when the season is at its height. This of course would be quite impossible in the city, for the reason that there is not room enough even in the most lavish city mansion, to house in comfort such a great number of guests.

Then too there are sports and pleasures that the country affords which make a prolonged stay more enjoyable than would be possible in the city where there are only a few recreations, such as the opera, dinners, balls and social functions generally, and, these exhausted, the limit is reached. The English idea of filling the country house with a large number of youthful and jolly guests who take live interest in everything of outdoor life is more and more in evidence, and the standard of hospitality has gained immeasurably thereby. It has also worked infinite good in the districts where men of wealth have bought up property, as they have invested thousands upon thousands of dollars in these estates and maintain them at an expense that aggregates yearly a tremendous sum. This is of course of the greatest benefit to the people of more modest circumstances in the same neighborhood, as it raises the value of their holdings and gives them a ready and steady market for whatever they produce on their farms. There have been many people in the country who do not approve of the inroads of the wealthy set, and in more than one instance there has been a strong remonstrance. On the whole, however, the country people welcome the rich from the metropolis, and are on the best of terms with them. The millionaires are for the most part democratic and charitable, and there is very little poverty—such as is seen, for instance, every day in New York—in these districts. Mr. Vanderbilt is one of the most liberal of the young millionaires who have large country estates, and his benefactions, "without the left hand knowing what the right hand doeth," are said to run up into the tens of thousands of dollars every year.

More young millionaires every year are buying up country estates and fitting them for places of recreation and rest during their maturer and their declining years. In fact, the founding of a baronial estate is quite the order of the day among young millionaires, and certainly gives a certain solidity to our society. Mr. Vanderbilt is the forerunner of scores of others of his class who love country life and propose to enjoy it to the utmost. He is a credit to his family and to that part of our American society that places manhood above mere millions.

One of F. Ambrose Clark's prize-winning steeplechasers

When all is said and done, it is an easily proven fact that the American of wealth does not by any means taboo the country life the liking for which is inbred for the Anglo-Saxon. America has for years borne the reputation for being too busy making money to enjoy outdoor life. Of late years there has sprung up a new longing for such life.

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From a photograph by Clarke, Chicago

Alice Remmler

A studio beauty from the West

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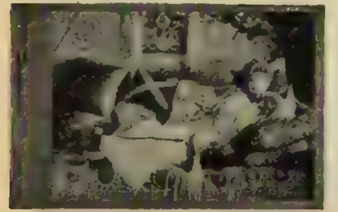
BEAUTY VS. GENIUS ON THE STAGE

By Alexander E. Merron

LILLIAN RUSSELL is beautiful. Margaret Anglin is not. Both are typical examples of the success that is paid by popular verdict to the possession of beauty and the endowment of talent. Miss Russell appears this season in masculine habiliments, and the masculine habiliments are more largely advertised than the rôle. Miss Anglin, after a hard and long struggle, not only retains the most important position accorded to any young woman on the New York stage—that of leading woman in the Empire stock company—but she is preparing for a season in London.


Lillian Russell

Margaret Anglin

Less than ten years ago, when Miss Anglin, an overgrown, lanky, hungry, shabby girl, applied to a certain well-known manager for a chance to appear as a walking extra, the lynx-eyed manager scanned with some little contempt the scrawny figure, the ill-fitting clothes, the pale, pensive face with the over-long drooping nose.

"We have no place for young women like you on the stage," he said brutally; "go home, my dear, and wash dishes!"

Isabel Irving

When for the first time Ada Rehan called on Augustin Daly, she was a buxom, buoyant little school girl, with laughing Irish eyes, a big mobile mouth and a mass of unkempt tawny hair. She was the roughest diamond that ever passed under the hand of the polisher, to reappear a gem of the first water. Augustin Daly was once asked if he looked upon the art of Ada Rehan as a personal triumph of his methods, or whether she brought his methods into triumph with her genius?

May Mannering

He answered tritely, "She was a precious stone, I was the chisel. She would always have been a precious stone even without the chisel; and the chisel is but a chisel, after all is said and done."

A procession of beautiful girls passed through the training school of the great Daly. He never hesitated to draw the line between beauty and talent. He was brutal, even, in his frankness. Maxine Elliott, in spite of her exquisite loveliness, was kept in the background under his régime. Mrs. Gilbert was brought forward. Ada Rehan alone was permitted to accept a curtain call. Years before the advent of Miss Rehan, he accorded the same honor to homely Clara Morris, in spite of the riot among the stage beauties of his company who were forced to withdraw to the wings.

Blanche Bates

David Belasco counts no beauties in his galaxy of stars. Leslie Carter as a girl was known as "that red-haired Lou Dudley." That mass of almost unmanageable red hair is her crown of glory to-day, but from a standard of beauty pure and simple, Leslie Carter is not in the same class with so good a type of womanly beauty as Amelia Bingham.

Maude Adams

Anna Held is cute and *chic* and eminently successful, as well as successfully managed. She dresses in the most tantalizing of Paris creations, exploits her lotions and creams, and even

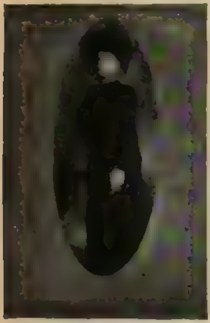
Google

Mme. Ternina

has separate and satisfactory photographs taken of the varied expressions of her truly beautiful eyes. Yet May Irwin, Fay Templeton or Marie Dressler, with their embonpoint, mediocre eyes, and three-cornered smiles, are endowed with that wonderful something akin to genius, and will be remembered when poor little Anna Held is forgotten as a faded flower.

Genius is more than skin deep, if one may put the fact so crudely. Sara Bernhardt, in a city where the loveliness of woman is more highly extolled and honored than in any other centre of critical culture, so conquered by the power of her genius that she positively set the fashion for ugliness, and even so intelligent a woman as Fanny Davenport came to an untimely end in a forced effort to reduce the beautiful figure with which nature had endowed her, to the scrawny, bony proportions of the great Sara.

Grace George


Mrs. Le Moyne

Maude Adams is a dear, fascinating girl with an arch, piquant face such as few audiences can resist. She is the idol of matinée girls the United States over, and artistic to her finger-tips. Surely beauty such as hers is not physical.

Annie Russell

Eleanora Duse, gray-haired, weary-faced, eccentric and pessimistic, reigns supreme with undisputed sway where beauty and charms of physique alone knock in vain for entrance. She has won the triumph of genius and wrested its laurels with her small, feeble hands, immature like those of a child, from the rounded arms and dimpled fingers of women akin to Venus in their glorious perfection of form and face.

May Irwin

Eleanora Duse brings one as a matter of fact to that kindred spirit of the lyric stage, Milka Ternina, whose interpretations of the great Wagnerian dramas were a revelation of the hitherto unrevealed to the average opera patron. Comparisons are odious, but it is somewhat interesting to note the difference of the triumph accorded to the homely German *Fräulein*, with her leaden complexion, her sleepy eyes, her set face and rigid figure, and that accorded to our own beautiful, regal Emma Eames! Emma Eames is in truth one of the handsomest women of the day, besides which she has received the gift of a glorious voice and an intelligence above the ordinary. But Emma Eames has missed in her make-up the vital spark that kindles the soul of Ternina into an irresistible flame. The one sits at the feet of the other, and gathers the crumbs that fall from the feast of her great gifts. It is another incontestable proof of the power of genius over beauty.

Margaret Dale

Nature seems to create with a grim sense of humor. She seeks in vain in her handiwork for a combination without a flaw, although she is forced to accord to genius all that the latter asks. Ternina appears and is beautiful when and where she will. Eleanora Duse's smile will melt an audience to tears. A glance from Bernhardt's small gray eyes will set hearts to beating.

The old Lyceum Theatre of New York City is more or less identified with young and charming women. Mary Mannering, coy as a gazelle, Julie Opp, a fine type of glorious womanhood, Isabel Irving, as soft and purring as a kitten, Virginia Harned, irresistible with conscious grace—all have made their mark through sheer force of charm and intelligent methods. It would take but the passing of zephyrs to leave them forgotten by the fickle

Rose Coghlan

Google

public. Little Annie Russell, a semi-invalid, fretful and careworn, with a head too large for her feeble body, returns from her hospital cot after an absence of ten years, and wins the triumph of genius on the stage of that same theatre where beauty was at a loss to fill the coffers of the box office, and that through the medium of a modest play, purchased for a mere song.

Julie Opp

Minnie Maddern Fiske is painfully intellectual. Overwork and a precocious childhood have stunted her physical growth; a pair of beautiful, luminous eyes look out upon the world with a sort of eager craving for the gift of beauty which has just been missed; but if all those who in the past have appeared upon the stage of the old Standard and present Manhattan Theatre, Mrs. Fiske alone has had the force to wrest a recognition that will live long after the old playhouse is demolished.

Maxine Elliott

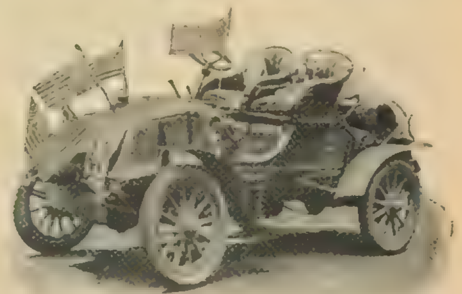
One fact is incontestable. A gallery of women geniuses would not be a gallery of beauties unless their countenances were immortalized at a certain moment of exaltation. A great artist has thus preserved the majestic lineaments and form of Sarah Siddons in a great burst of noble interpretation. This wonderful canvas is one of the chefs d'œuvre of the Academy of Art in London. But unfortunately the flame of dramatic genius, let it rise to the very heavens, is as fitful and transitory as the passing of time. It comes and goes—it is a thing of the past—a memory, an effort of vision; and once the generation has slipped away, a few written words, here and there, must serve to immortalize an hour that thrilled the bosom of thousands.

Sara Bernhardt

The wheels of compensation preserve a just balance. Beauty of face is perhaps ephemeral, the beauty of genius lives awhile longer, but both pass into twilight after the sunset of the same day.

TYPICAL AUTOMOBILE FREAKISMS

The most daring Motorist in all England—Miss Dorothy Leavitt


The first automobile to cross the continent

One of the founders of the Aero Club, Miss Vera Butler, who is a balloonist as well as a flyer with the automobile

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Photograph by Van der Wyde, New York

Inspector George W. McClusky

THE MAN WHO WILL PURGE NEW YORK OF THUGS

By James D. Neilson

ONE of the pillars of the metropolitan police force who does much and says little about it is Inspector George W. McClusky. He is a man who has risen in the ranks from the humblest grades and has attained a degree of popularity and has merited the lasting respect of the entire force—all of which is highly gratifying. Of late there have been (owing to the large number of permits giving citizens the privilege to carry weapons for their self-defense) many abuses of pistol practice, which resulted in several feuds that have terrorized the neighborhoods where this outlawry has taken place. Inspector McClusky has sworn to round up these offenders and stop the crimes that have put life and property in jeopardy. There is little doubt that the Inspector will accomplish what he has set out to do, for he is a man who thinks quickly and acts with nerve and efficiency.

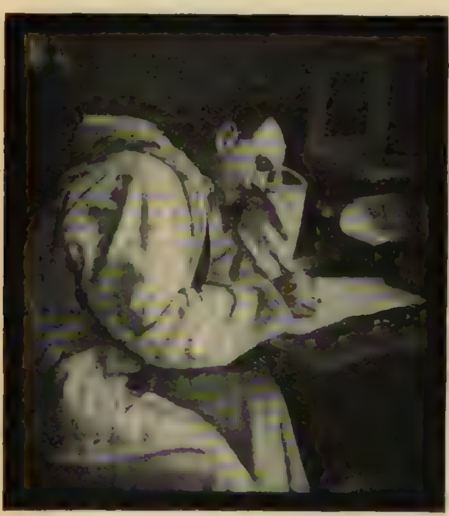
Personally and aside from his official capacity, Inspector McClusky is a man of reserve, exceedingly quiet in manner and giving careful choice to every expression of opinion. He has made politics a secondary matter in developing the efficiency of the Detective Bureau under him, and never allowed personal preferences or prejudices to influence his judgment. He is a favorite with his associates, and the newspaper men with whom he comes in contact agree that he is one of the safest authorities to whom to appeal when any great matter of public interest occurs within the walls of the Police Headquarters that is necessary for the public to be informed on without any danger of misconstruction.

Google

KREMER, STRENUOUS DRAMATIST

By C. F. Halloway, Jr.

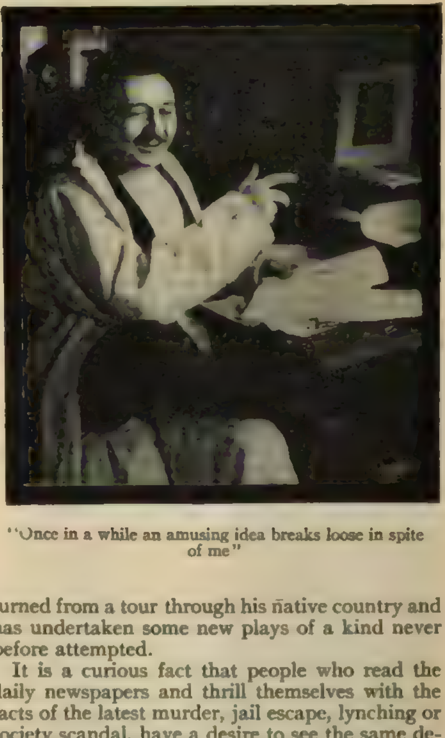
PEOPLE who are in the know affirm on oath that there are at least five thousand ambitious dramatists treading the pavements of the metropolis looking for managers willing to take up their work, and at the same time it is equally well known that there are three or four playwrights in our very midst who have work enough planned ahead to keep them busy for the next five years. It was a bonanza that Messrs. Sullivan, Harris and Woods discovered in the person of Theodore Kremer, actor, manager, sceneshifter, traveller, musician, confirmed "first-nighter," and all-round popular metropolitan. Mr. Kremer has at the present time no less than five melodramas playing to crowded houses throughout the country, and some of them are represented by no less than a half dozen separate companies.



"Correcting manuscript is my most severe task"

Mr. Kremer is a native of Germany, and after serving his apprenticeship on the stage for a number of years, joined Mrs. Brown Potter's company and went to Australia. He found difficulty in memorizing, however, and often abridged the text of his part, thus sometimes improving it. Mrs. Potter realized that Mr. Kremer had the dramatic instinct very strongly, and encouraged him to write dramas. It was uphill work for a number of years, but to-day Mr. Kremer's income from his stirring plays is no less than thirty thousand dollars yearly—a snug sum considering the fact that he is regarded askance by the craftsmen of the so-called legitimate drama school, and yet is envied by all stage-workers alike, from the successful star to the comic-opera librettist.

Mr. Kremer is a very hard worker and thinks out all the situations which bring thrills to the million. He has one passion—the opera—and enjoys music every evening at some attraction or other, returning to his work about midnight, and on the stimulant afforded by vichy and milk, his very temperate beverage, works till daybreak inventing situations and strong sentiments to fit them. The dramatist works out all the episodes which are used in the construction of a play, and it requires great ingenuity to give the people something new by way of thrills constantly. Mr. Kremer reads the daily papers and often founds his dramas on the events of the day. The tragedies which have occupied the public mind for a considerable period and throughout the land are especially sought to give a framework whereon to build a strong structure.



"Once in a while an amusing idea breaks loose in spite of me"

The melodramatic playwright has just returned from a tour through his native country and has undertaken some new plays of a kind never before attempted.

It is a curious fact that people who read the daily newspapers and thrill themselves with the facts of the latest murder, jail escape, lynching or society scandal, have a desire to see the same depicted on the stage—sublimated, as it were, by the art of the dramatist. Mr. Kremer knows the common pulse very well and caters to "heart interest" with no uncertain touch. Such events as the recent murder cases, where important people have figured, and an event like the jail delivery by the wife of the warden of a Pennsylvania jail,

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"A confidential chat between piano numbers relieves the tedium of much writing"

give Mr. Kremer an opportunity to weave a romance that takes with the crowd which loves a hero and a thrilling sensation. The work, therefore, is in the nature of an illustrated commentary on the events of the day, brought to the eye of the spectator with all the realism that the situation affords.

"Oh, no; I'm a very mild-mannered man—not the least like my villains, you observe"

There are those who cry down this form of stage attraction, as there are others who affirm that dime-novel diversion is demoralizing to the youth of the country. This may be true. However, it is a fact that where there is one who will pay money to see a Shakespearean play, or a society drama by Henry Arthur Jones, for instance, there are scores who will go to the Third Avenue Theatre and listen to a highly seasoned, doubly heroic melodrama, under the impression that it is true to certain phases of life, or not caring for that at all, wishing only to be amused. The country clientele of Kremer melodrama is enormous.

There is no doubt about Mr. Kremer's art of amusing. He is very skilful in "business." He never allows the interest to flag. For example, in "The Fatal Wedding," a play that has had a run that seems phenomenal, situation follows situation till they seem to tread, as it were, on one another's heels. There is not a dull moment. Every scene is a contrast to the one before it. Every situation suggests another more thrilling, keeping the suspense to the end. It is a fine art thus to play on the imaginations of the people—particularly the people who have no ideals with regard to stagecraft nor hobbies about plays. As long as the cast is up to a certain standard, there is no need of any very exalted stars, for the reason that the setting of the piece is in accordance with the plan of the whole—an evenness of manner and method and an equal distribution of character and opportunities.

"I work in my monkish bath-gown this way from midnight till dawn"

Personally Mr. Kremer is a man of great concentration. He believes in the German method of work: as Goethe says, "Ohne Hast, ohne Rast"—without haste and yet without ceasing. He inherited a vast fund of vital energy from his hardy Teuton ancestors, but he never overtaxes his strength or his nerves by any excesses either in work or play.

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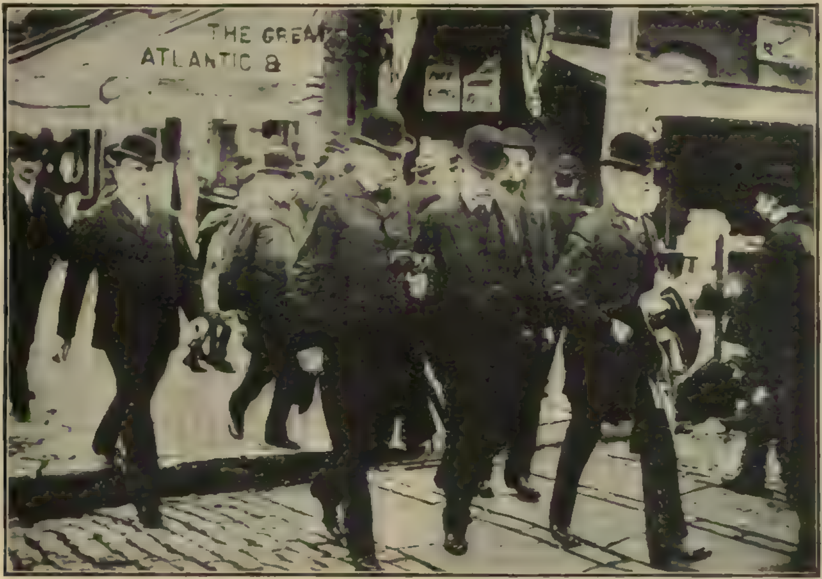
ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS AFOOT

By Albert A. Farrar

RECENTLY at Newark, New Jersey, there was a manslaughter case before the courts which attracted the attention of the entire country, from the fact that the officials and directors of the trolley line which was responsible for the accident, and, as many claimed, criminally, were called together and given a chance to plead "not guilty" to the charge of criminal negligence. Several school children were killed by a locomotive which ran down the trolley car carrying the young people to school, and the cause of the accident was found to be the lack of sand in the sand-box of the car, which was brought into use when the car took a down grade, as it did when crossing the tracks in the path of the fast express. The men of action and resources convened at the time represented no less than a hundred millions of dollars, and were all leaders in various departments of the railroad industry, finance, and general progress. The court could not find any law by which the employers of the responsible workmen could be held, and they were discharged. The snapshot taken here shows the men as they were leaving the court room after their release. To the passer-by these men would attract very little attention, for there is seen an absolute lack of any distinguishing qualities, at least in appearance, whereby the possessors of millions and illimitable power in various industries differ from the common run of successful citizens. In fact, there are seen on Broadway every day of the week scores of more prosperous-looking people than these same millionaires who wield such a powerful influence upon the industries of the country.



From left to right the figures are: John D. Crimmins, David Young, A. J. Cassatt, E. B. Gaddes, and J. R. Shanley

The snapshot is interesting for the reason that it is seldom that men representing one hundred millions of capital are seen in a body on a public highway, even in New York, the Mecca of the crœsuses of the entire United States.

Mr. Crimmins is one of the largest contractors in the world, often undertaking public works on contract which require ten thousand men. He is one of the shrewdest financiers in the country, has been a Democratic presidential elector, and several times chosen as arbitrator in labor strikes. A. J. Cassatt is president of the Pennsylvania railroad and a native of Pittsburg. He was educated in Germany, and began work on the railroad as a rodman, working up to his present exalted position. The others are financiers, lawyers and men of affairs.

Aside from the merits of the case and the expediency of bringing these officials to task for the shortcomings of their employes, it is curious to compute that the loss of time means, on a basis of six per cent., an aggregate of no less than forty thousand dollars for the two days in court. This is one of the penalties of being rich.

by Google

Photograph by Anderson, San Francisco

Julia Crosby,
Of the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE?

By John L. Bissell

SOME old cynic said that there are two ways of learning all about a person: to marry, or else to travel with that person; for in matrimony and travel all the cantankerousness of human nature comes to the surface, like a sunken cadaver with the explosion of dynamite. I wish, however, to include another aspect of the situation—one in which the subject under consideration discloses still further hidden depths of incomprehensible nature—referring to the casual, commonplace sitter for a photograph.

Talk about the man behind the guns, and all that sort of thing; when it comes to downright patience, knowledge of humanity and unruffled serenity under any and all circumstances, the man behind the lens has the other man at a disadvan-

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Photograph by Hall, New York

Topsy Siegrist

tage. Taking a photograph is one of the easiest things in the world, since modern mechanism has brought the art down into the very ranks of amateurdom, and "so easy that a child can learn it." But when it comes to taking a good photograph—something unconventional, unique, speaking, attractive—something that causes the passer-by on old Broadway to stop and say to himself, "There is a real live person, expressing a real live idea in a real live manner!" you advance upward into the realm of art.

After thirty years of the business I feel still like an amateur, for the phases of human nature with which one meets every day—and indeed every hour of a busy day—are such as to offer a school for a man's strongest nerves and his most active ener-

Google

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

Elise de Vere,
Of "The Red Feather" Company

gies. There is in every stout and humble heart an inherent fear of the camera: it is as if the person were facing an audience. If he is not instantly afflicted with what the hunters call "buck fever," he goes to the other extreme and becomes absolutely ludicrous in the illusion that he is looking wise, dignified, smart, jovial, or too irresistible for anything. Elsewhere people will appear to entirely forget themselves—will hold themselves in natural reserve and literally be themselves—merely themselves. But before the camera I have known the most rugged old war-horse to prink like a filly at a county fair, and then blame the man behind the bulb for not making a more natural and dignified portrait.

People, too, have the common illusion that women are the only vain creatures on this earth; but I assure you, dear young ladies, it is a libel. As no man is a hero to his valet, and even Bismarck, so strenuous in battle, squirmed like a pinned beetle when in the dentist's chair, so it is the rare man who is altogether his biggest self

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Anna Held

Who presents Richepin's historical play, "Mam'selle Napoleon"

under the muzzle of a portrait lens. Depend upon it, the bravest, strongest, most fearless of the leaders of men will act under the camera like a trout once hooked when he sees the tell-tale rod and reel whip over his solitary castle of rock in the crystal stream. He ducks.

The Chinese have a great aversion to the camera, but not greater than the great American millionaire. As some people have a mania for "counterfeit presentments," and have their homes literally strewn with them as well as those of their friends, so the great financiers and the men who do the big things in national affairs are very wary of the shutter, and dodge like umpires at a scrub game if they think there is a random camera within range. The Chinese have the notion that a part and parcel of the very personality of the sitter passes into the picture, and that it is a sacrilege to see one's person thus battered about the world, thrown into ash heaps and otherwise degraded. It is therefore a difficult thing to get an Oriental to pose.

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THE MONTH'S STAGE IN NEW YORK

By Roland Burke Hennessy

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS"

"THREE Little Maids" was not by any means a brand-new piece when it came to Daly's Theatre. It had been produced seasons before in London, and yet on Broadway it gave every evidence of being fresh from the hands of the author-composer. This may partially be due to the fact that the players themselves were fresh in method, voice, and in their general stage deportment, suggesting a total lack of that exceedingly tired feeling which so often hovers around our native musical-comedy singers. Much of the refreshing success of "Three Little Maids," however, must be credited to Wilton Heriot, George Edwardes' representative, and the man who made the production for Mr. Frohman at Daly's Theatre. Mr. Heriot is a finished stagecraftsman.

London had been telling us for a long time that G. P. Huntley was its funniest man in or out of town. He came here with that handicap,—and it was a handicap, because the prospects of players of still greater renown had been surely killed by the over-enthusiastic and sometimes unwarranted praise they had received previous to their appearance here. New Yorkers like to make up their own minds about their amusements. There was no disappointment, however, in Mr. Huntley. As the noble if not brilliant example of a certain type of English male, he is the most irresistibly funny actor that London has ever sent us. The rôle itself does not help him out very much in his efforts, for it is far from a brilliant dramatic conception. It is purely the art of Mr. Huntley that makes *Lord Cheyne* a pleasant thing to have around the house.

"Three Little Maids" itself is light in story, music and lyrics. Paul Rubens is responsible for the whole mélange, which is in itself remarkable. Such songs as "You Men," "Algie," and "The Miller's Daughter" are the prettiest ditties that have been heard in New York this season. There's a purely musical-comedy flavor about "Three Little Maids" from start to finish. There is nothing of the heavy pretentiousness of the so-called musical comedy, which is really nothing more or less than extravaganza with a little music thrown in. The *Three Little Maids* themselves are played by the Misses May, Crichton and Mason. They are the very personification of English health, rosiness and honest mirth. They are not beauties and yet the man who could not fail in love with them individually and collectively, must have the heart of a door-mat.

Next to Mr. Huntley, the most artistic bit in the piece is contributed by Maurice M. Farkoa. He should open a school of singing in America and teach a few of our American singers how to render a song so that it will be musical and at the same time intelligible to the average listener.

Photograph by Marceau, New York

Jeannette Lowrie

Who made a hit as *Cynthia, the lunatic*, in "The Wizard of Oz" and who later is to become a musical-comedy star

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Olive Celeste Moore

Irene Carlisle

Mazie Raymond Fuguet

Anna Kaye

From photographs by Miner, Bushnell and Schloss

Four of the pretty girls in the Ziegfield production of "The Red Feather"

EDWARD HARRIGAN IN "UNDER COVER."

NEW YORK waited for the better part of a decade before it had the opportunity of seeing a new play by Edward Harrigan. It was not surprising, therefore, that entirely aside from the dramatic value of "Under Cover," his opening under the management of the Liebler Company at the Murray Hill Theatre became of considerable importance in local theatrical life.

It is not overstepping the exact truth to say that no star who has been seen in recent years received a heartier or a more unique reception than that accorded Mr. Harrigan and his associates at the Murray Hill. There was no question as to

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The Drum Major Octette in a special pose for Broadway Magazine

A Trio of Pretty Drum Major Girls
FROM "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON" AT BROADWAY THEATRE

Google

Otto Sarony Co

Ethel Rackett

Otto Sarony Co

Estelle Wentworth

Otto Sarony Co

Mlle. Troja

Otto Sarony Co

Minnie Whitmore

A QUARTETTE OF YOUNG STAGE WOMEN WHO ARE HELPING TO UPLIFT THE AMERICAN DRAMA

its genuineness. It was a tribute of affection from old New Yorkers, some middle-aged, and a few young ones, to that one man who has earned the title of Dean of the Local Drama.

"Under Cover" is typically Harriganian in every sense. It has plenty of plot and detail—in fact, a superabundance of it. This was always a trouble with the Harrigan pieces. It is quite evident that when writing a play, Harrigan always has more ideas than are required; but as he in-

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sists on using them all, the result sometimes is a trifle mystifying. However, this is not a damning criticism in these days of spindle-shanked dramatic structures of anæmic themes and stringy dialogue. In "Under Cover" there is that honest, direct and palpable dramatic method always characteristic of the Harrigan plays. There is nothing subtle about Harrigan as a playwright. Then, too, we have the same juxtaposition of African and Celtic temperaments. The negro and the Irishman are forever fighting in the Harrigan play, and no doubt they will never stop. In "Under Cover," Joseph Sparks and Dan Collyer furnish enough amusement for a half dozen plays, although they would probably not particularly appeal to the deacons of an African M. E. Church.

Harrigan himself is still dry and, like his play, direct. It is as if the playwright-author scorned the lie, dramatically or otherwise. When, for instance, as a ward leader he wants to retain the leadership, he says he is going to buy the necessary votes, and that's the end of it.

Mrs. Yeamans has her old rôle as a widow who is ready to become a wife again. She looks almost as young as her daughters—and that isn't a backhanded slap at the Misses Yeamans, either.

Jennie Yeamans in the rôle of a poor drab of the gutter, contributes the most artistic bit in the whole piece. It is really a sort of monologue that Harrigan has given her. She sings a song about "The Fringe of Society," which is both tuneful and satirical, and at the end there are a tear and a sob in every line. And then there is a moment or two in which the outcast shows a remorse that is not maudlin. It is a moment that wets the eyes. The lines are few, but as delivered by Miss Yeamans, are sufficient to show that by indirectness of purpose and a rolling-stone method in her stage career, we have lost an emotional actress of the greatest power. And even now, with "Under Cover" as a beginning, it is not too late for some manager to take hold of Miss Yeamans and to make another Clara Morris of her—only Jennie Yeamans strikes a note of pathos that Clara Morris in her day could not have reached. H.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans

Who once again returns to New York under a Harrigan regime. She is playing an important rôle in "Under Cover," at the Murray Hill Theatre

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CHARLES WARNER, IN "DRINK"

AFTER playing the part of the inebriated gentleman for a period of twenty years, it is no wonder that Charles Warner, who appears in the Charles Reade adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir" at the Academy, should be able to impress the horrors of the evil on a susceptible audience. In England, where there is much more liquor consumed than in almost the entire western hemisphere, and where drunkenness is rife to such a shocking extent, it is doubtless necessary to drive home a pretty strong lesson in order to make the confirmed inebriate see the evil of his ways and reform. However, I do not believe that Mr. Warner has any desire to work a temperance homily on the public, any more than Mr. Mansfield in "Beau Brummell" desires to inculcate manners and revive old-time genuflexions. Nevertheless the lesson is a strong one, and many a man has come away from the play with the avowed intention of never entering again upon the dangerous and besotted highway that leads through the thirteen miles of saloon, which New York boasts, straight to perdition.

The setting of "Drink" is superb and impressive, and there is the English feature of pessimism which makes a horrible death the dénouement of the play, rather than, as in Harrigan's drama of metropolitan life—"Under Cover"—

the signing of the pledge the beginning of a drink-victim's new life. The cast is even, and the chance for a great run through the various states after it has sufficiently impressed New York, is certain. It is not a play for the inebriate alone, not even the Keeleyized regenerate. As a play it has all the necessary situations and climaxes which go to show that it is a masterpiece of melodrama of the class it represents. It is a drama for everybody

"PEGGY FROM PARIS" AT WALLACK'S

HENRY W. SAVAGE appears to have the ambition of making a year-round series of theatrical attractions that shall be a sort of perennial box-office recuperation in spite of whirlwinds, torrid summers or the snows of winter. "The Prince of Pilsen" ran through the summer at the Broadway, and "The Sultan of Sulu" sought the breeze-swept beach, but continued to pour a comforting flow of yellow-backs into the Forty-third street exchequer, and now the Savage winter season is on us with "Peggy from Paris," which has been doing excellently well throughout the New England states, and particularly in Boston where it had a long summer run. George Ade, he of the facile slang and the merry quip, is the librettist, while William Loraine takes the laurel for whatever is brilliant in the music—and there is a deal of the latter, too.

Edward Harrigan

Who returns to New York at the head of his own company, which comprises the principals of the organization he made famous years ago

"Peggy from Paris" is village from every standpoint—and prairie village at that—with village dignitaries, village sopranos and tenors, village orators, poets, humorists, yokels, cooks, actors, et cetera, with ambitious novice society leaders and embryonic members of congress on the side. There are many pretty musical hits in "Peggy from Paris," and some of the songs are such as become piano-organ favorites later—which after all, from a standpoint of popularity, is no small compliment.

George Ade could not write stupidly if he tried, and the spontaneity of his humor is true to the country he depicts and the spirit of the slashing, strenuous, joke-loving West whence he hails. "Peggy from Paris" will succeed throughout the country, in spite of its rather too insistent *locale*.

THE COST OF AN ORCHESTRA SEAT

AND now the cry, Why do theatrical managers charge $2.50 each for a parquet seat in New York when a first-class attraction is offered, when $1.50 is all that a Boston theatre-goer is compelled to pay? The answer is obvious. New York is, considered from the standpoint of the footlights, the most extravagant city in the world. Ten years ago the expense of putting on a first-class production was about ten thousand dollars, and if a manager exceeded this, he was regarded as a reckless plunger. Nowadays, however, all is different. Magnificent productions costing from thirty to seventy thousand dollars are matters of no especial financial comment, and while the rents in New York exceed anything this side of the pearly gates, the army of skilled men required to produce a great show is twice and sometimes thrice as well paid on an average as the same class in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago or 'Frisco. After all, the greatest reason why managers charge more here than they can get elsewhere is the fact that the public pays this price without so much as a casual grumble, except in the case of an occasional out-of-towner; for the New Yorker's strenuous existence means that he must get his

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Scene from the new Ade Musical Company, "Peggy From Paris," at Wallack's Theatre

recreation at any cost and he does not hesitate at the best.

MRS. LANGTRY, IN "MRS. DEERING'S DIVORCE"

AT last it would appear that the Jersey Lily, who has been renowned throughout the world as the perennial beauty, has found a play in which she could show that she has something more to bank on than the charm of physical beauty and the personal friendship of His Majesty King Edward. In "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" Mrs. Langtry has a really good play by an author little known in this country, but displaying the qualities of an excellent stage training. Mrs. Langtry has heretofore been rather handicapped in the matter of acceptable plays, but in the Fendall comedy she finds her level; and it is a high one.

The story is a simple one, as the woof and warp of all good plays are—the situation of a divorced woman who, when she discovers that her ex-husband is about to marry another, finds out that she really loves him herself, even though the courts have freed her from the bonds of matrimony. Paul Arthur, who is an acceptable actor at any time and place, and who can be depended upon to set a high standard and live up to it, is Mrs. Langtry's support.

Scene from "A Princess of Kensington"

Cecil Engelhart and Richie Ling are the lovers on the bench

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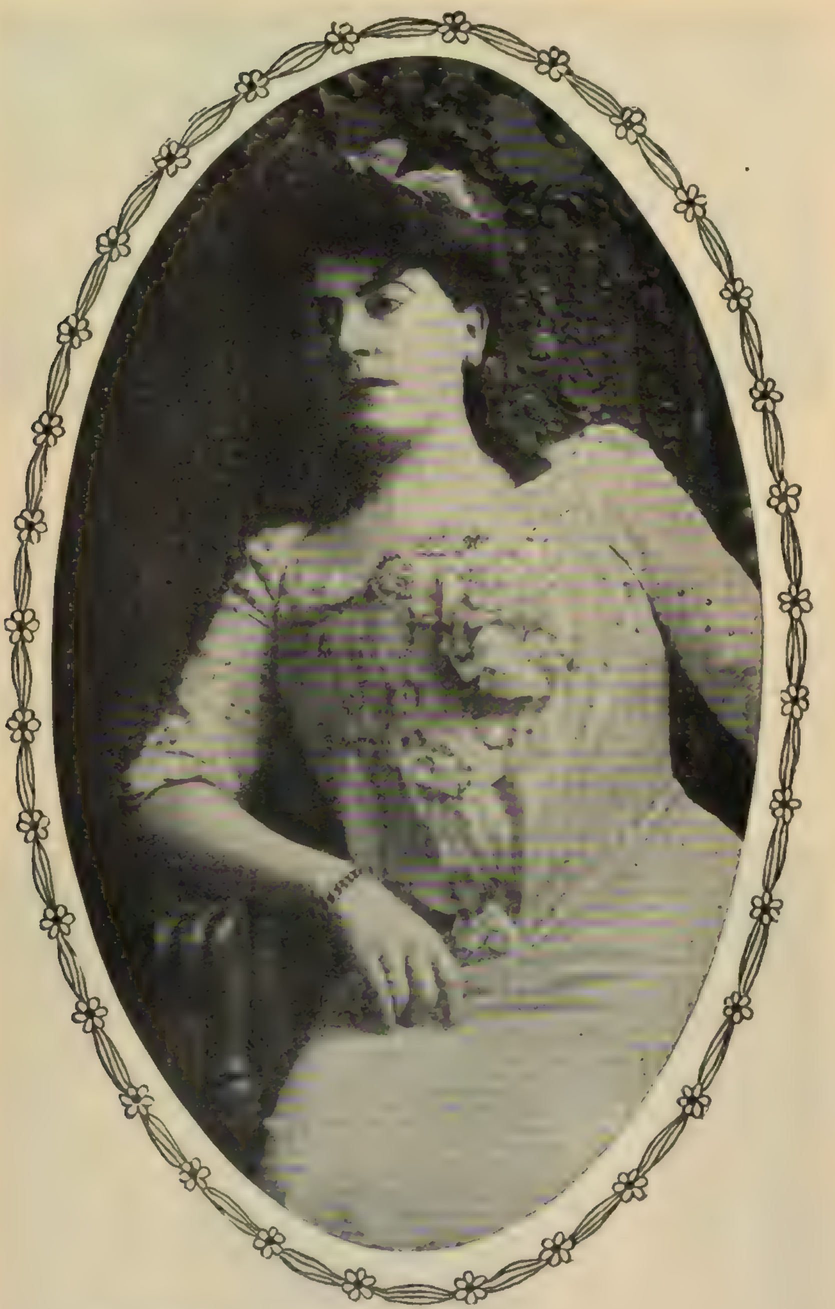

From a Photograph by Chase, Chicago, Ill.

Lillian Hale Emery

Who recently made a big hit in the Eastern company playing "Why Women Sin," at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, New York City. Miss Emery is a handsome young woman, who, although on the stage only a short time, has already made her mark. She undoubtedly will be heard from in no uncertain manner during the coming season.

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THE PLAYER WHO HAS INFLUENCED MY CAREER

A SYMPOSIUM OF CANDOR AND GRATITUDE FROM SOME OF OUR FAMOUS PLAYERS, WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE

DAVID WARFIELD

IT seems to me, that this question admits of but one reply. The true artist cannot and will not admit that another, no matter how great, has been his model. Nature and the study of methods that convey an impression of nature are the teachers par excellence. The rest is temperament, endowment, talent, genius, anything one chooses to call it; but it must mean one interprets for one's self, according to one's observation of the natural, or it means absolutely nothing but a base imitation.

What is called tradition is no more than imitation, and so frequent have these imitations become, even in the most unimportant details of stage business, that when a man or woman has the courage to break away from them either by accident or art, he or she is declared a genius.

An extraordinary event has taken place. A man appears before the footlights who has not been influenced. He is not necessarily great or a genius. He is simply a student of nature.

Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse each in her own way has gone close, close to human nature to solve the problem of its motives and modes of expression. Both are great, both are natural. Both have upon the stage innumerable imitators, and the imitators have in their turn a small procession of copyists who do not even know the name or work of their original model. A hundred years ago some student of the natural selected a certain manner of conveying a certain impression—that of entering a room, for instance, for the purpose of upbraiding a treacherous woman. His manner has crystallized into a rigid tradition bereft of the motive that gave it life and magnetism.

I am not willing to admit that my work, whatever its quality may be, has been influenced by any other work, however superior the other may have been, but I am more than willing to confess that I have been deeply moved, that I have received indelible impressions that have created certain beautiful memories which I hold almost sacred.

The *Hamlet* of Edwin Booth, which I saw as a young man, is as fresh in my mind as though it were an occurrence of yesterday. The poetry and music of his delivery, the marvelous art with which he established a complete understanding between himself and his audience—who can describe it? Who could, even if one would, imitate it?

The *Louis XI* of W. E. Sheriden was a powerful, thrilling interpretation—not so subtle perhaps as the work of Booth, but equally unforgetable.

One sees many actors and actresses. One remembers but a few. Miss Annie Russell, with her exquisite repose, dainty certainty, and her marvelous power of conveyance, is a continual delight and refreshment.

What is this gift of personality that gives one little figure, silent and timid, the power to dominate a situation?

It is the heaven-born gift—the endowment of the player. It has no name. It cannot be taught. It is never successfully imitated. I do not believe in methods, in traditions, in schools of acting. I hardly believe in 'influence.' Nature alone is worthy of imitation. Nature may make of her disciple an actor she will never create an imitator. As a general thing, we actors are so busy acting in the daytime that at night we are tired out.

BLANCHE BATES

I HAVE no hesitation in admitting that Miss Ada Rehan, equally great in her interpretations and in her technique, has had a profound and ineffaceable influence upon my stage work. Long before I had ever known her except by reputation, I became absorbed in her progress and impersonations, reading and listening to every available criticism, for the very excellent reason that for years I was given all the Ada Rehan rôles in the San Francisco stock company of which I was leading woman. What Miss Rehan did in her parts, and her manner of doing it, were to me matters of vital importance. Indeed, she was continually held up before me as my model and inspiration.

When I finally reached New York, I made it my first duty to secure seats in the gallery for Miss Rehan's performance of "The Country Girl." It was a momentous occasion. I was at last to be brought in judgment upon the art of a model whom I had reverenced with a sort of hero worship. I was not disappointed. I was overwhelmed with admiration by the marvelous assimilation of technique and art. My already long experience in a stock company had taught me the value of both qualities being in harmony. I saw "The Country Girl" every night for the entire season. I worshipped in silence at the throne of the incomparable Miss Rehan.

I am still in an attitude of profound admiration. How many of us realize that Miss Rehan is the only *Katherine* and *Lady Teazle* of this generation? So far is this true that no one has the temerity to attempt either of the two rôles. One can but hope that this brilliant woman will once more return to the stage with her old-time glory. We can hardly afford to lose those who have not been replaced.

I naturally feel that I owe much to my present stage manager, Mr. Belasco. But an actress under Mr. Belasco rarely feels as though he or she were managed or influenced. Mr. Belasco merely guides, directs, prunes. He refrains from laying down rigid rules. His methods vitalize and reanimate one's inspiration. He never pretends to furnish the inspiration or temperament. I think, however, that it is only when one is starting out, that one is really influenced; later on one merely absorbs.

I repeat, Miss Rehan was the guiding star of my first season.

WILLIAM COLLIER

AUGUSTIN DALY was the man who influenced my stage career most. Two other men in my profession, however, have filled me with great admiration of their realistic methods and artistic endeavor. Daly's absolute fidelity to art, his hatred of sham, and his genius in bring together all the minute details which go to make up a perfect whole, were impressed upon me all through the six years I was with him, and now, after a long lapse of time, I find his stage commands to his players dramatic axioms.

James Lewis, perhaps, influenced me more than any other actor. I was at the impressionable age when I watched him nightly from the wings at Daly's, and I afterward played many of his parts.

Lewis, you know, was the first character comedian in this country to appear on the stage without a red wig. Up to that time every man who played a funny character rôle had thought it necessary to dress it in a red wig and a red nose. Lewis used his common sense, instead of blindly following stage traditions.

Of the actors of to-day Nat Goodwin appeals to me more than any other comedian. Whatever Mr. Goodwin does he never strikes a wrong note. He is quiet, natural, graceful and easy, and yet he does not make the mistake of thinking that naturalism means Nature. To simulate Nature on the stage one must accentuate the situations, just as one makes up his face. If it is done artistically it looks natural from the front. If not, it is either a colorless piece of work, or mere blotches of color, brilliant in themselves, but bearing no relation to each other.

But when all is said about the influence of other actors, the man who succeeds in his profession must, to paraphrase the words of Pope a little,—Act well his own part without help of anyone; there all the honor lies.

LILY LANGTRY

AT the time of my first acquaintanceship with London as a young society woman, Henry Irving became and has since remained my standard and ideal of a great and noble actor. His art was a revelation. It initiated me into the possibilities of the histrionic, and when I had the exquisite pleasure of receiving Mr. Irving as a guest in my London home, I little thought that a few years later this great hero of the drama would interest himself in my career and give my aspirations the invaluable bulwark of his counsels and interest.

From the beginning, Sir Henry Irving encouraged, and I may say, guided me. Ah, me! I needed both encouragement and guidance in those days. I was determined to work seriously, to attain a certain goal; the world was determined to consider my career the caprice of a society woman.

I recall the rehearsals of "Antony and Cleopatra." Day after day I would perceive in the gloom of a private box the wonderful face of Mr. Irving, his eyes fixed intently on the scene, following my every movement. He would disappear as quietly as he came, but at the first opportunity he would drop in to see me, and in an informal chat he would let drop his priceless suggestions as to the best way of interpreting a certain line.

Another play of mine, "As in a Looking-glass," was subject to this kindly and beneficent influence. I owe much to Sir Henry Irving, both as a teacher and a friend.

I have also much to acknowledge of pleasure and profit to my young countryman Charles Hawtrey. His talents have been duly recognized in this country. John Hare, as well, has commanded my strongest admiration for his quiet, realistic, convincing methods. Art of this kind, especially since I have been in the profession, appeals to me even more than that other sort, of the melodrama.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey rehearsed my present production in London, and has attended our final rehearsals in this city. I could certainly give no deeper proof of my admiration.

GRACE GEORGE

I SHALL never forget a certain gloomy period in my life, my first season of barn-storming, when the company of which I was a member was stranded in Helena, Montana—or perhaps it was Butte. At any rate, it was midwinter. I was sitting alone that evening in my very small, cheap room—it was bitterly cold, too—in a cheap hotel, wondering whether the remittance for which I had written would reach me the next morning. I happened to pick up the daily paper and noticed that Minnie Maddern was playing that evening at the only theatre in town. I was lonely and cold. I had never heard of Minnie Maddern, but a play would take me away from my gloomy thoughts, and I determined to present my card at the door. I did not for a moment dream of committing the extravagance of purchasing a ticket. I waded through a blinding snowstorm, and finally, chilled to the bone, reached the theatre. It was brilliantly lighted, as are all the places of amusement in these western towns. The little lobby was crowded with men; they looked like giants, big, brawny ungroomed giants—another peculiarity of western towns. These giants are as gentle as lambs, I found out afterward, but they appeared very ferocious to my young eyes that stormy evening long ago.

"No go, Miss," said the doorkeeper when I

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showed him my card. I quailed with shame, opened my purse and bought a ticket with my last dollar.

That evening I saw Minnie Maddern. I sat spellbound before the revelation of an art of whose existence I was until that moment ignorant. I did not know that realism existed on the stage. My schooling, my ideals were formed by the old stilted and studied melodramatic methods. "Why, she speaks like a natural human being—she's not acting. She's living!" I kept repeating to myself. Then I suddenly realized that I was all wrong, that my standards were false, and that this woman, who was living her rôles, was all right. That evening I was born over again. I became a new being in my work. I grasped the great truth, that one must act from within, that the "without" is only business.

This new birth I owe to Mrs. Fiske, and, gladly pay my debt of grateful acknowledgment even at this late day.

SADIE MARTINOT

I CONSIDER it a great privilege to realize that I owe my entire stage training to that wonderful personality, that man of unique temperament and genius, Dion Boucicault.

To him the acquirement of any one art meant an understanding of all. To be brought under his influence was to receive the benefit of a liberal education, to be instructed at the very fountainhead of a big human nature whence all other human nature was surveyed with native shrewdness and marvelous kindness. This was Dion Boucicault, the man and the artist.

Under his guidance I visited the art galleries of Europe. I studied languages and literature. I devoted myself to the development of my musical aptitude by a study of the great classics. If one wished to sing a French chansonette with art, it was Mr. Boucicault's idea that one should have a knowledge of the best and noblest in musical literature. I owe what may well be called "the joy of living," to the broad and versatile training I received under his watchful eye. Perhaps it is this versatility, this love of all art, that prevents me from placing too much importance upon one. I am as happy with a pencil and a new thought as I am with a new and congenial rôle. There are moments when my piano fills my life to overflowing. To devote one's energies to any one art to the exclusion of another has always seemed to me a cultivation of a "limitation," a lopping off of the branches of a tree in order that one may be more fruitful.

Yet this broad view of all art did not lessen Mr. Boucicault's extraordinary attention to detail. I recall with vividness the long and irksome hours he spent in teaching me how to open and close a door, in a certain rôle, so that I should convey the impression of entering the room without noise. This is only one of many other examples.

In my study, next to the portrait of Dion Boucicault, hangs another where I pay my daily homage, the portrait of that incomparable genius, Eleanora Duse, the high priestess in the temple of the modern drama.

To Dion Boucicault I owe the possibilities of a soul capable of understanding and reverencing the art of a Duse.

The Misses McCoy as *The Snowflake Sisters.*
Carter de Haven as *Pierrepont Grimes.*
Louis Mann as *Pilsener Hofbrau.*
Lew M. Fields as *Meyer Schmartzgeezer.*
Joseph M. Weber as *Suppegreens.*

SCENE FROM THE LATEST WEBER & FIELDS PRODUCTION

This is the scene in which Louis Mann, as the hotel proprietor, bewails the loss of his dear old friend, the hen, which has been served to guests at the hotel. With choked utterance and wringing hands, Mr. Mann tells the good qualities of the hen which has been in his family these five years agone. At first the diners are amused, then annoyed, and finally, losing appetite as the age of the venerable bird is drummed into their ears, they depart from the table, leaving the roast for the benefit of the three hungry conspirators. This is one of the oddest conceits in "Whoop-Dee-Doo," the new Weber & Fields offering by Edgar Smith. It may not be the highest art, but it certainly is funny—and fun is what is principally aimed at on this particular stage.

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Mrs. Carter

From one of her most effective photographs take by Sarony, New York

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS ON THE STAGE

By Mrs. Leslie Carter

INSPIRATION or instruction, soul or system, the art which conceals art, or the art which instantaneously attracts and arrests appreciation—which is more to be desired? Which of the two leads more rapidly to success on the stage? In other words, which is more necessary to the woman of histrionic aspirations—temperament or application?

Frankly, the one lesson in the ultimate triumph of any great actress has been to enforce the fact that a method all technique or a method all talent is either one or the other inadequate, and often

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Another Sarony portrait of Mrs. Carter

likely to work out in close proximity to the ludicrous. It is not only of the younger, newly discovered stars that it is explained, when a failure to twinkle makes explanation necessary, that "they were not suited to the part." Actresses of acknowledged standing and very considerable ability are obliged often to avail themselves of the same excuse.

My own master, Mr. David Belasco, considers the possession of temperament an absolute necessity, the gift par excellence, without which a dramatic career is an impossibility. But granting that the gods endow one with the artistic nature, with intuition, even with inspiration—these great, grand gifts would lead to race suicide for the profession if depended upon alone. There must be a combination of heart and head. Intellect inviting intuition, then inspecting it; inspiration born of instruction, and proven on the instant by acquired insight in one's own life and the life of those around one—this is the secret of success.

Mr. Belasco's method is the only one I know, and his method makes it imperative not only that there shall be study, and constant study, of great

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parts, but also that there shall be a study of life, a continual endeavor to conserve experience and the method of expression which it invokes.

Much has been written—mainly nonsense—of those years when I was preparing myself for my present career under the wonderful tuition of my manager and teacher. Let me say right now, that the rehearsals of a Belasco play are not so strictly private that only a few of those connected directly or indirectly with the star have seen the master and author at work. His method is simplicity itself, but to comply with all its requirements—that is not quite so simple.

"You have just discovered that you are in love," he says. "The 'business' in your part has been omitted intentionally at this point. Supply it yourself—now!"

As far as I am personally concerned, as I recall those years of preparation I understand that they were one long, uninterrupted rehearsal. I lived with my dear mother; the bond between us was very close, and no one knew this better than my tutor, yet a certain day that Mr. Belasco came to our little apartment is indelibly impressed upon my memory as an example of his stringent yet wonderful manner of teaching a lesson.

He sat down and for a moment or two looked at me gravely and silently. I was beginning to feel nervous when he suddenly said. "Suppose I told you that your mother was dead, how would you act?"

Heroic measures if you will; call them what you like. Yet here is a point which I would make, for the very reason that the measures are heroic· let a woman, young, inexperienced, undisciplined, ask herself before she undertakes the study of dramatic art, whether she is able and willing to bear them It takes not only heroic health, but a soul nerved to heroic tests. The master can but heat the metal in the crucible. Time alone will prove whether it be pure or base. A teacher of the drama, Mr. Belasco, for instance, has given his same marvelous methods to many; how few of the many have had the courage to serve the necessary apprenticeship to realize his ideals, to present the idea as he has seen it in the marble ere he commenced to chisel!

The foot-rule of mere popularity should never be applied to an artist who has won her triumph, even though it be the triumph of genius, through years of unremitting labor. The verdict of a large audience through a long season is the voice of the people. Popularity is denied to intellect alone. It is denied as well to irresponsible inspiration. It is not enough that a part should be lived. It is necessary that it should be lived so that the intelligence of an audience knows that it is being lived. In "Zaza," for instance, and equally in "Du Barry," there are certain emotions, certain phases of thought that appeal directly to women—as women. Not—please take note—as ladies, nor merely as salesladies, but as women. Rich and poor, workers and idlers, refined and unrefined, they must recognize something, respond to some common chord in character, in constitution. Strong scenes must be sane. They represent not only physical strength, but study. It is study, study, study crystallized into artistic atmosphere.

An actress who "brings down the house" in a great scene has not merely done what she could do with the part; she has done what others know they would have been obliged to do had they been given the ability and the opportunity to portray in public what they have often felt, and in imaginary rehearsals, at which no manager assisted, have to themselves expressed. "I know just why she did that," is the thought that must continually flash from the audience to the stage. "And so do I." must reply the actress. "Business" has to be evolved from the inner consciousness if it is to be recognized instantaneously as being real and compelling. A stage manager may teach the motions, but behind the motions are the motives; and after all is said and done, it is these motives which result in the motions which appeal.

Any discussion of the secrets of success would be inadequate were failure made to call attention to the commanding quality of a well-trained voice. The possibilities of a voice, with its inflections appealing to so many emotions, must be perfected by the most careful methods. Here again is a lesson to be mastered by any earnest girl who is willing to work in order to succeed on the stage. Study, study always, study to satisfy, and still more, study because the real artist is never satisfied.

And so the last secret appears to be the same as the first—study.

THE BALLET DANCER AT HOME

By Marie Bonfanti

The Famous Grand Opera Danseuse

THE home life of the ballet dancer—one who is a true artist—must be a sacrifice to her art. She is debarred from many pleasures. She must renounce many of those little happy details of life that the average person enjoys without thought. She must walk, she must dine, she must sleep according to certain prescribed rules, for beyond all else she must retain the beauty of her figure and the elasticity of her muscles. Once these are lost, while she may still be in possession of the soul of her art, she will have lost the medium of expression.

Artiste! Is it strange that a ballet dancer should call herself an artiste? Is it strange that she should place herself on an equality with the great interpreters of song and drama?

In this country perhaps, where one dances as our peasants, our children of nature dance, without rule or guidance; but in France and Italy—those great centres of true art—the ballet is con-

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sidered a classic. Its interpreter is looked upon with reverence. The training that is given in the schools of ballet is one that comprises a liberal education; indeed, it covers a period of ten years.

I entered the school of ballet of Carlo De Blasis—the greatest of all ballet masters in Milan, Italy—a child of nine. I left with my diploma, a young woman of nineteen. I entered an ignorant little girl barely able to print my name. I left with a much better idea of history, literature and music than many women of wealth and high social position.

So when one would speak of the home life of the ballet dancer, one must also remember that she is generally a woman who, through a long course of training, is well poised, serious, cultured and imbued with noble and high standards.

We have as a matter of necessity a fine musical training. From our childhood we have assisted at the great operas. We have listened to and criticized the most distinguished singers of the world. We have absorbed as our daily nourishment the works of the great masters. Melody and the dance are inseparable, and much of the most exquisite music in an opera is devoted to the ballet intermezzo.

Thus in our little homes you will find books and music. I myself am a good musician. I find a great happiness in playing over those familiar melodies which I have so often heard interpreted by a Sembrich or a Schumann-Heink. When we are at liberty, we go to the theatre to enjoy a fine dramatic representation, or we are found in the concert hall. But beyond all else we love our home, and we struggle from the beginning to own the little shelter where we expect to end our days when our—alas! too short—career in public has ended.

In Italy it is not so difficult to purchase a modest villa surrounded by a pretty garden. We receive the salaries of artists, for as a class we are jealous of our rights, and in Europe the ballet is given a place of great importance in all our operatic representations. Indeed, a ballet is oftentimes given as a separate performance. In this country I am quite sure this has never been done. In New York, therefore, we must satisfy our love of home life by renting a little apartment with as much sunlight as possible, for which we pay a big sum of money. Every morning, during the season of opera, we must go to the opera house to rehearse the dances of the week's repertoire. The oriental ballet of "Aïda" is very different from the ballet of "Faust," or that of "Tannhauser," for instance. Upon our return we must rest for a few hours. We must sleep. It would be a crime against our training and our traditions if we did not make every effort to appear young.

In this country, even our soloists cannot afford the luxury of a carriage, but in our country many of our class own an unpretentious little fiacre in which we daily take an airing—always, always in the sunlight. We are not great pedestrians. It is not wise for us to walk too much, for it is apt to spoil the shape of our feet, and our training already gives us sufficient exercise. Here in New York we ride in the trolley car—a doubtful pleasure, with its clanging of bells and electrical jolts that set one's nerves on edge.

Mme. Bonfanti

A world famous danseuse and a dancing teacher of wide renown

People who are unacquainted with the facts concerning our daily training have the idea that the more we use our feet in the ordinary way, and enjoy romping, jumping, sports and pedestrianism, the stronger the muscles of our feet and lower limbs become. This may be true in a measure, but strength is not all in dancing. There is first of all great skill, suppleness and such rapidity of motion that the eye cannot follow. The muscles of women are long and fast, compared with the masculine muscles, which are short, knotty and slower, while being much stronger. For that reason women make the best dancers, for ballet work requires the rapidity of the panther and the poise of a juggler balancing a feather. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if the skilled *danseuse* overcame the very laws of nature by appearing to poise for some few seconds in mid air. This can only be attained by the severest training on regular diet, and by attention to hygiene.

As a matter of fact we cultivate the greatest sobriety in our repasts. In that regard we have been so strictly schooled that it is a fixed habit, and we are continually amazed at the curious manner in which the average person breakfasts and dines. We do not marvel that those around us are constantly ill. We enjoy superb health. We live to an advanced age, and since all mankind loves to live, I give as a final word this advice: If you wish to be a centenarian, become a ballet dancer.

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MISS DORA DE FILLIPPÉ

LATE OF THE "PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON" COMPANY

BORN and brought up abroad, yet American in sentiment and charm, Miss Dora de Fillippé, recently of "The Princess of Kensington" Company, at the Broadway Theatre, has fallen into fortune in New York and bids fair to become a feature. She has an exquisite voice, trained in the best method, and has passed her apprenticeship along the severe lines of the European standards in vogue in capitals like Berlin, Paris and Vienna, where one hears only the best music developed conscientiously after the best models. Miss de Fillippé sang in grand opera before she came to America, but she has abandoned grand for comic opera, for the time being, at least, finding the work more congenial and less wearing on the body and voice.

Miss de Fillippé is young and ambitious, but she has entire control of her talents and knows her limitations. She is not striving after any "Parsifal" rôles or attempting things that are away beyond her range of voice and her physical stature. She is petite and vivacious—the *Nanon* type rather than the *Brunhilde*. She has much personal magnetism, and her slight accent gives her an additional charm. Miss de Fillippé's rôle in "A Princess of Kensington" was particularly adapted to her. It offered opportunities to the sprightly, vivacious and knowing little star whose chief province is to keep the audience interested at all times. This she succeeded in doing admirably, being possessed of a pleasing face, an arch smile and a manner at once coy and wise in human nature. She will undoubtedly become a Broadway fixture, as she has contributed in an unmistakable way to the success of "A Princess of Kensington," in which she made such a distinct impression.

Two new portraits of Dora de Fillippé

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The destruction of the steamship *Bremen* in North River

FIRE-FIGHTING IN NEW YORK

By William S. Satterlee

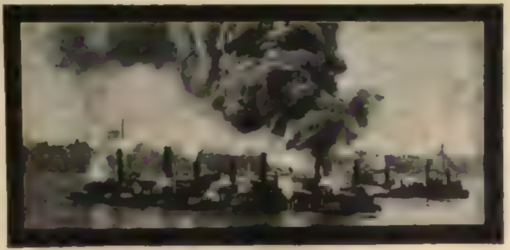
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER P. ROBERTSON, NEW YORK

FIRE is hard enough to fight under ordinary circumstances, but under those which are regarded as extraordinary, it is difficult indeed. The floating fire department of the City of New York exceeds in size and efficiency that of any other city of the country. There are several fire-tugs whose special duty it is to answer all calls, and not only send powerful streams into a fire-stricken ship or upon any one of the hundreds of docks laden with precious freight, but also serve as floating hook-and-ladder companies, as it were, dragging the burning barques into mid stream where as little damage as possible may be done by contact with other vessels, with big warehouses and other buildings.

An oiltank-ship burning on East River

A ship going down in clouds of smoke

There are many such fires every year, and some of them are historical for their horror, as for instance, the burning of the Hoboken docks and the three trans-Atlantic liners which were partially or totally destroyed some months since, and wherein several sailors perished, being roasted alive in the hold of their vessels. In this case the fire-tugs rendered great service by rescuing victims, and by dragging the great steamships into the wide river where other vessels would not suffer by contact. It is a hard life that the fire-laddies of the tugs lead, but they seem to enjoy it, for all its peril, and every man is a hero. The system is part of the metropolitan fire department, one of the most efficient in the world.



Fighting fire on a merchantman, New York Bay

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Kathryn Osterman

The season's new star in "Miss Petticoats"

Miss Osterman is at present touring the country in a dramatization of "Miss Petticoats," one of the successful novels of last season. "Miss Petticoats" has been adapted for stage use by George T. Richardson, a well-known Boston journalist. The critics have generally agreed that Miss Osterman in the title rôle gives a performance that shows the temperament and finish of the true artist.

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IT is one thing to combat persistent rumors and another thing to ignore them as being practically impregnable. People in high offices see every day certain prejudices and delusions taking hold of the great populace and sticking with the deadly grip of the poison ivy to the oak, and rather than attempt to lop them off in their prime, foreseeing the impossible, allow them to stand. For instance, someone started the rumor that Mrs. Roosevelt, recognized as "the first lady in the land," clothed herself on a modest three hundred dollars a year, and, as Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is quoted as remarking, "she looked it." Democracy takes rabid phases in certain quarters where Jeffersonian simplicity means economy to the point of niggardliness. There is no doubt that many of the gowns worn by Mrs. Roosevelt as hostess at the White House cost three times as much as is quoted as her yearly expenditure on her wardrobe, but that makes no difference with the rumor-fiends. Mrs. Roosevelt knows better than to disclose her modiste's and milliner's bills to refute the "$300" rumor—she just laughs it away, as far as she is personally concerned. She knows what a stickler for illusions human nature is, and that she will go down in history as the "three-hundred-dollar-wardrobe hostess of the White House," in spite of all opposition, for every lady in the land will have it that way, and that's the end of it.

THE Wagner opera "Parsifal" has been the one theme of discussion in musical circles ever since impressario Heinrich Conreid vowed to prove himself the successor of Maurice Grau as man-at-the-helm of the Metropolitan Opera. While he believes in maintaining the traditions of the composer, he believes likewise that his works are the property of the world, rather than a little handful of people, headed by Frau Cosima Wagner, who, in spite of her allegations to the contrary, has been reaping huge rewards from a practical monopoly. Mr. Conreid has the thanks of the public for breaking down a stupid Teuton barrier which, but for him, would have prevented thousands of the admirers of Wagner from ever seeing the supreme work of the great composer at all, since only a comparatively small handful of real music lovers can travel many thousand miles to hear an opera. It is said that every seat occupied by Americans in the great barn-like place in Beyreuth costs, expenses and all, about eight hundred dollars. Even Metropolitan Opera prices, stiff as they are, represent exceeding economy when compared to this. Herr Conreid represents true American spirit, which is that just combination of sentiment and commerce which works to the best interests of the greatest number.

DURING the recent crisis in Wall Street, when a panic was narrowly averted, a well-known broker amused his friends by telling them of his only woman customer—a friend of the family, a widow, with one son, in receipt of a comfortable income from her late husband's estate—a tale illustrative of the fetichism of the Street upon women of all classes. She had dealt furtively in stocks till she had lost about twenty thousand dollars, and then came to the "friend of the family" for relief. He berated her soundly and told her to get out of the market or she would be ruined. She refused, and he undertook to recoup her fortunes and actually netted her seven thousand dollars, this time actually ordering her to go home and be contented. She did so for two days, but came back looking like a wreck. "I have not slept an hour since I left you," she said, "and look at my hands! I have discharged my servants and have been at the wash-tubs since four o'clock this morning, to save $1.25 toward more margin on P., D. & Q., and I want you to invest for me, for I am sure I shall win; and I vow I won't leave the Street till I have got back all I lost and more besides—so there!" Thereupon the broker called up the son, a sensible fellow, told him all, and within two hours he had his mother on board a twelve-day steamer for Europe. As it happened it was a godsend, for if she had been allowed to remain there another month, she would have gone back to her tubs penniless. Such are the ravages of the gambling bacillus in some quarters of this great metropolis, where the wise ones are few, the lambs many, and the insane asylums demanding a hundred thousand dollars a year more annually for their maintenance.

IT is a significant thing that Tod Sloan, the youth who rode to a winning many a Handicap, Derby and Grand Prix thoroughbred, and whose income was as much as that of the President of these United States, should now, after having tried successively the careers of horse-owner, book-maker and plunger, be compelled, at an age when most young men are gathering together their first thousand dollars by hard labor, to accept a jockey rôle in a race-track scene in a metropolitan drama. The ways of the jockey are hard, but there is a lesson in the career of Sloan, who, as a mere youth, has been petted by princes of royal houses, and without the sober judgment of years, given prerogatives and fortune on fortune to squander or save, as suited his wish and will. Tod Sloan is new to the histrionic profession, but there is hope that this fresh career will lighten the disillusion and adversities that have followed his disastrous enterprises, all following upon his own successes and consequent upon his errors in judgment. A few years ago Sloan would have received an offer to pose before the footlights in melodrama, with scorn. To-day he is only too glad to accept it. Such are the vicissitudes of the paddock and the followers thereof.

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KEEPING CRIMINALS OUT OF NEW YORK

By John Lederhilger

Former Chief of Registry Division, Ellis Island

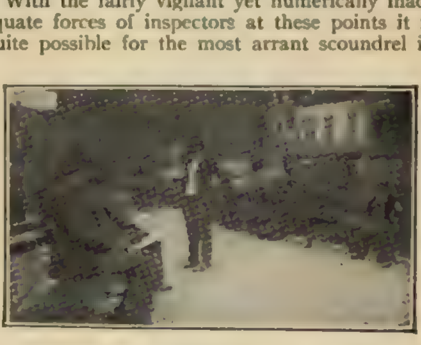
HALF a million foreigners rap for admission at Uncle Sam's doors every year. Of these about four-fifths are aliens. Of the latter barely one per cent. are deported as undesirable guests or citizens-to-be by adoption. It is probable that under the strict interpretation of the law twenty per cent. instead of one per cent. should be deported. The law provides that the immigrant shall never have been convicted of a crime, shall not violate the Contract Labor laws, is not likely to become a public charge, shall be sound in body and mind, shall be possessed of sufficient funds to face a new condition of affairs in a new world, and shall be deported for any shortcomings that in the estimation of the Board of Special Review demand it.

It is a menacing fact that whereas the surveillance which was deemed sufficient for the service a few years ago is growing more and more inadequate, not only on account of the increasing numbers of the immigrant army coming to our shores—thirty-six per cent. last year over the previous year—but on account of the constantly lower standard of illiteracy, pauperism and general undesirableness of the immigrants, giving us a class of people who are ruled by impulses rather than reason. In spite of our compact with certain foreign governments with regard to their pauper and criminal classes, America is fast becoming the dumping-ground for the riffraff of Europe, and while apparently upholding the international code, continental governments are secretly unloading on us their burdens of indigence and crime.

The new century opened up a very grave problem. It will ere long be compulsory to face this condition of affairs with an exercise of the wisest judgment and the promptest measures toward self-protection, for it is already an anomaly which is engaging the best minds and will call for summary action on the part of the national Congress. Not only is New York a port of entry to thousands every month, who should be deported as unlikely to be found worthy of citizenship, but all points along the Canadian and Mexican borders are needles' eyes through which those who fear to face the Board of Review at some of the great ports of entry—perhaps having once or twice been rejected by the latter body—make their way in.

Stowaway criminals under arrest

With the fairly vigilant yet numerically inadequate forces of inspectors at these points it is quite possible for the most arrant scoundrel in Europe to effect an entrance, and once here to remain. Moreover, there are societies and confederations on both sides of the water which make it part of their business to bring their members across the sea and insure their landing, in spite of evidence against them, securing the best legal talent oftentimes and spending a deal of money to accomplish the desired end, all of which expenditure must be made up at usurious rates by the criminal who makes prey of the citizens of his new country by adoption, and sooner or later becomes a public charge.



An anarchist exhorting in the heart of the Italian quarter

Prevention in these matters is worth a vast deal of penal correction. We shall be compelled to pursue the general continental policy, which makes it compulsory for one passing from one European country to another to show a passport. The mere slip which the immigrants now bear as their sole credential is tossed away on their arrival, whereas a passport duly signed by some government official of the country whence the immigrant came would not only show upon the face that the new member was entitled to apply for rights of citizenship, but it would also serve for after-identification in case of claiming citizenship papers long before the applicant had the right, as is constantly the case.

Furthermore, there should be at every continental port of embarkation at least one United States inspector, under the counsel of the nearest official representative of the home government, whose duty it should be to visé every passport, and to inquire severely into every doubtful case. There should also be detectives on the various vessels bringing large bodies of immigrants into the

Essex Street, the heart of the Russian Jews quarter. Half a million people are huddled here in a single square mile. It is a hot-bed of foreign criminals

country, that any who may have obtained passports by crooked means, or who have been discovered to be otherwise undesirable citizens, may be reported at Ellis Island and their passports stamped with a perforated mark, which makes it impossible for the unworthy applicant ever to make another attempt to gain admission at any American port of entry.

Another advantage of a passport system made compulsory is that while the immigrant is in this country pending citizenship, he would be merely on probation, and at any time should be liable to deportation for crimes committed here, and once deported the culprit should never be allowed to return. These measures are stringent, but the general resultant good would be indisputable. It would not only enliven foreign governments to the fact that America as an asylum for the scum of the earth had ceased with the beginning of the century, but it would awaken the immigrant himself to the necessity of recognizing and defending our laws on penalty of being deported, even if his record were clear at his coming.

As it is now, of the thousands that pass the inspectors weekly there can be at best but a superficial examination. Concealment of anything but the most patent facts that militate against the immigrant's chances of entry is too easy. With more stringent methods and stricter laws instituted by Congress, with consular officers in all the foreign ports of embarkation, a triple force of inspectors—better paid and of a higher grade of efficiency—at all the home points of entry, a compulsory passport system, detectives on the various incoming immigrant ships, and a generally higher standard of service throughout, the present one per cent. of immigrant rejections would reach twenty-five per cent. or more, and much of the money which is now expended in supporting the indigent and criminal who are thrust upon us from many lands could be directed into worthier channels for the well-being of the community.

With regard to the detection and deportation of criminals and those otherwise disqualified from entering our ports, the first hint usually comes through some foreign source, either by direct cablegram or through published rumor. We are constantly in receipt of such orders as the following:

> To ALL INSPECTION OFFICERS—You are directed to keep a sharp lookout for one Johannes Blank, late Customs Clerk of Throndjem, Norway, who is accused of embezzling the sum of 10,000 kroner of the public funds, and to have sailed for America about December 2d. He is about thirty years of age, has light hair, blue eyes, dimpled chin, wears modest black, carries an ebony cane with silver handle, etc. He is probably accompanied by one Wilhelmina Swanson, wife of a former employer, tall, dark, with brown eyes and refined manners, etc. If found, said aliens shall be held for special inquiry, and this office notified at once.
>
> COMMISSIONER.

Upon receiving this order it is the duty of every inspector to board every suspected vessel and make a thorough search. It is quite likely that this eloping pair have plenty of money and travel

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THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD

By Carolyn Lowrey

BY THEIR WAYS YE SHALL KNOW THEM!

EVEN cold-blooded, money-making Americans are a little startled at the method of Mlle. Gjena Lemjerics, youngest sister of the late Queen Draga, to gather in the necessary.

This very mercenary young woman is going into vaudeville, and with stereopticon views will illustrate the assassination of the royal family.

Through her sister's tragedy she hopes to make a fortune.

L. RUSSELL, No. 2

A SHORT time ago, Lillian Russell shot at a burglar and winged her prey; but it was not "our" Lillian.

This Miss Russell is a little Jersey girl who claims that she used real lead, not Christian Science.

MRS. FISH'S LATEST

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH is wearing the gayest colors in order to convince the public that she is not mourning the loss of her pet, Harry Lehr, as a social leader.

Her latest gown is so startling as almost to blind one.

It is a flame-colored chiffon over white taffeta, girdled with a white sash held in place with a diamond buckle.

The hat is white chiffon, with three large plumes of flame color.

Mrs. "Stuyve" has been nicknamed "The Danger Signal."

SUCH A MISTAKE

ON the Albany steamship line there is a law against dogs being on board unless they are crated, but they did not reckon for the quick wit of one young woman who saved her pet.

The officer saw the woman walking down the plank, buttoning her long coat over a tiny black-and-tan.

"Madam," said the officer, "you have a little dog with you."

"You are mistaken," haughtily responded the woman.

The man, spying a tiny leg sticking out, said triumphantly, "What is that?"

"That! oh, that is my lucky charm—a rabbit's foot."

MRS. LANGTRY'S FAD

LILY LANGTRY has started a craze, the extravagance of which causes the men about town to groan.

It is carrying a large satchel made of elephant hide, the initials formed with large diamonds.

MISS GOELET IS OH! SO CAREFUL!

THE Duke of Roxburghe is wearing a perpetual smile, for he has found the Goelet tank a good reservoir.

Miss Goelet does not allow her newly found treasure to wander far without a leader.

She has paid a high price for this bit of foreign junk, and does not intend to lose it.

WILL CRESSY TO STAR

BEFORE long, vaudeville is to lose two of its most clever artists.

Will Cressy has made a name in the vaudeville world, not only as an actor, but also as a writer.

He has written and successfully produced sixty-nine sketches, and has just compiled a four-act drama on the order of "The Old Homestead," in which, with his clever wife, Blanche Dayne, he will star.

Mr. Cressy has become known as "the Yankee comedian," and is sure of success in legitimate fields.

MISS CAMERON IS DEMOCRATIC

IT is refreshing to meet a girl so free from snobbishness as Margaret Cameron, daughter of the late Sir Roderick Cameron.

Miss Cameron, while highly bred, is absolutely without the petty airs that rob so many society girls of any latent charm they might possess.

She has lately amazed society by going around town with the young girl who is a governess in her brother's family.

Miss Cameron evidently believes gentle blood can flow beneath homespun as well as fine linen.

THE HIT OF THE TOWN

THAT'S what BROADWAY WEEKLY is. No such illustrated weekly success has been known in New York for years. Its fine coloring, beautiful half-tones, clever stories and brilliantly written news and gossip by the best writers on the metropolitan press, have caught the fancy of the public.

It's pretty hard to describe BROADWAY WEEKLY. It must be seen and read to be appreciated.

It must be remembered that BROADWAY WEEKLY is not published merely to *look* at, although it is the most beautiful publication, artistically and mechanically, produced in New York to-day. In order to appreciate what a really clever paper it is, you must *read* it from cover to cover. There is not a dull line in it—not a thing that you will find in any other publication.

BROADWAY WEEKLY is 10 cents a copy, or $4.00 a year. The publishers are making a special offer of a three-months subscription for $1.00. You should send your dollar at once to Broadway Weekly Company, 121 W. 42d St., New York.

THE FAIR FIVE-O'CLOCK HOSTESS

Oh, the chocolate girl and the Cologne girl,
And the girl of the afternoon tea:
When your dainty cup she fills,
You forget your cares and ills,
And you sigh, "There's the girlie for me!"

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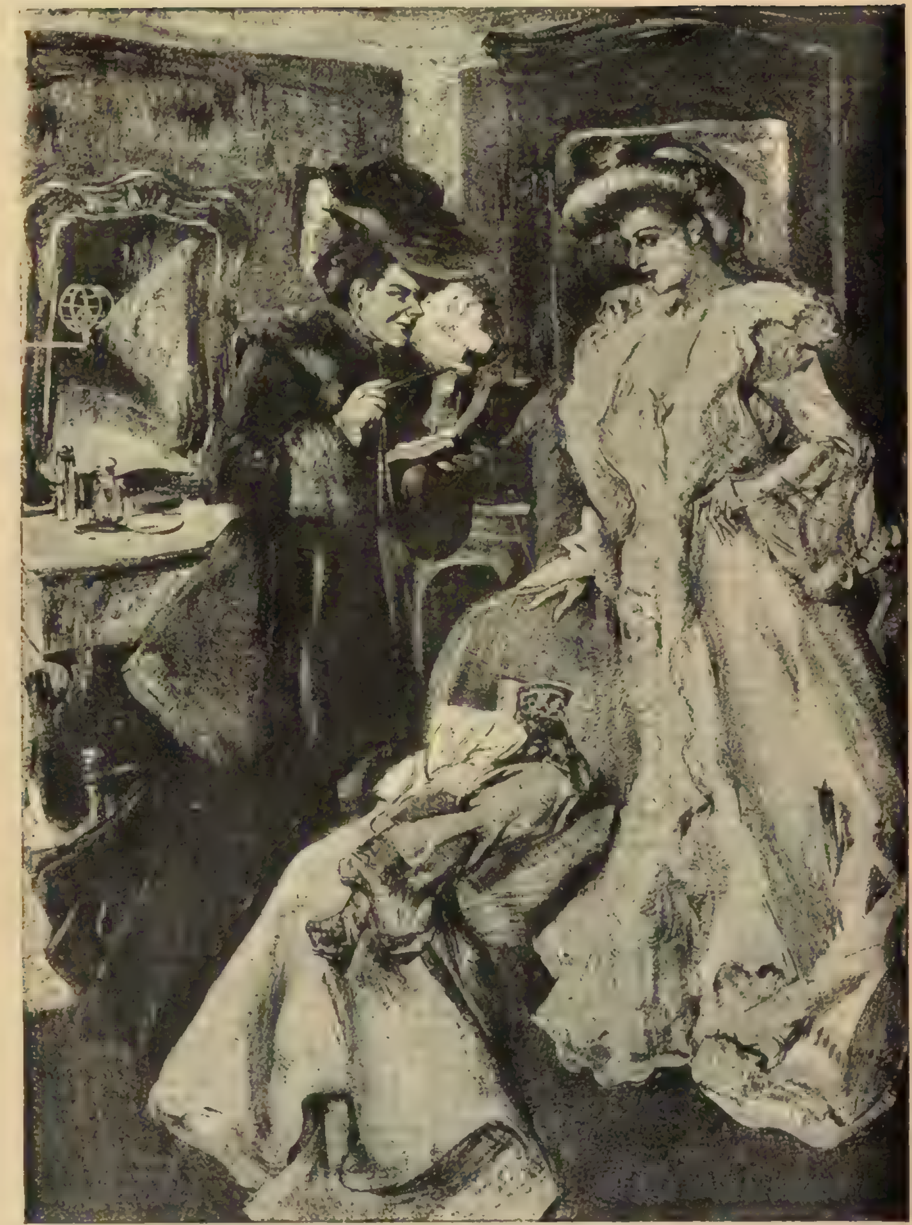

THE CRAZE FOR SOUVENIRS

French Modiste—"I am sorry, madame, but I mus' have ze five hundred dollars for ze gowns or I call in ze sheriff."

Great Actress—"How perfectly absurd! Why, I have worn these gowns in nine society plays and they have driven forty thousand women mad with envy and delight. I am going to hold an auction now, and we will divide the seven thousand dollars clean profits."

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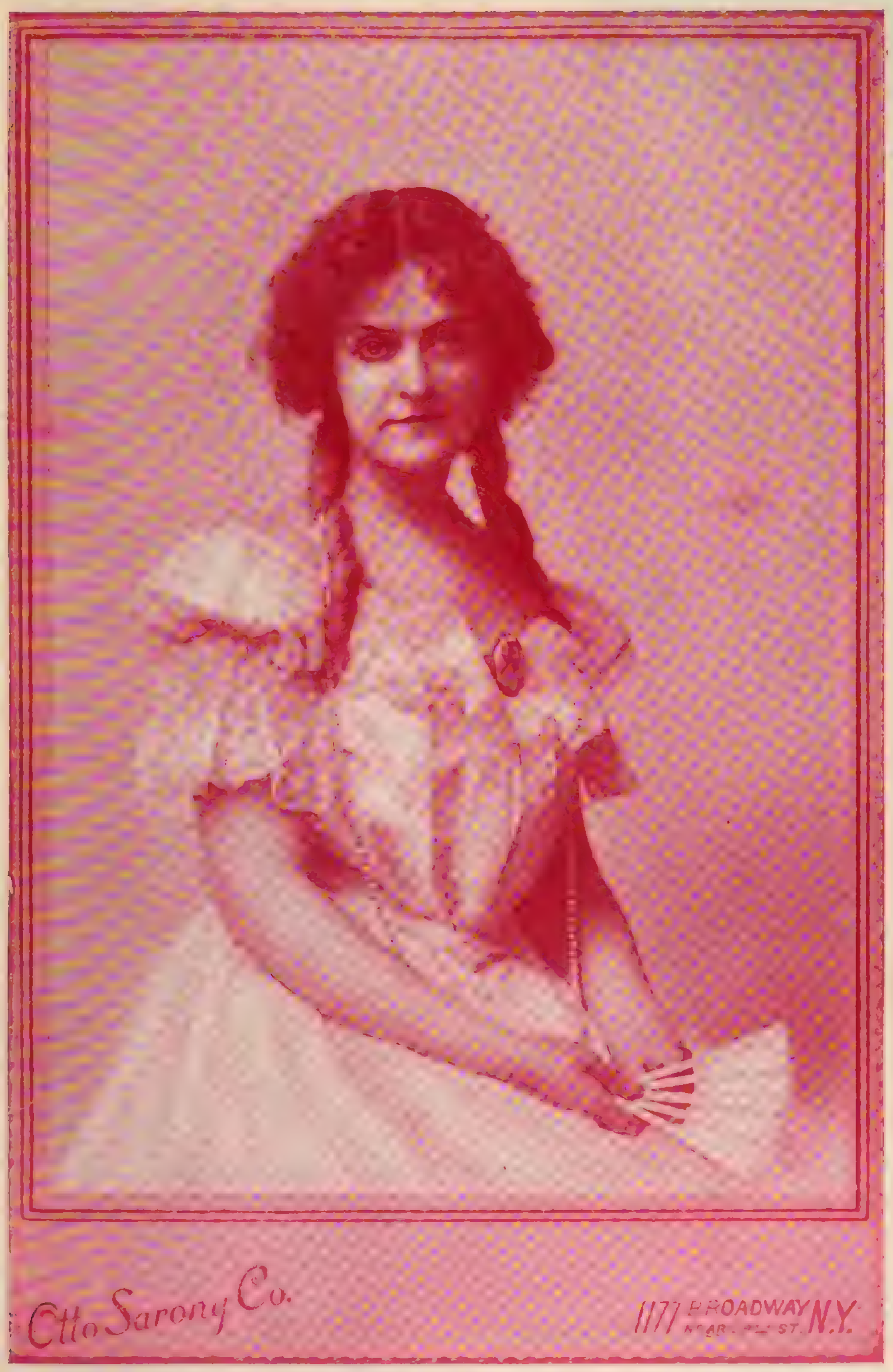
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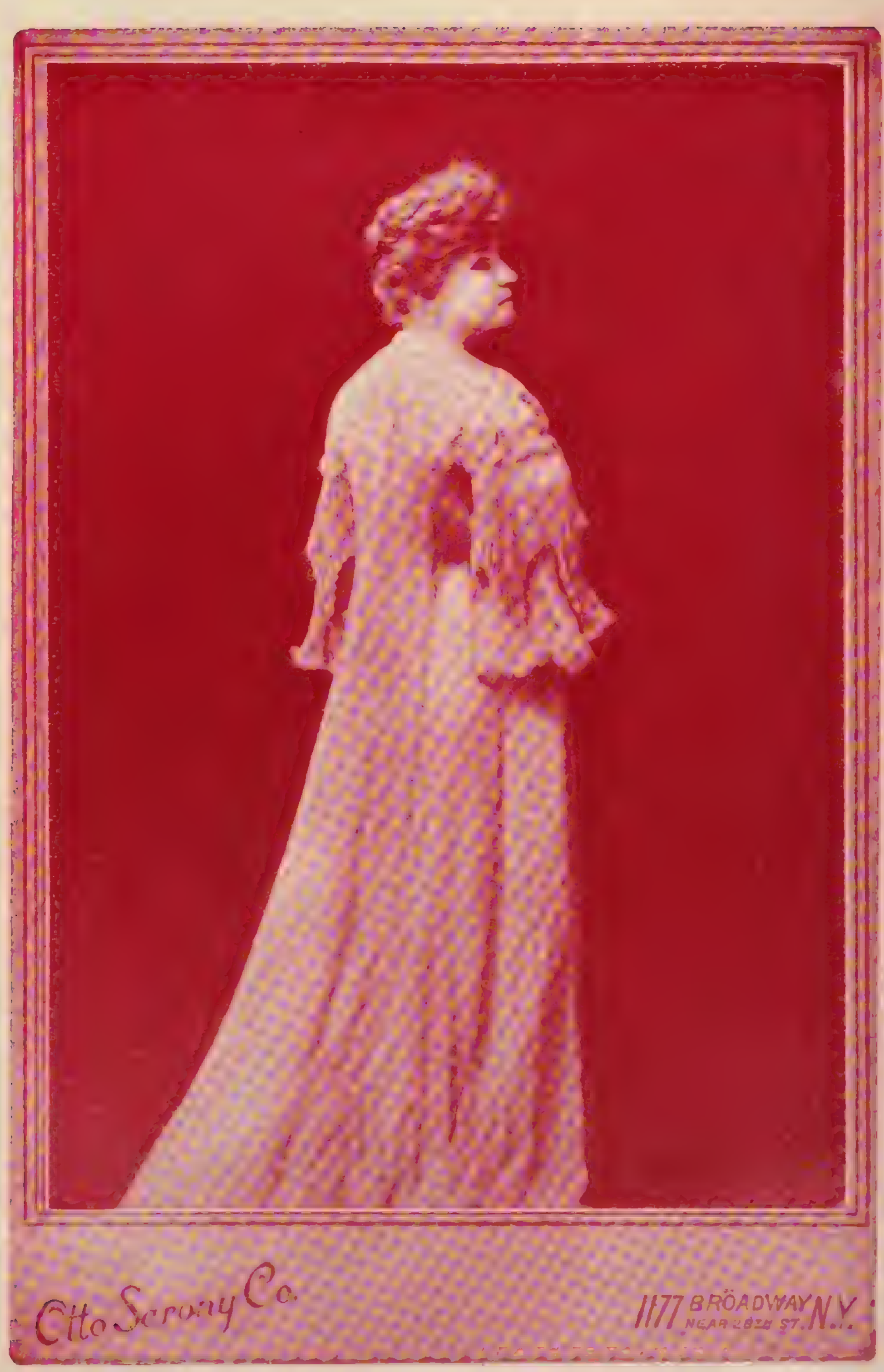
ISABEL IRVING, NOW STARRING IN "THE CRISIS"
The Winston Churchill dramatized novel has given Miss Irving a rare opportunity to display her talent.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MRS. MINNIE MADDERN FISKE
Now touring the country in "Hedda Gabler"

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EVA JAMES, WHOSE "LITTLE PRINCESS" DELIGHTED THOUSANDS
Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's playlet of child life is Miss James' best rôle.

AMELIA STONE, RECENTLY *PRINCESS ANGELCAKE* IN "THE RUNAWAYS"
Princesses are Miss Amelia Stone's predilection. She has played five Princess rôles.

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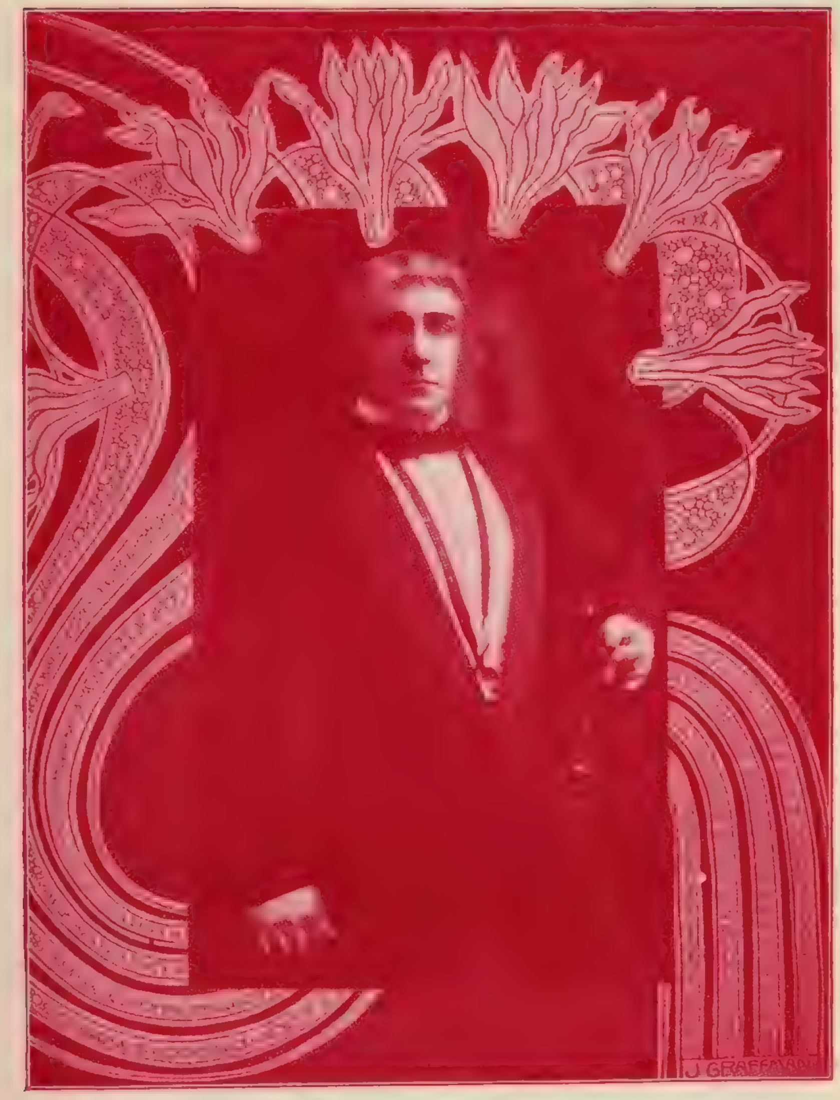


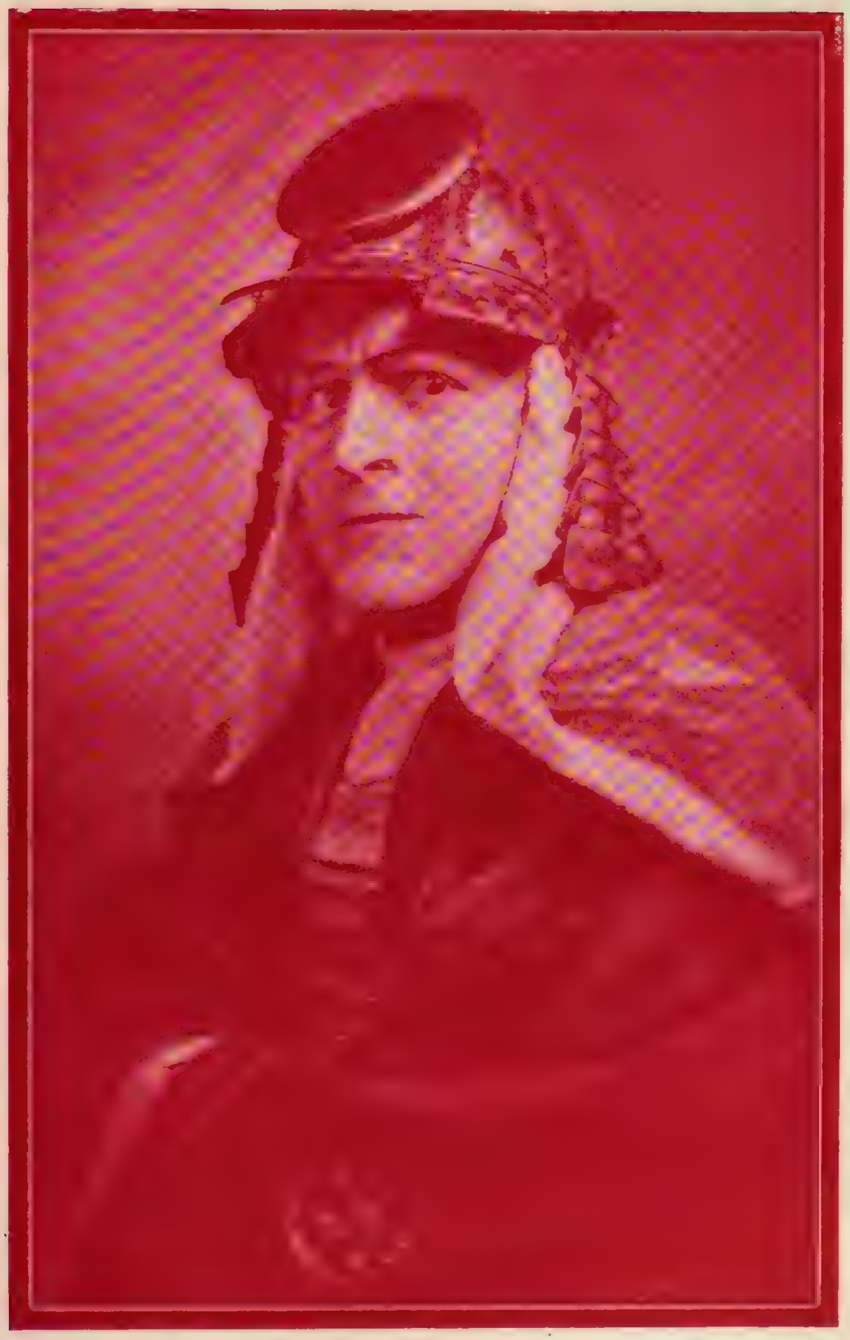
Photograph by Sarony, Fifth Avenue, New York

KYRLE BELLEW, WHO STARS IN "RAFFLES," AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE

It need not be said that Mr. Bellew is an Englishman. One can see that without a lorgnette or a Lick telescope. Also from this, his latest portrait, that the perennial Kyrle walks the broad earth with as sprightly a step and with as trim a figure as in the days when he first captured the matinee hearts with his delightful voice and his gentlemanly deportment, making love as only few men in the world have been able to counterfeit the genuine article. Mr. Bellew is of a distinguished family. Britishers remember and enthuse still over the recollections of the elder Bellew, who was said to be one of the handsomest men in his time and to have been possessed of a voice worthy of an Apollo of grace and culture. The son has followed in the footsteps of a worthy sire.

J. E DODSON

One of the most finished character players on the contemporaneous stage Mr. Dodson is at present playing the important rôle of Simonides in the big Klaw & Erlanger revival of "Ben Hur" Mrs. Dodson, known on the stage as Annie Irish is also an important member of the cast.



Photograph by Tonnele & Co., New York

ROBERT T. HAINES, AS PRINCE KARA, IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS"

The Belasco-Long play of ancient Japan, "The Darling of the Gods," has been pronounced the high-water mark of stagecraftsmanship and histrionic art. Mr. Haines has contributed largely to the strength of the beautiful drama and deserves all the success that has come to him.

ARTHUR BYRON, A YOUNG AMERICAN ACTOR, STARRING IN CLYDE FITCH'S DRAMA, "MAJOR ANDRE"

Some actors are born, some are made, and some have undue histrionic importance thrust upon them. Arthur Byron was an actor born. As leading man with Mary Mannering, Mr. Byron made a decided hit. He took advantage of his lead, and pressed on to further victories. In "Her Own Way" at the Garrick Mr. Byron increased his hold on the public, and Clyde Fitch undertook to write for him a drama that should be worthy of his talents. The play is to be called "Major Andre," and will deal with the stirring events that surround the capture of the famous Revolutionary spy. Mr. Byron will undoubtedly increase his lead in the public esteem

SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER

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FOR DECEMBER, 1903

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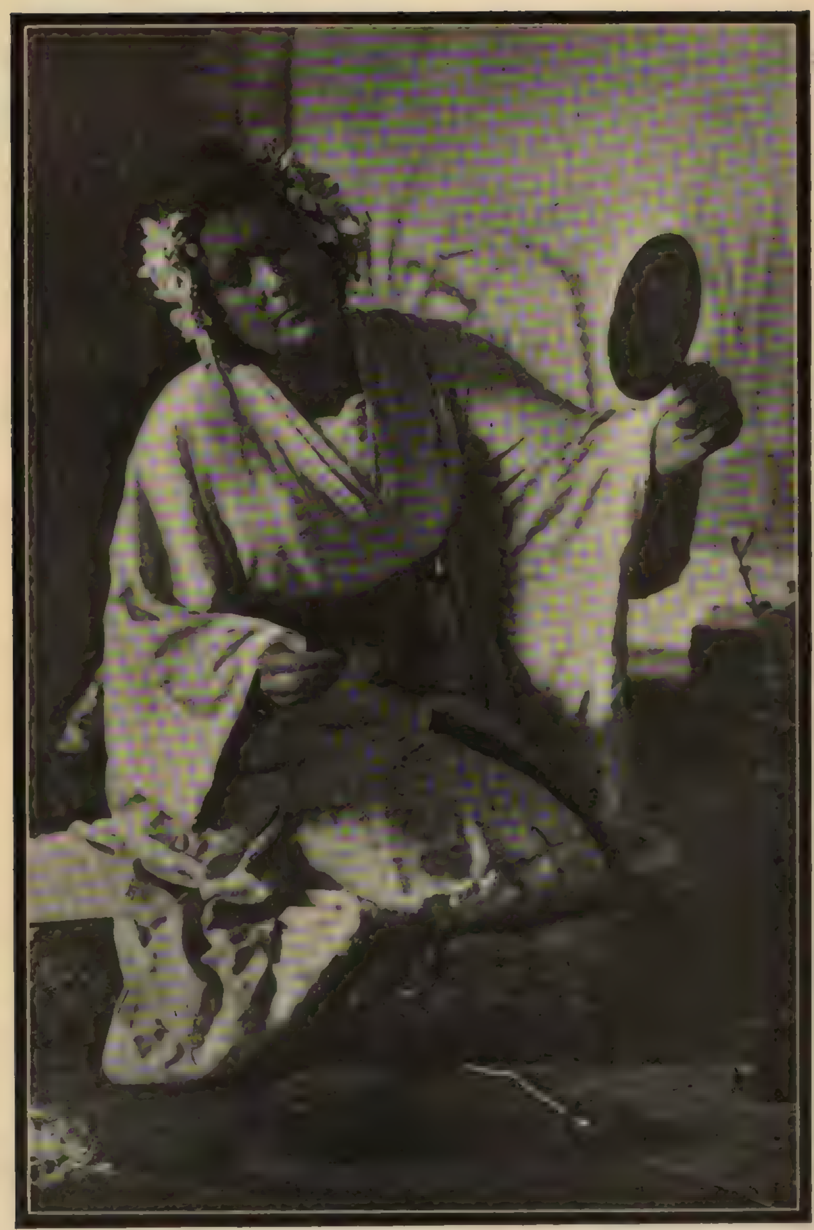

Photograph by Byron, New York.

BLANCHE BATES, AS *YOSAN* IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS"

Anybody can make up as almost anybody save an Oriental. Some few have done that. Not many. Bernhardt tried it, and failed. So did Rejane. Upon a dainty little Oregonian the highest success waited. Miss Bates' interpretation of the imperial daughter of the rugged Prince of Tosan is a revelation. It is Orientalism idealized. It is true to life, yet not so remote as to be incomprehensible to the New World student. Doubtless Miss Bates could be just as convincing a Hindu queen or Chippewah princess. We are not sure. But that she is the artistic embodiment of the land of the grave Samauri is certain. That's all.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

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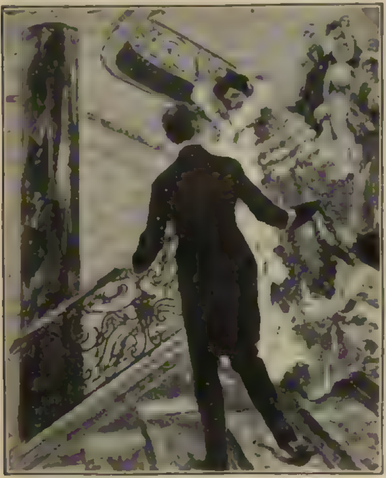
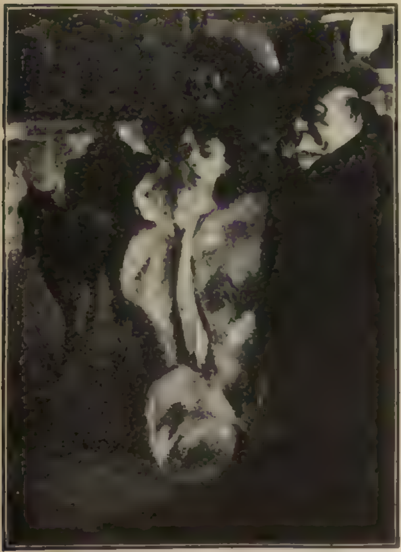
THE WOMEN OF NEW YORK'S "400"

By Salmon G. Prentiss, Jr.

IT was the clever Max O'Rell who said, "If I were to be born again on earth and had the choice of time and place, I should ask nothing better than to be a woman of New York's "400." And yet they say that hers is an arduous life, full of jealousies and intrigue, struggles after unattainable eminences and continental position, and that no shopgirl or scrub-woman works harder in her own sphere than does a woman of the charmed circle.

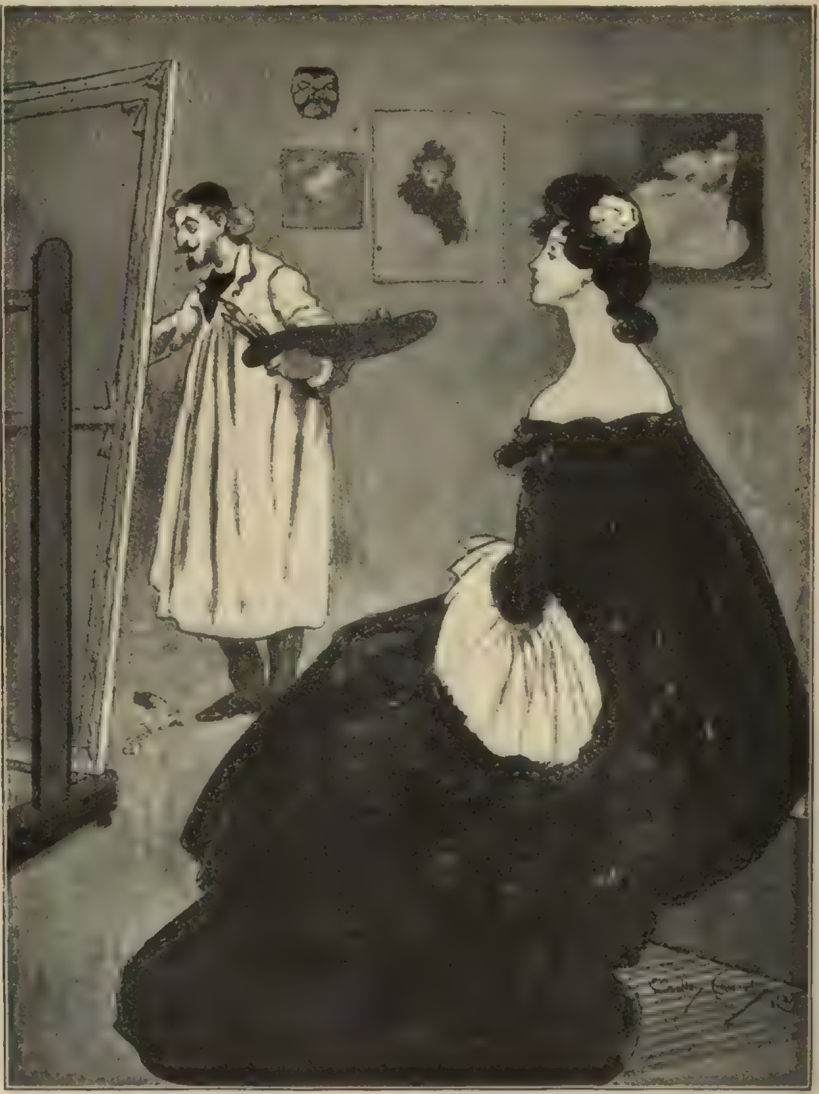
Be this as it may—and there is no doubt


The grand stairway in many New York homes is the general place of meeting when there are hundreds to be saluted


The ambitious daughter leads the aged financier of a father a swift pace after Wall street hours

At the Horse Shows dress is paramount to even the beast, and it is no wonder that a woman with a gown worth $5,000 delights to exploit it

that there is some truth in the observation—the woman of the "400" moves in a whirl of excitement. Every hour of the day and every minute of the hour has its new sensation. Of a necessity the society woman is emotional. She has her nerves on edge constantly. She is like a chess expert who is contesting with a score of players at once in order to keep the reputation she has gained. She is likewise ubiquitous—or appears so to be. She must seem to be everywhere at once and to fulfil many functions at one and the same time. This is in itself a difficult labor to perform, but Society has advanced into the province of the exact sciences. It is serious labor, and the rewards are such that all women of wealth and exclusiveness aspire to achieve success in it.



Foreign painters come to New York every winter and return with hampers full of greenbacks, for the portrait in oil is now the thing.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is a leader who is

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The débutante of the "400" must consider proposals with due deliberation

responsible for the assertion that Society is going into a decline. She has already sounded the death-knell of Newport as an exclusive summer resort, owing to the inrush of the newly rich from all quarters of the globe, notably from the West, and she looks forward to an entire revision of the social lists of the metropolis in the near future. It will be remembered that Mrs. Paran Stevens—"caustic Aunty," as she was called, on account of the keen acerbity of her tongue and her utter disregard where and upon whom her shafts fell—made some such remark about Society as she knew it in the heyday of the late patriarch of things social, Ward McAllister. The latter very cleverly noted the decadence of Society dating from the introduction of the habit of serving Madeira from decanters filled from the cask instead of from cobwebbed bottles in dainty baskets—in other words, the cheapening of hospitality. "What!" he exclaimed, so it

The musicales at Mr. Whitney's are famous

Marriages of convenience are more and more the vogue in American society as years go on

A little gossip now and then is relished by the best of—women

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The home-coming at 1 A.M. after a ball is not especially diverting

The brilliant Avenue is always an afternoon attraction

is said, once upon a time, "dine at Mrs. Parvenoo's again? Never! Why, she actually buys her port by the gallon!" Parsimony was, to his highness, the late dictator of the "400," ranked with treason.

Still, however the constituency of the "400" may have changed within the past few years, it is certain that without recruits from the provinces, there could scarcely be a perpetuation of the exclusive guild. There are scores of people now "in society" who were years attaining the heights, and who were mercilessly snubbed on their upward way a few years ago. Now it is the chance to turn exclusive and to snub those who are seeking to come into the promised land as they themselves were barred with scant courtesy for their ambitions some years ago. The older families are passing away and the new generations are scattering, or more likely still, surviving without issue; for race suicide prevails nowhere in the metropolis as it does in the gilded districts. There is a child born every minute of the day, so statistics say, in the slums of New York, whereas the record on upper Fifth avenue

Young girls in charge of chaperones of years, and followed by footmen in livery, after the fashion of real royalty, are seen more and more as society grows more exclusive

The modiste's tasks are only one of the bitternesses that must be borne

A reception at a New York mansion is one of the finest functions in the world, calling together representative people from many countries.

is one every three weeks. It is no wonder, then, that without recruiting its ranks from the outside, society would be in imminent danger of total dissolution.

The return of the senior member of the Vanderbilt families, William K., with his recently acquired bride, will result in a clash of prestige, with no doubt about the supremacy of the returned expatriate. Mr. Vanderbilt is himself a man of quiet tastes, but his wife is a very beautiful and a clever woman, ambitious to be known in Society and bound to succeed through her own diplomacy and her husband's enormous wealth. Time was when the Vanderbilts were regarded as vulgarians and were compelled to enter society through Continental gates—a route, by the way, which has been a popular one with scores. The Wilsons acquired their rank through clever alli-

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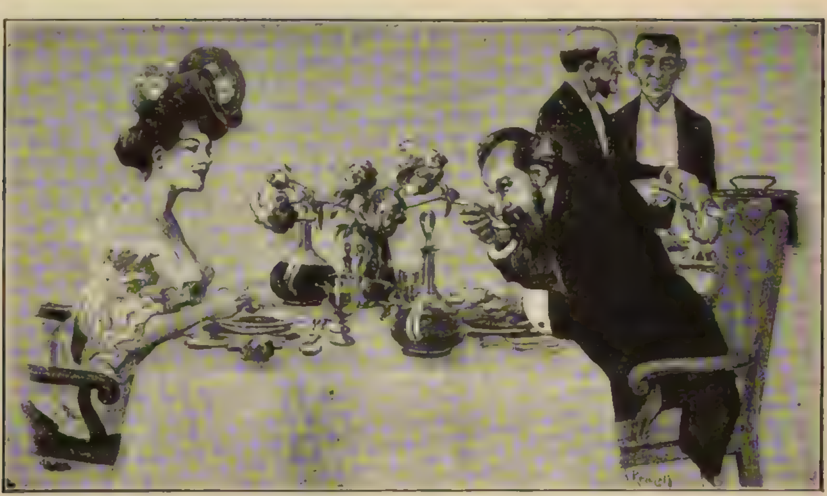


Lunching some learned bigwig in public is a favorite diversion

ances, but Vanderbilt of the elder family regarded them as upstarts, actually cutting off his own son with very little because he had the temerity to marry a Wilson, whom the elder Vanderbilt believed utterly beneath him. The clever woman, however, set to work to gain a vantage, and achieved it by enlisting the interests of both Emperor William and his illustrious uncle, Edward VII; and the despised Wilson, with her paternally repudiated spouse, returns to America on the crest of the wave. Such are the vicissitudes and the struggles of the upper ten in New York.

The pace of the "400" is a very strenuous one, and there are hundreds who have been forced to have recourse to country homes which are in the nature of rest-cures. The Belmonts, the Whitneys, Mackays, Harrimans, Hoyts, Vanderbilts, Astors, Goulds, and scores of others have superb country-seats where, for a large share of the year, they ensconce themselves, to the exclusion of all the gay world which knows them so intimately during the winter season. If it were not for these, there would certainly be more breakdowns in society every year than there are to-day. This is surely Society's salvation.

There are some secrets in society which must be imparted with great impressiveness

After a twelve-o'clock tea, the latest novel is worth a glance

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By Ruth Edwards

BEFORE buying the few last articles that should complete her *trousseau*, she had time to go to a small, unfashionable eating place for lunch. It was out of her way, but it had associations. The little dark French waiter remembered her and conducted her to her old place by the window.

"Monsieur has already come," he announced smilingly.

The man raised his eyes from the *menu* he was studying, and arose with a smothered exclamation. He waited with one hand on his chair for her to take the initiative. She was too well bred to make a scene. She offered him her hand as she took her old place at his right.

"This is a surprise, Mr. Griffiths," she said with white lips.

He hesitated. "Would you prefer I find another table?" he asked, still standing.

She raised a protesting hand. "Why should you trouble yourself? It is I who am intruding. Do not let me disturb you. And then the waiters—they apparently remember."

He bowed and resumed his place.

She busied herself in making out her order slip. She wondered if he were remembering their old, laughing consultations over luncheons at this same table. She hated giving orders herself, and he had always planned their modest repasts. She glanced up and met his eyes.

"I need something sustaining," she said lightly. "Shopping is so tiresome."

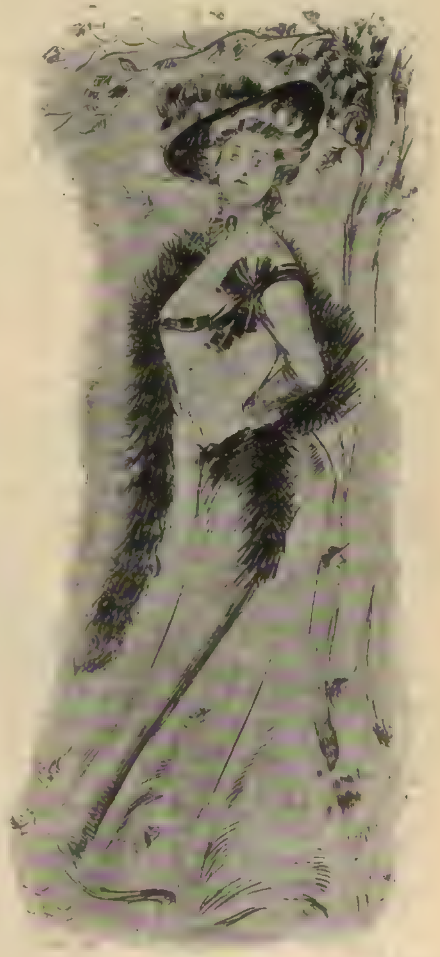
"Ah, wedding garments?" he asked with polite indifference. "I received the cards."

She smiled as she handed the slip to the waiter. "How fortunate! We were so in doubt about your address. Then we shall see you next week, I hope."

He looked out of the window. "Hardly. You see, by that time I shall be on my way to South America."

"Ah!" she said sharply. Then, with a well-bred smile, "How very interesting! And when do you sail?"

"At midnight. This is my last meal on shore. I thought I should like to have it here," he added simply.



"She had time to go to a small unfashionable eating place for lunch"

A flush overspread her pale face. "I have not been here since the last time I saw you. It is odd we should meet," she said.

"Yes, for I have not been here since, either," he answered.

There was a pause. Each was remembering certain bitter words that had passed between them on that occasion. She dropped the lemon juice on her oysters with a trembling hand. The man played with his glass of Sauterne.

"I have much to thank you for," he said gravely. "You were wiser than I. I was a selfish fool to dream for a moment of love in a cottage. I am glad you crushed my romantic dreams as you did."

She felt a tightening in her throat. "With our tastes and habits, it would have been worse than folly," she asserted.

He did not contradict her as he would have once.

"It took me some time to appreciate your wisdom," he went on, "but when I heard of your engagement to Saltus, I saw you had been right all along. You are meant to queen it at rich men's tables. The fact that we loved each other would have counted for very little." There was no resentment in his voice. She looked at him, amazed at the change in him since their stormy parting.

The lines about his mouth had deepened, but his eyes were clear and bright under his heavy brows. Whatever the struggle had cost him, he had come off victorious. It was inconsistent with the stand she had taken that she should not be pleased, yet, realizing his self-sufficiency, she was conscious of a sinking at the heart.

"Things are much better as they are," she said.

"And I suppose you are very much in love with Saltus and he with you?" he asked with the old embarrassing directness. She wondered why it was never offensive in him as it would have been in another man—Saltus, for instance.

"We are very congenial," she answered somewhat wearily. "We understand the situation. I respect him and he admires me. We agree perfectly."

He laughed. "So did *not* we!" he said. "Well, after all, as I remember it, our disagreements were always over the same subject—the inadequacy of my income for our needs. Naturally, in Saltus' case, there is not that bone of contention."

"You state the question brutally," she said with a hot flush in her cheeks. "This salad is delicious!"

"Why did you come here to-day?"

"There are a few things that one wishes to say good-by to," she replied, crumbling her finger roll. Her hand trembled.

He studied her proud, fair face, noting the delicate hollows that were beginning to show in her cheeks and the shadows under her dark-lashed eyes. "You have grown thin," he said in the decisive way she knew so well. Then, with a gentleness even more familiar to her once, "Are you happy?"

"Perfectly. Why should I not be?" she answered coldly.

"Ah, true!" he said with the gentleness gone. "You chose of your own free will."

The waiter brought him his coffee. He drank it, then pushed back his chair.

"I am glad I saw you again," he said. "It has revived all the old memories. Not that they ever died," he added smiling.

She could not meet his eyes. "But some time you will forget," she murmured.

The smile had left his lips. "I pray not," he said gravely. "I wish to remember. Will you drink with me before I go?"

She passed him her wine-glass without speaking. He filled it silently and handed it to her across the narrow table.

"I drink to your future happiness," he said, raising his glass to his lips.

"And I to 'auld lang syne'!" she answered, and draining her glass, held it by the stem, inverted between her thumb and forefinger. At last she had kindled the old fire in his eyes. She looked at him, the glass slipped from her fingers and lay shattered between them.

He leaned across the table. "Listen," he said rapidly, with his eyes searching hers. "Will you come with me—to-night—leaving everything—deserting everybody—giving it all up? I am poorer than I ever was. The life I shall take you to will be one of many discomforts—hardships, even. I do not know whether we will be happy or not. But still I ask you to come. I ask you to come!" There was a passionate entreaty in his voice.

Slowly the hand that had held the glass in which she had pledged him, crept across the table until it rested in his. "Ever since I came into this dear old room and found you sitting here in the same old spot, I knew my place was beside you," she whispered.

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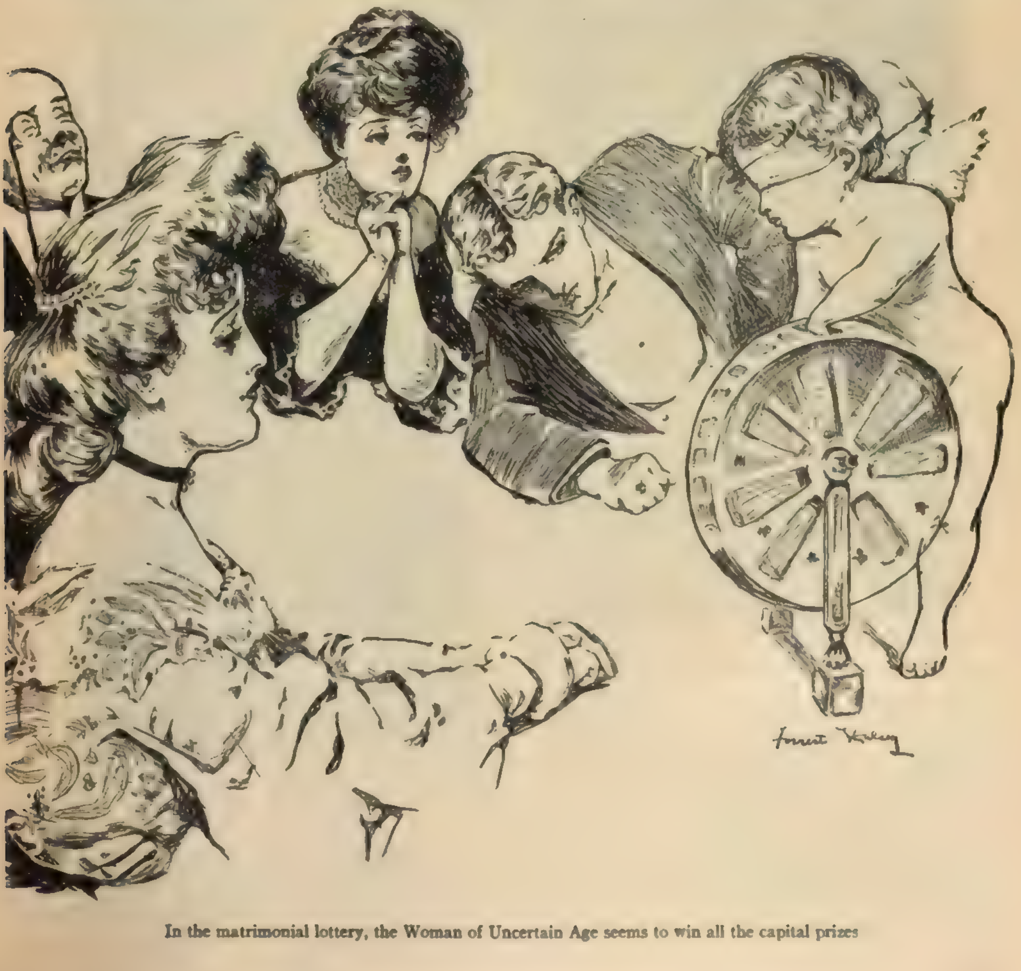
THE WOMAN OF UNCERTAIN AGE

By Alice J. Conger

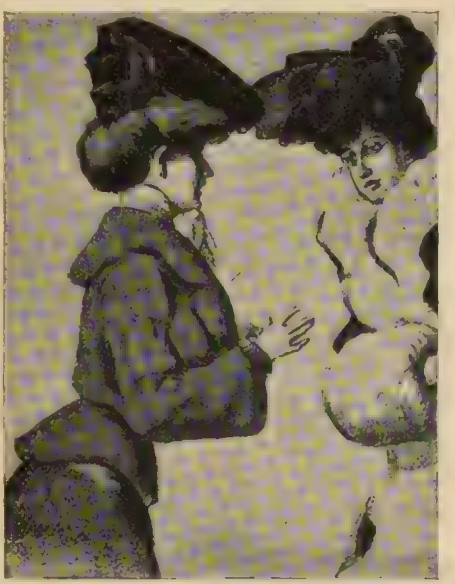
THE woman of uncertain age in New York is the fascinating type *par excellence*. She is more winsome than a young girl. She is infinitely more girlish than the youngest widow. She looks like an *ingénue* by the side of a married woman of her own age. In fact, she stands by herself, a thing apart. She has passed through many experiences. She has "arrived," as they say of an actor or actress. She has reached an attitude of absolute certainty, not only toward herself, but toward society, to mankind in general and man in particular.

What is the uncertain age? When does a woman admit that she is no longer in her twenties? When is she what the French poet terms "that curious fascinating, irresistible creature, the woman of thirty"?

The question is unanswerable. The fascinating being to whom the French poet referred is not the faded, jaded, leftover *vielle fille* of the French family circle, who has donned St. Catherine's bonnet,



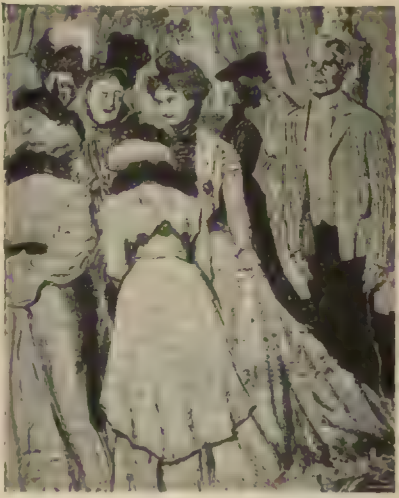
In the matrimonial lottery, the Woman of Uncertain Age seems to win all the capital prizes either because she was too ugly to be wanted at any price, or too poor to inherit a *dot*. This poor creature has never inspired the muse of any poet; she is always resigned to her cruel fate, embittered, nevertheless, because it is her fate, more or less cantankerous, something of a gossip, and very religious. She never so much as crosses the street without the chaperonage of her mother or a maid, and she is as subservient to the commands of her parents as though she were in pinafores. It is her married sister who, emancipated from the thraldom of young girlhood, has reached the age when she realizes that she is charming, independent, protected and only thirty years.



She always has the latest *bon mot* and the sprightliest 'They say, etc."

In Germany, for instance, the woman of uncertain age becomes simply *Fräulein*. She is given to plumpness and occupation. She looks after her nieces and nephews, and is deeply wounded if she is not permitted to make their clothes, darn their stockings, and teach them philosophy, housekeeping and music.

It is therefore made thus evident that New York, gay, debonair, Bohemian and indifferent, is the paradise of this class of woman. She is emancipated, yet claims all the perquisites of blushing girlhood when it suits her purpose to be girlish and to blush. Sherry's, Delmonico's, the midnight supper at the studio, the covert visit to Bohemia belong to her. She can either refuse or accept them. She is exclusive, and one may add, inclusive too.

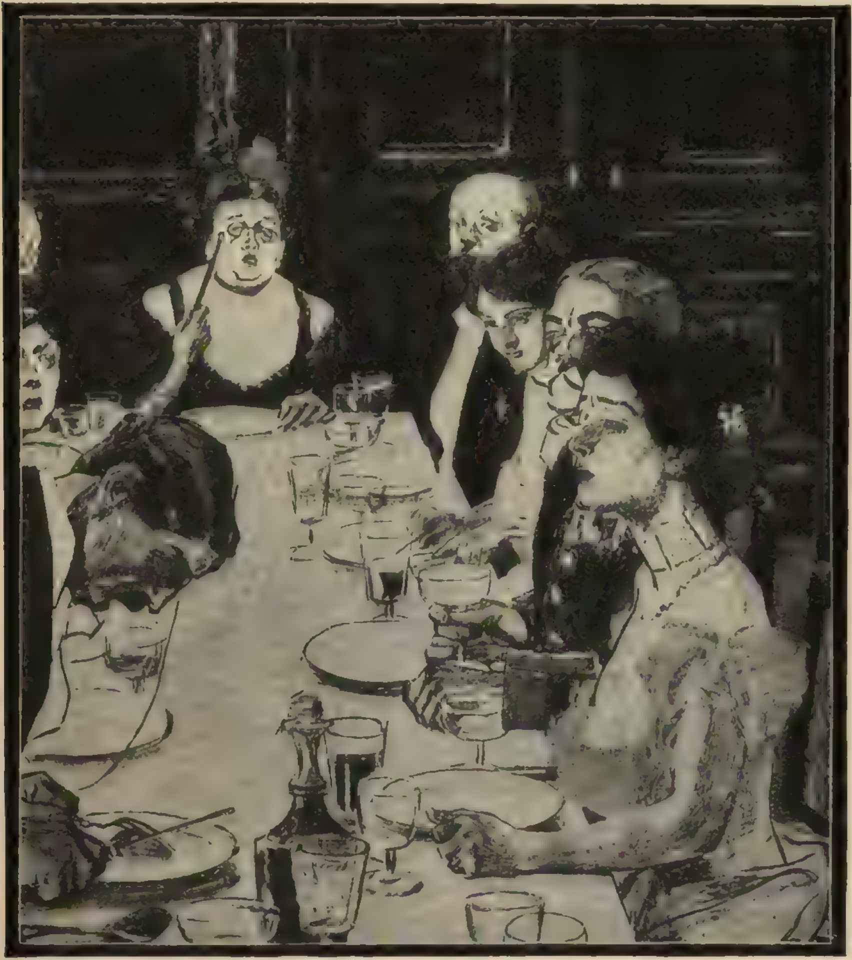


At afternoon receptions she is much in evidence

She has had her dreams and delusions, and has cast them aside forever and a day. She undoubtedly had a genuine love affair during her first season, and with genuine briny tears and heartaches jilted a charming slender slip of a lad because he was poor and on a salary. He is a widower now and wealthy—for that was as many years ago as lie between a girl in her teens and a woman of uncertain age! She would give her two sparkling, somewhat weary eyes to marry him now, although he is fat and commonplace, but she is too wise to attempt so daring a scheme. They call each other by their first names. She is pensive; he is cynical. They both thoroughly understand each other. He knows her ambition is to settle herself in a fine establishment with a husband as an accessory. She no more thinks of concealing this bit of confidence from him than she does her few gray hairs. He drops in for a cup of tea on off days. She sits with her face to the light, huddles in a comfortable chair, lets her face fall into natural lines, and admits that she is weary of it all. He suggests a little stimulant in her tea. Their understanding is perfect. They both sip the stimulant without the tea, and under its influence she makes her old lover her father confessor; he advises with cruel frankness. He cannot resist stinging her now and then. That is manlike. She feels her old, old affection tug at her heartstrings as the stabs prick her deeply—that is womanlike. She would make him a good wife if he would have her, but he wouldn't take her for a gift, and she knows it. That is the grim pathos of it all.

But this is the hidden side of the woman of uncertain age; the side she shows to the world is altogether different.

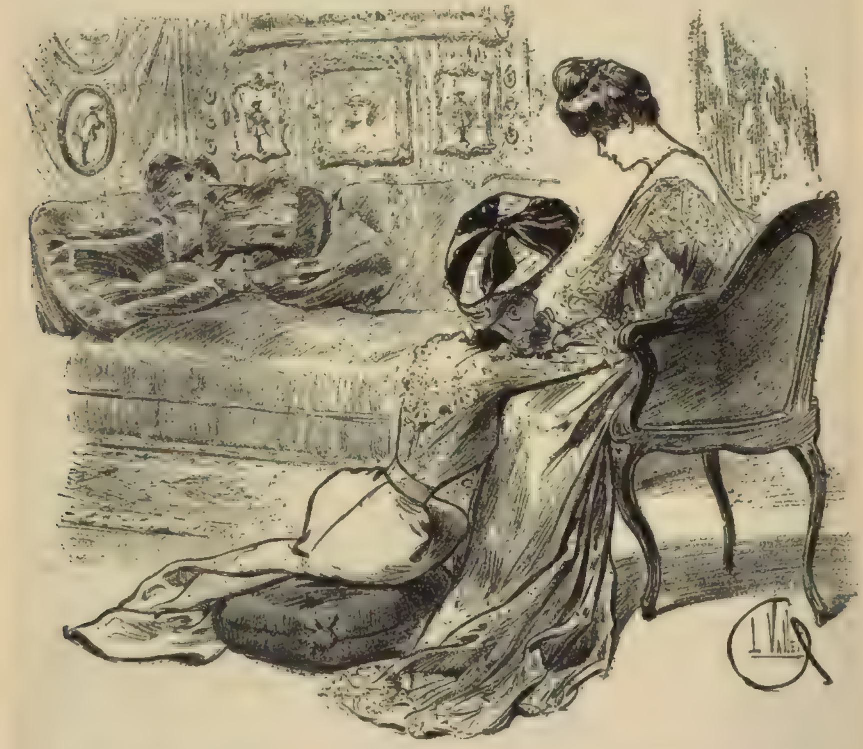
In the ballroom she dances with a languid grace that only comes from long experience. She knows the fine art of setting out a dance in a secluded spot. She knows the value of silence. She is a rapt listener. All the while she is thinking what a bore it is, but her downcast eyes and sweet, pensive smile tell no tales, and she is so exquisitely subtle, finished, and so delicately poised that she contrives to make the coquettish widow appear like an intriguer, and the giggling, loquacious débutante like a crude, brazen country girl.



All the men seem to pay her more homage than usually accorded to youth, beauty, or even wealth alone

As a matter of fact one has but to glance over the annals of a few seasons to recognize that it is the woman of uncertain age who has captured the big matrimonial prizes, the cynosure of all the fond mammas' ambitions for their young and *ingénue* daughters.

It will be remembered that Miss Wilson, for whom a Cornelius Vanderbilt renounced a heritage, had been in New York society for about as many years as she counted when she first entered it a shy, trembling miss in white tulle—a pretty girl, but heavily handicapped by her bungling youth.



She is such a patient and confiding counsellor and friend in all affairs of heart, brain and finance

Miss Virginia Fair was by no means a *passé* bride when she married another Vanderbilt, but she had passed her first youth, and had grown wiser and more winsome than in the somewhat boisterous buoyancy of her initial seasons. In those days so distinguished an alliance would not have been considered possible by the powers that were behind the social throne of the young millionaire.

It will be admitted that Mr. Chauncey Depew could have had the pick of New York's choicest social buds; but he passed them by with a genial smile, and fixed his affection on a charming American girl who had graced the American colony in Paris for a sufficiently long time to have her dark hair liberally besprinkled with silver threads.

She still retained all the grace of her girlhood, with the added knowledge of early womanhood, and a few years to boot, to add a finishing touch to those others. It is those extra years that give the woman of uncertain age her irresistible quality. During these years she "arrives." She attains a knowledge of herself from all points of view. She holds the mirror ruthlessly to the lines in her face, to her first gray hairs, to her faded contours. She knows what she has lost; she knows wherein she has gained. She becomes wise in her generation, and wins, while those of later generations watch her, wonder at her—and imitate her when they, too, have reached the uncertain age.

LOST IN NEW YORK—A WIFE

By C. R. Barron

IF I were writing the adv. for the Personal or the Lost and Found column, it would read:

LOST—In New York, a wife, fair complexion, deep brown eyes, stately bearing, gowned like a princess, friendless, broke, wandering at large. Address, Jimmy Malcomb, newspaper man, Dark Row, 4-11-44.

There was the situation in a nutshell. But the events which led up to this crisis compose a story. It tells itself.

Jimmy Malcomb was a man with a history. He came from an inland town of Ohio, where he was the whole thing. Jimmy took honors at the Academy, edited the school magazine, then went into newspaper work. Jimmy made it a point to know everybody in Ohio, and Ohio reciprocated the compliment. He had but to sit under the eaves of the Statehouse, keep ears and eyes open, and drift on to fortune. He had tact, and his political reports were state oracles. He arose to the dignity of the editorial column, taking the stump between times. Then he promptly fell in love.

She was a very proud, ambitious and beautiful woman. While not altogether understanding Jimmy, she nevertheless saw in him a means to a high social end inevitable. She was for pushing Jimmy into the State legislature, on to Congress and then into the very Valhalla of the elect. Then Jimmy's friends got at him, to his undoing. "Jimmy," they would say, "you are a fool. Do you realize that you are wasting a brilliant life in the wilderness of Knox County, when you might be one of the luminaries of metropolitan newspaperdom?" But Jimmy stood pat—well, until he had passed through the third degree of matrimony, when he wavered. The wedding presents from the young man's political friends were such as made it very difficult for any young man to live up to them, even on forty per, and in Knox County at that; and his wife longed to match the silver plate and the cut glass with adequate income. Hog and hominy out of a Louis XVI cake basket and hard cider from shimmering decanters marked "Madeira" are depressing, to say the least. Margie felt this more keenly than her hubby, besides having more time to brood over it.

What! Such brilliancy of wit, such noble and patriotic sentiments—were they all to waste their sweetness forever on the desert air of Knox County? God forbid! Then came Jimmy's fatal tiff with the proprietor of his paper; and just to prove, b' ged, sir, that he was the whole cakewalk from the ink-devil to the checkbook, the boy sent in his resignation, and Mrs. Jimmy got a glimpse of glory.

With this world's goods represented in a small bank account and a large chest of silver, James Malcomb and his ambitious better half came forth lustily to tame the metropolitan Gorgon, as many have done before him. He established himself in a comfortable little apartment near Washington Square. Then he rode down to Dark Row to conquest, with a vim and daring bred of frontier independence and divine right.

As all the world knows, Yellow Lane joys in new blood, like certain anæmic potentates of old, who drank it, laved in it, and survived by it. Jimmy had brought lots of it with him—red, warm and gushing—and he was prepared to shed no end of it in proof of his friends' allegations (by letter to certain gargoyle-faced editors) that he was a man of parts and destined to join the ranks of leading men. But, alas! along the curbs of Nassau there are armies of what are known as leading men: some leading dual lives, most of them leading others astray. Jimmy's initial spurt was quite worthy of him, but he had not reckoned on the tide—had not reckoned on that flint-faced indifference which he met on the outside, and flat opposition on the part of his colleagues within. He unearthed one political job and ran down a defaulter or two; but he soon awoke to the inevitable truth that New York is a hydra that

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has long feasted on the fattest and choicest, and it is, indeed, a brilliant and a powerful victim that tumbles into her jaws and is not sooner or later crunched to fine fiber. Diligently as he might labor, and conscientiously as he might pursue his duty, the Ohio Lochinvar found that making new acquaintances and absorbing new methods to cope with established contemporaries in a new field was something that required time, patience and some capital. Of the first he had little, of the second much, of the last a few remaining shreds. Then sickness overtook him, and one by one those tributes of the far-back political admirers—

> Things beautiful,
> For the delight of the sky-children,

as Keats says, went to delight the soul of Simpson.

The bride stood it all with amazing fortitude, even to the last. She soon contracted that frightful three-ball habit which is bad enough in a man; in a woman, a sop to Cæsar. Even when the solid silver service went on its penance pilgrimage to Chatham Square, she still believed in Jimmy and his power to turn the tide of the inevitable. But matters drifted to that sorry crisis when medicine chests were found empty and larders depleted to the last languishing bun; and unless rescue came speedily, it looked like starvation.

Even then Malcomb might have authorized an appeal to the home powers for succor, but his own pride no less than Margie's forbade. "Rather death than knowledge of my defeat should ever reach their ears!" was his invocation. "Rather perdition than failure in a great cause!" was hers.

But there came a time when the thumbscrew bit deeply. At last the woman's pricked vanity burst, and her husband suffered her to solve their mutual problem in her own humble way. She had arrayed herself in the last Parisian creation that was left of a grand trousseau; put on a magnificent gown of mauve overlaid with lace, the last lingering token of a faded glory. She did look indeed beautiful as she presented herself at the bedside with flushed face and eyes that spoke victory still, even through the smokes of hell; and the sick man's orbs sparkled with pride and gratitude that even in this extremity he possessed one fair jewel which neither sheriff nor other herald of disaster could snatch from him. "What does this mean, Margie?" he questioned helplessly.

"It means, dear," was her reply, adjusting a jaunty bonnet and drawing on a pair of immaculate evening gloves, "it means that we have reached the verge of the precipice where people hang with their fingertips. You have fought the good battle nobly, Jimmy, but to no purpose. Now it is my turn. I am going to see what *I* can do to save the sinking ship. Trust me; I shall bring back relief, never fear. You have not known me well enough to know that I too know how to humble myself—to make sacrifices——"

She paused, and the wildered man's eyes followed her movements worshipfully as she smoothed the pillow and set fresh water by his side. Then as he was about to speak, pressing a further query, she bent and kissed him with the hot dry lips of one in a fever of distress. "Be patient, dear," she admonished. "I shall not be long. Sleep till I return. Good-bye!"

"Margie, Margie!" the invalid called after her feebly, as he heard the fainter swish of skirt along the silent hall. But Margie was gone.

Full of wonder, Jimmy tried to sleep, and indeed did fall into a half-slumber, from which he awoke with a start, confronted with the frightful image of his own conjuring. In the silence of the early night he lay pondering, conning over and over the strange words that Margie had spoken in so strange a manner of suppressed excitement and joy in the broken suspense of resolve. Then, for relief from his nightmare, he turned to the little table by his pillow and picked up the Bible which lay within reach, letting it fall open at random across his knees as he straightened. The first words that confronted him in this his hour of quandary gave him a shock. They seemed so providential, so prophetic:

> A foolish woman is vain and knoweth nothing. For she sitteth at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city to call passengers who go right on their ways; whoso is simple, let him turn in hither; and as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him, Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.

He paused. Something arose in his shrunken bosom and seemed to throttle the dreamer as he lay with the cold sweat

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gathering at the temples. He recalled her fateful words—"she knew at last how to humble herself, to make sacrifices"—God of heaven! what did she mean? "Stolen waters"? "Bread eaten in secret"? He slammed shut the sacred volume and was about to fling it far from him when another irresistible impulse prompted him to open it once more at random as before. Perhaps now there would come to him a balm and a reassurance to his sinking soul. He dropped it as before, and the book parted almost in the middle of the chronicles of Isaiah. Then lowering his blurring eyes over it, he read from the top of the page—

> Come down and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon! Sit on the ground: there is no throne, O daughter of the Chaldeans; for thou shalt no more be called tender and delicate. Take the millstones and grind meal; uncover thy locks, make bare the leg, uncover the thigh, pass over the rivers. Thy nakedness shall be uncovered, yea, thy shame shall be seen; I will take vengeance.
>
> I was wroth with my people; I have polluted mine inheritance and given them into thy hand. Thou hast trusted in thy wickedness; thou hast said, None seeth me. Thy wisdom and thy knowledge hath perverted thee. Therefore shall evil come upon thee; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth. Get thee into darkness, O daughter of the Chaldeans; for thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms!

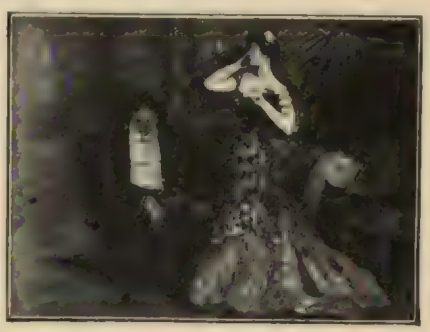
The stinging eyelids fell as of their own heaviness, and the throbbing head dropped forward upon the shrunken bosom. A faintness came over the weary frame; the book slid to the floor, and the disillusioned hero saw only these blood-red characters staining the black waste of vision as again and again there rang in his ears the fateful words, "It is my turn, dear," . . . "the sinking ship" . . . "trust me: I shall bring back relief!"

It was a long, long hour that the man of sorrows lay like one dead against the pillows, then he arose, dressed in his wedding clothes and threw himself on the frayed lounge. Suddenly a light touch upon his wan forehead roused him. He looked up. There stood Margie, radiant, smiling, the picture of triumph, the symbol of a paradise regained. "Dearie," she said, "we have won. I told you that I would find a way, even at a sacrifice of pride. See! here are five hundred dollars——"

The invalid shrank, glaring, first at the outstretched hand with its burden of worldly salvation, then up into the flushed face which took on a peculiar death-like hue. For a single instant they seemed searching each other's inmost souls with shafts of fire; then she broke forth with a voice unearthly and strident with pain: "Jamie, Jamie, what do you mean by that look? What do you mean?—answer me—answer!"

Not a syllable fell from the lip that curled in ineffable scorn, as with a mighty struggle, snatching the bank bills, the invalid leaped from his bed, staggered across the little chamber and threw the roll into the hearth-flames, where it blazed up and died into ashes. "That," said he, falling prostrate like one in a death agony, "that is my answer—that—*that!*"

The woman eyed him for an instant like one bereft; then straightening as a queen accused, drew her superb robe about her and swept toward the open door. There she paused and snapped her finger like the crack of a lash as she replied, "Since *that* is your answer, then *this* is mine!" and so passed out into the night.



"Jamie, Jamie, what do you mean by that look? What do you mean?—answer me—answer!"

Some kindly hand restored the delirious invalid to his couch where he lay quoting scripture and cursing through the night, and with the first stir of morning a visitor came, ushered in by the janitress. At the door he paused; and seeing that apparition propped up on the pillows, uttered an exclamation. "Jimmy Malcomb, by the gods! I never dreamed he was as bad as this." Advancing, he laid his hand on the shrunken shoulder. "Why, Jimmy, old comrade, why didn't you let us know you were in trouble? I say, this is terrible——"

The invalid opened his eyes. "Great heaven! You, Blanchard? How came you here—at this time?"

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"Why, ten of us Ohio boys came on to the convention. We are stopping at the Waldorf where—why, where's Margie?"

"Margie?" There was an awful struggle.

"Take it easy, old man. Jove! but you should have let us know. It was in all the papers—that we were here. That's where Margie said she saw it——"

"Margie?" . . .

"Why, yes; the brave girl swallowed her pride like a little heroine last night. She came and told us everything. We weren't of the kind to see an old comrade suffer, so we then and there made up a purse of five hundred dollars just to tide over——"

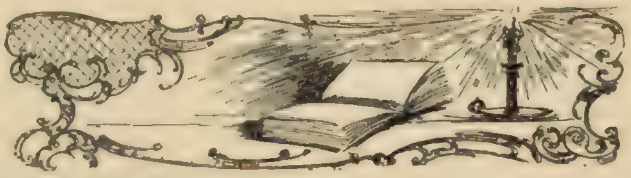
A cry interrupted the speaker. Jimmy had struggled forward and sat clawing the counterpane, mouth agape, eyes rolling horribly. "You—you boys made up a purse—a purse of five hundred dollars——"

"Why, yes; we sent it down to you by Margie, you know. Why—er—say, old man, what's the matter? Madam, give me some water there—quick! The poor fellow——"

"Great God, what have I said—what have I done?"

"Jimmy, Jimmy! More water, more! He had fainted."

And now all hands are looking for Margie.



LIVING OVER A VOLCANO

By Jay P. Welling

IT is a very quiet and peaceful-looking scene. It is not so far from New York City that it cannot be reached by train in a very short time. The river is navigable from the Sound, and here and there over its narrow expanse may be seen the yachts of millionaires and the smaller craft that penetrate the lowland stream. The buildings are for the most part low and unimposing—such as might be used in a coal region or in a new section of a mining State. There are seen only one or two men about, and they move with the stealth of Indians on a scouting tour. It is a mysterious little colony.

Below this seeming modest exterior there are stored enough explosives to hurl New York into kingdom come, were the entire combined charge set under the city. Under these insignificant frame roofs there are cellars where are stored every conceivable explosive used by the United States Government for every conceivable weapon that uses fire and brimstone. Near these storehouses are the great works where all kinds of shells and cartridges are made and filled with various explosives. The man in charge of these cellars is very reticent. No insurance company will take a risk on his life. For all that, he is calm and serene in the face of death. He has grown used to it. "Eternal vigilance is the price of life here," he explained with a sigh. "You may think that twenty years of guarding this shot have made me careless. Not so. There is only one consolation, small as it is: when these hundreds of tons of explosives blow up, I will never know it; for within the twinkling of an eye the various constituents of my anatomy will be hurled into space, and all there is left of me to hold a funeral over you can put in a pint cup." There is gruesome humor for you.

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DESTINY IN THE FEATURES

By J. A. Fowler

Vice-President of the American Institute of Phrenology

THERE are many evidences in human life and character which indicate that a man's work impresses itself in his face, and many departed celebrities, like Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, and others, show us that changes took place in their countenances as they entered different professions.

Undoubtedly work stamps itself upon the face of an individual, whether he cares to admit it or not. There is the face of the engineer, the lawyer, the hotel-keeper, the writer, the actor, the musician, the painter, the minister, the business man, and the politician.

The face of Lincoln changed its expression from that of irresolution to that of dignity, criticism, energy, and benignity when he took up the study of law and entered politics.

Benjamin Franklin showed a remarkable change in his expression and the development of his forehead, when he altered his work from that of a printer to a statesman, philosopher, and writer. His actual contour of forehead changed, and in addition to being well developed over the brow (in the perceptive faculties) when he was a printer and scientist, his forehead also developed along the upper portion, in the region of the reflective faculties, and the expression of thought manifested itself in his eyes, the lines of his face, and the inclination of his head forward, instead of the erect position.

If it is possible to distinguish the occupation in the face of one person, it is possible to see the career depicted in the faces of all our large classes of industry, and we will endeavor to show how character has impressed itself in the countenances of President Roosevelt, Mayor Low, Bishop Potter, Hon. John Hay, Sir Henry Irving, "Mark Twain," and Mr. John P. Sousa.

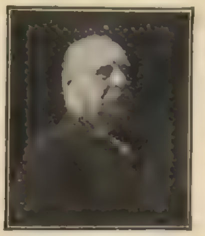
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

His portrait shows several careers in his outlines of face. He has the resolution of the soldier in his eye and mouth; the directing foresight of the leader in his nose; the noncommittal pressure of the lips of an organizer, the look of inquiry of a scientist, and keen observer, and the well-balanced brow of a man who has to weigh and consider the affairs of a politician, statesman, and president.

Photograph copyright, 1903, by Pach Bros., New York

President Roosevelt has quite a different outline of character expressed in his face from that of the late President McKinley or Grover Cleveland. The Motive-muscular Temperament is strongly accentuated in Roosevelt; the Mental Temperament in McKinley, and the Vital-Motive Temperament in Cleveland. We can thus appreciate and account for the forensic power of Roosevelt, the deliberateness of McKinley, and the bull-dog determination of Cleveland, all of which characteristics show in the countenances of these representative men.

GROVER CLEVELAND



Photograph copyright, 1903, by Rockwood, New York

Through his experience as a lawyer and statesman, the lines around his nose are deepened, he has strengthened the curve of the end of his nose, which indicates—(1) power of resistance and analysis; (2) perceptive power and ability to watch events, in the concentration of the expression of the eye, and the pressure of the outer curve of the eye; (3) fluency of language, which manifests itself in the fulness under the eye. We should compare the arch of the eye of Cleveland for

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a moment with the eye of Seth Low, and the latter will be seen to possess a round, full orb, and a much fuller and less flattened curve of the eyebrows.

SETH LOW

Photograph copyright, 1903

The Mayor of New York City shows his career in his face: first, in his look of complacency; secondly, in his quiet dignity; thirdly, in his unruffled spirit; fourthly, in his consideration for others; fifthly, in his polite and courteous bearing.

There are no wrinkles in his brow to indicate an irritable temper. Some men knit their brows together and cause two deep lines to press themselves between the eyes; but Mayor Low has escaped this habit, and takes life more as he finds it, and meets difficulties as they rise, without worrying over their appearance beforehand.

JOHN HAY

Photograph by Ritzmann, New York

Here is a man of remarkable points of character, and he shows his well-balanced mind in the quality of his organization and his regular features. Few men, however, have so much keenness of sight expressed in their eyes as he. He seems to absorb every subject that he takes up, but there is none of the hurly-burly officialism that some men have shown who have had less distinguished positions offered to them. Mr. Hay is a man who cannot be spoiled by political power or office. He recognizes the importance of the work he undertakes to do, and shows by his steady glance, the poise of his head, the strength of his nose, and the firmness expressed in his chin, that he is not a man to be easily moved or convinced against his opinions. We should compare the fulness under the eye of Grover Cleveland with the want of it under the clear, speaking eyes of Mr. Hay. The one has a ready flow of language, while the other condenses materially what he has to say. He does not waste words or time, hence persons stop to listen to his explanations. His cheeks are not so full as Seth Low's, and this shows a lack of the Vital Temperament in the one and a development of it in the other. Mr. Hay is not a man who can flatter, compliment, or palaver with any one, but shows the indication that he strikes direct from the shoulder.

BISHOP POTTER

Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

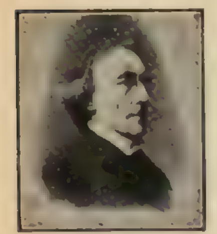
There is something that is undeniably true that impresses itself upon the countenance of a minister, clergyman, or preacher, even if he wore no outward garb to indicate his profession. What is that something—that undeniable look? First, we might say it is in the trust that shows itself in the eyes. This expression is different from that of an actor or a musician. It is the trust which shows the contemplation of confidence in the working out of all things to some good end. Different ministers, however, show more energy and executive power than others, and this, in its turn, shows itself in the features. Various Temperaments are, again, to be found in different religious denominations. John Alexander Dowie, for instance, has a Vital Temperament, with a fair endowment of the Motive and Mental. General Booth possesses a distinct Motive Temperament, while Bishop Potter has a predominance of the Mental Temperament; thus the three men have necessarily different ways of showing their mentality. There is a poise of character in the lines of face, in the thin lips, in the square chin, which give to Bishop Potter the character which distinguishes him as a clergyman.

MARK TWAIN

He possesses a most interesting and unique character. His penetrating eyes look out from under a shaggy brow, while his Language expresses itself in an unmistakable fulness under the eyes, and his general thoughtfulness of character shows itself in his full, broad, and high forehead. His intuitiveness of mind is particularly noticeable, while his penetration of character is only second in importance. He is a man who impresses you with the idea that he has something to say and that he is anxious to say it in a way that will attract your attention and cause you to stop and think of what he has said. Humor is only a means to an end. He is the most serious humorist the world has ever known, and it is because he is so intensely in earnest that he wishes to drive home his ideas in a common-sense way—that he adapts his language to the humorous side of life.

Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

HENRY IRVING


Photograph by Elliott & Fry, London

As character shows itself in the minister or lawyer, as, for instance, in Bishop Potter or John Hay, so Henry Irving carries with him the look of an actor. We recognize the studied expression, the marked manner, the intellectual poise of his head and shoulders, as well as in his walk and gestures. He has not the full, round features of Sousa, but rather the dignified pose of one who has had to concentrate his mind in well-directed intellectual lines, and these have had their distinct influence upon his face and character. The chin and jaw are particularly pronounced. The former shows concentration of thought, the latter persistency of character. There is also the air of individuality about him which manifests itself in the distance from the nose to the upper lip; thus in superintending artistic work, even of details, he will exert a powerful influence over those who work for or with him.

JOHN P. SOUSA

Photograph by Baker, Columbus

Here is a born musician. He has the right type of mind, the quality of organization, and the Temperament to enjoy music. His ardency, sympathy, and warmth of sentiment show themselves very distinctly in the rotundity of his features. His voice must be the opposite in tone from that of Sir Henry Irving. He has a mellowness of character, as well as great force and distinctness of mind, and while he shows executive power, ability to lead and direct others, yet at the same time he is so full of enthusiasm and love for his work that he forgets himself in his passion for music. Thus his hard lines are softened, and enthusiasm throws itself out into every department of his work. Thus we see in various characters how the disposition and career express themselves in the face of every one who can be distinguished for a certain class of thought.

THE GAYETY CURE

By John P. Morgan

The latest fashion is the Gayety Cure
  To drive the ills of mortal flesh away;
They say our pace is killing us, cock sure,
  That we are just a little bit too gay.
  That to keep up with Fashion's gilt array
Is more than any Roman can endure;
  And if we crave right in the swim to stay,
We must these modern luxuries abjure.

The rich are getting richer, and the poor
  They swear are getting poorer every day;
That every year more vanities allure
  To charm, and then to curse this mortal clay.
  They vow these social struggles do not pay,
And lives burn out before they can mature;
  That civilization waneth to decay,
Unless we some new saving grace conjure.

Envoi:
So if you seek a patent Gayety Cure,
  Just take advice from me, a poor old jay:
Marry, and in some Brooklyn flat obscure
  Exist, and you'll be ages growing gray.

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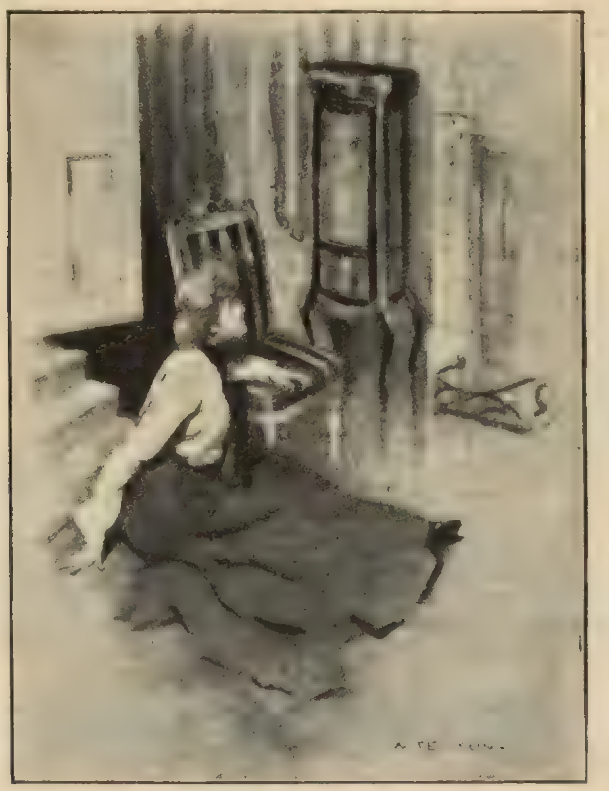
FAIR OR DARK?

A TRIFLING DUOLOGUE

By George Frost

"WELL, Madge, did George Pelham propose last night? But never mind, of course he didn't, or you wouldn't look so cross this morning," and she sat down on the rug at the bottom of the stair.

Margaret, whose temper sometimes matched her hair, was lolling in her own particular arm-chair beside the boudoir fire. Raising lack-lustre eyes from the pages of the *Morning Blazer*, she treated her sister Celia to a glassy stare.



"Well, Madge, did George Pelham propose last night?"

"Cross!" she repeated slowly. "Well, I suppose it takes a fair woman to look beaming by eleven o'clock in the morning."

Celia, gazing into the fireplace, smiled at her own pink-and-white reflection in the pierglass at her right hand.

"When a man does not propose," she announced, apparently addressing the coal box, "it is invariably the woman's fault. Why did you manage so badly?"

Silence.

"Either," proceeded Celia, "either you snubbed him atrociously, or you encouraged him indecently. Which was it?"

Still silence.

Celia, though delighted with her own

eloquence, felt she had missed the bull's-eye. Twisting round squarely now, she faced her sister.

"Margaret," in a tragic whisper, "Margaret, were you mad enough to laugh at him?"

The newspaper rustled impatiently.

"You think you know everything, Celia, but you don't."

"But I mean to," replied the other significantly, "and good intentions count for something. It's no use quibbling," she went on, "you did or said something to gag George Pelham. What was it?"

Margaret gave a mirthless laugh.

"Oh, he proposed right enough," she said.

The blue-china eyes opened wider.

"Proposed, did he? Then why on earth——"

Then Margaret dropped the *Morning Blazer*.

"Celia," she asked, "you admire dark men, don't you?"

The whilom inquisitor blushed.

"Most awfully," she murmured, "but what of that?"

"Nothing, only I don't; and last night I——"

"Good heavens!" gasped Celia, "I believe you told him so."

Silence.

"Margaret, I give you up. You tell that peacock of a George that you don't admire him, and then weep inside the newspaper because he didn't propose."

"Oh dear," moaned the culprit, "I only said how queer it felt to find myself accepting him when I'd loathed dark men all my life."

"And pray what did he say?" inquired Celia with the air of the kind keeper to the prize imbecile.

"He—he jumped up, turned blacker than ever, and said since he was personally repugnant to me, he would retract his unfortunate proposal."

"H'm," said Celia in scornful pity, "I should think you and John Patton had better marry each other."

"John Patton? Why?"

"Why not? He's almost an albino; fair enough to please even you, I imagine, and he loves dark women."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

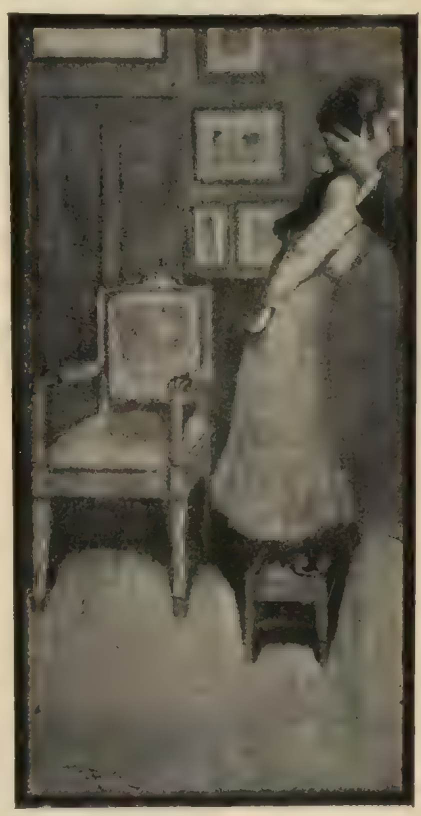
"Told you so! When? Last night?"

"Yes; he was quite charming to me till we went out to find a glow-worm, and then —then I thought he was going to, but—but——"

"But he didn't," supplied Margaret. Drying her eyes she sat up.

"When a man doesn't propose," she quoted, "it is invariably the woman's fault. Why did you manage so badly?"

"It was not my fault," cried Celia. "I neither snubbed nor encouraged him. I didn't laugh at him nor censure his appearance. It was he who said all of a sudden, and without any warning, that he had an aversion to fair women. Oh, it was awful!" and Celia, too, produced her handkerchief.



"Matches, you know, not contrasts, are made in heaven"

"And what did you say?"

"I? I said it was a pity he hadn't told me so before, and that I hated albinos myself, and glow-worms, and balls, and——"

"If you please, Mr. George Pelham is in

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the drawing-room, and begs you will see him for one moment."

The maid addressed Margaret, who after a hasty interview with the mirror, glanced interrogatively at her sister.

"Yes, of course," cried Celia, "go at once; but don't forget to rave about his Spanish profile," she called out as Margaret flitted down the stairs.

"A note for you, if you please," said the maid, re-entering, and Celia glancing at the salver saw the well-known handwriting.

"Fair lady," she read, "you interrupted me last night in the middle of an important sentence. Misunderstanding is costly, so I write to put one fact beyond its reach. As I tried to tell you, I always felt an aversion to fair women till I met you. Since then I am indifferent to all women, fair or dark, excepting one. In spite of her repulsion to fair men, the expression of which drove me last night to supper and despair, I hereby entreat that one to marry me. At least we shall be well matched. Is that a dark saying? Please send me a fair answer.—Yours, JOHN PATTON.

"P. S.—I will dye if you wish. What can a lover say more?"

"Celia," cried Margaret darting into the room, "George says we must be one soul because our eyelashes are duplicates; he says contrast means conflict, that 'like-to-like' is a law of nature, and that I'm bound to admire him sooner or later because——"

"May I come in?" said John Patton in the doorway. "I got tired of waiting in the library, so I followed Margaret up-stairs."

"So did I," echoed George over John's shoulder.

"Waiting," exclaimed Celia with a lame severity, "waiting—for what?"

"For my answer," replied John as he took her hand.

Margaret retired hastily to the window; the Spanish profile followed.

"George," she whispered gazing at it, "I do not admire colored people, still there is an exception to every rule. But are you sure you would not look better with a contrast for a wife?"

"You double all my effects," he replied. "Matches, you know, not contrasts, are made in heaven."

FORTY THOUSAND CANARY BIRDS ALL A-TWITTER

By Catharine Yarley

EACH year there is a great importation of canaries from the Hartz mountains in Germany. They are of many varieties, although to the layman there appears to be but a single family of these pretty songsters. There is a storehouse in Greenwich street, New York, where the canaries are received and cared for till they can be separated and graded according to their singing qualities, and shipped to various parts of the country. The illustration shows part of a single importation of forty thousand birds. The noise in the bird room of this establishment is fairly deafening. The man who feeds them shoots the seed into the cages with a sort of squirt-gun, and the water likewise. They are fed once a day, and are carefully watched for any evidences of disease, as well as to discover the best singers. A man whose ear is trained to wonderful acuteness wanders about amid the din, and now and then makes a halt to pick out a certain sweet singer which appears to have a note finer than the others warbling around it. One songster makes another sing, and the birds are quick to imitate one another. When the songster is separated from its mates, it is put in a room where there are only the finest singers. These are watched in turn to discover the rarest songsters of the special lot, and separated and graded according to value. The especially brilliant singers are shipped to the

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high-priced establishments, which leave standing orders for the best birds. The second grade go to regular dealers, and finally the rank and file are disposed of at auction, to be distributed to street peddlers, who offer them from house to house for anything they will bring.

In Germany, the rearing of canaries is an industry which brings millions of dollars every year from America. The Hartz district abounds in canary-breeders, and for some reason the mountain district of Germany seems to furnish birds that have the sweetest notes and the widest range of song. When the birds are grown to a point where it is safe to ship them, they are put in tiny square cages barely big enough to fly around in, and fifty of them spitted side by side on a long pole. This makes it easy for the feeder to handle them in batches of half a hundred, to lay the cages in shallow pans of water for cleaning, and to give the birds the luxury of a bath. Any symptoms of disease or a disinclination to sing separates the patient into the bird hospital. Only a small percentage of the birds die, the bracing mountain air of Germany making them very hardy.

Feeding fifty mouths at once

A REAL HOUSE OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE

By Cyril Gates

AFTER the duel between Hamilton and Burr, when the former fell dead, slain by the man whom he had once befriended, the merciless antagonist raced across country to the mansion of the retired Admiral Truxton. Here in an upper attic chamber he was hidden away for four days and nights. Burr's evil genius remained behind him. Ten families have since occupied the mansion, and every one has had some tragedy to record. In one case a bride went insane. In another the only son and heir fell from the top banister to the main floor, crushing in his skull. In a third case death at the hand of an assassin followed the loss of an immense fortune. The present occupants, strange to say, do not heed the ill-omens, and are sound people in body, morals, and finances.

Those who have read the enthralling story of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr—who have read with sympathetic interest of the burning hatred and desire for revenge that rankled in the bosom of these two men—must look with mingled feelings at the picture of this old mansion.

The mansion where Aaron Burr hid after his duel with Alexander Hamilton

A FLAT BEHIND THE SCENES

Mrs. M. G. Spooner

"THE home of the Spooners." That is the name by which the "Bijou" is known in Brooklyn. It is our home in every sense of the word. It is there we eat, drink, sleep; and it is there, also, we give our matinée and evening performances. To tell the truth, it is difficult to tell whether our home is in the theatre, or the theatre in our home, so closely combined are the two—only separated by a little flight of stairs and a sort of zig-zag passage through the wings. The girls and I run back and forth in the most comfortable sort of fashion, in our wrappers, the girls in their make-up between the acts for a cup of tea, or even for a bit of a nap, if there is a long wait.

Mrs. M. G. Spooner

You see, I have arranged an electric call-bell, communicating from the wings to the apartment, so if one of the girls should happen to be in a doze the alarm is so arranged that it would take an unusually deaf individual not to hear it.

Yes, it is a curious yet most comfortable combination. The only one of its kind, I imagine, in this country. Indeed, I think I may go a step further and say it is the only one of its kind in the world. We are not in the least degree bohemian. I don't believe in your makeshift stock work. A change of repertoire every week demands an enormous amount of vitality. It is a frightful drain on the nerve forces, and in order to endure it, one must live with the same method and sincerity as one works.

When I read a few years ago of that very talented young woman's death, Miss Ingraham, of the Murray Hill Stock Co., I turned to my two daughters, Edna May and Cecil, and my young son—all in the profession from babyhood. "Stock work," I said, "and eating in a hurry."

"That's the way we girls will go off, mother," said Edna May.

"I don't eat in a hurry," said Cecil, "I do even better than that. I don't eat at all."

This was all said in a half joking way, but it brought me to my senses with a start.

"Folks like us should set up housekeeping in the wings; that's the only way out of it," broke in my son.

A corner in the Bijou Theatre den

This idea came to me as an inspiration. I determined then and there to manage "housekeeping behind the scenes."

At that time we were living in a big, comfortable hotel. We had a large, sunny suite, a splendid table and every

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comfort, if we had had time to enjoy it. But oh, how tired we were of it all! We had been living this way all our lives, and the very sight of a hotel dining-room and hotel cooking filled us with weariness. Our entire time was taken up with running back and forth to the theatre. We were engaged in stock work as now, and there was a rehearsal every morning at ten which oftentimes lasted until two o'clock. Half of the time, especially on matinée days, the girls would throw themselves on the sofas in their dressing-room and refuse to come home for luncheon or dinner. They would order something brought in, and eat in any sort of a way in their little, stuffy dressing-rooms.

Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

Edna May Spooner

At the time of the above conversation with the children, I was about concluding arrangements to open stock work in the "Bijou." I said nothing on the subject, but I determined to survey the premises with a view to "keeping house behind the scenes" if it were possible. I discovered that the situation was ideal. The theatre building is on a broad, sunny street. The second floor front had a series of large, beautiful rooms opening one into the other. One had been used as an office. The others were designated as storerooms, and were littered with cast-off furniture and scenery of years' standing and dust accumulation.

Mrs. Spooner at work

I made a clean sweep of all the rubbish. I broke in partitions, built in connecting doors, built a bath-room, fitted up a kitchen and a butler's pantry, and after the place had been thoroughly cleaned, painted and decorated, I found myself the proprietor

Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

Cecil Spooner

of a charming apartment—nine rooms and bath, hot water, and all modern conveniences, separated from the theatre proper and the wings by the little flight of stairs already mentioned.

I said nothing to the children, but at once proceeded to furnish my new apartment according to their pet ideas. First came the library, which was to serve also as my office. It was pleasant to see all our books that had been stored for years, ranged in orderly rows on mahogany shelves. It opened into a Marie Antoinette drawing-room—Cecil's dream for years; then came a dainty blue combination boudoir and bedroom for Edna May; a rose-pink for Cecil, and a den for the boy. The dining-room in blue delft and oak is one of my pet dreams realized—for this is my real home, too—and then came a real kitchen, the sewing-room and a servant's room.

On our opening night at the Bijou we had a house-warming. I told the girls (I had taken the lad into my confidence) that I had found some comfortable rooms near the theatre. They surmised I had some sort of a surprise for them, but when the performance was over, and they prepared to put on their hats and coats, our friends who were in the secret rushed them through the zig-zag passage, literally carried them up the little winding stairs, and landed them, all out of breath, in the prettiest, brightest, most comfortable little home in Greater New York; and there we have been domiciled ever since.

I don't believe we could have stood the strain of our stock work if it were not for this unique arrangement. We save at least three hours a day in actual time, not to mention the priceless economy of vitality.

After the evening performance, the girls simply slip on a loose dressing-gown and flit upstairs to supper and bed. There is no such thing nowadays as a hurried breakfast, a dash for the theatre in a hansom, a rehearsal, and an evening performance on an empty stomach.

We live sanely and with leisure. I notice a vast improvement not only in the physical well-being of my little family, but an added force and buoyancy in the quality of their dramatic work.

They take more interest, too, in things outside of the theatre, for the simple reason that they have the time. Their dressmaker is one of the family, so they have no need of those all-time trips to be fitted.

I flatter myself to have made a discovery—the one way in which stock work and a possible pleasurable life can be combined.

HANDS

Dearest, they say the hands we write
Are but an index to our minds;
Caligraphy both small and slight
In men of mighty brain one finds.

'Tis thus our intellects they gauge,
And for ourselves you know you sprawl
Your headlong words across the page,
While mine are always neat and small.

But other hands as well there be,
And truly when our twain entwine,
Your own is very fair to me
And only half the size of mine.

And that, I hope, is proof not less
That you have "got a great mind" too—
A mind, I mean, to answer "yes"
To something I would ask of you.

WHENCE COMES THE CRY FOR PARKER?

By Theodore C. Allison

WHO is Judge Alton B. Parker? Where does he come from? What are his claims to distinction?

Why do the newspapers accord him column after column of space?

Why am I writing about him for BROADWAY MAGAZINE?

Why do the leaders of both parties look at him with eyes full of wonder and the knowledge that he appears as a phenomenon on the political horizon?

"Who's Who in America" has the following to say of Judge Parker:

Parker, Alton Brooks, chief judge Court of Appeals of New York since January 1st, 1898; b. Cortland, N.Y., May 14, 1852; ed. public schools, Cortland Acad. and Cortland Normal School. Admitted to bar; practised in Kingston; surrogate Ulster County, 1877–85; delegate to Dem. Nat. Conv., 1884; tendered office of First Asst. Postmaster-Gen., 1885; Chmn. Dem. State Exec. Com. 1885; judge Supreme Court, 1885; apptd. mem. Court of Appeals, 2d div., 1889–93; mem. gen. term, 1893–6, of Appellate div., 1896–7. Address, Kingston, N. Y.

All of which is mildly interesting, but does not for the smallest part of a moment explain the situation. There is not the slightest clue in this extract from "Who's Who in America" to show just why Judge Parker should be hailed as the Moses of the Democratic party.

Judge Parker comes to New York. He is dined, wined and toasted by the best in our city on both sides of the political fence. He is made to feel that he is the man of the hour, and one toward whom national Democracy looks with yearning eyes as to a leader who will guide the destinies of the party in 1904. And yet, note how the politicians who make nominees and candidates, the men who know the game from stem to stern and back again—note how with one accord they leave Judge Parker severely alone.

Judge Alton B. Parker
Possible Democratic Candidate of 1904

The jurist goes down South. There in Democracy's stronghold, in a land where a Republican is as frequent as a snowstorm, newspaper editors, prominent citizens, and great jurists invite Judge Parker to their pow-wows, and in flowery peroration sound his praises as if he were an Alexander or a Napoleon.

Reports of the speeches are telegraphed all over the country, Democracy is asked to sit up and take notice, and the Cleveland phalanx is requested to take a back seat.

And the great common people: the men, young, old and middle-aged, who vote and make the really great as possible, ask in a wondering tone, Who is Judge Parker? Whence comes he? What are his claims? Why should we vote for him? And finally does New York State, the pivot of the electoral machine, expect the East, the West, and the North and the South, to stand for the nomination of the Great Dark Horse of Delaware County?

And that is why I ask, Whence comes the cry for Parker?

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NEW YORKERS AND THEIR HOTELS

By Benjamin L. Randall

A LITTLE over two hundred and fifty years ago, Governor Kieft, representing the Dutch West India Company at New Amsterdam, began to find his private hospitality sorely taxed by the obligation of entertaining all the official visitors to the colonies.

New Hotel Knickerbocker, Broadway and Forty-second street, to be opened next year, and the acme of perfection in hotel construction

Accordingly, with the consent and at the expense of the Company, this worthy erected in 1642, at the head of Coenties Slip on the East River, a plain stone tavern, which in later years became better known as the Stadt Huys or City Hall. The fact is mentioned here for the reason that this clumsy little building of most uninviting exterior was New York's first hotel, and moreover, for nearly fifty years it was absolutely the only inn of any kind on Manhattan Island, the population of which had scarcely reached four thousand at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Ever since the opening of the original building of the famous "Waldorf" on Fifth avenue, in 1893, the *hotels de luxe* of New York have become noted throughout the world for their unparalleled magnificence and luxury, as well as their perfect adaptability to every requirement of the modern traveler or tenant.

Those old Dutch burghers of the seventeenth century, who smoked their pipes and gazed in placid admiration at Kieft's five-storied tavern, under whose slanting roof only officials and nabobs could aspire to be housed—what indeed would they have thought could they have beheld, as in a vision, miles away towards the farther end of the island—which they visited but rarely and only when fully armed and in companies, for fear of predatory Indians—sky-scraping, stupendous structures of granite or marble or brick, with twenty stories or more above ground and one-fourth that number below the street level, and containing anywhere from five hundred to two thousand five hundred distinct rooms, including concert-halls, theatres, ball-rooms, banquet saloons and roof gardens, with furniture, decorations, and appointments representing an outlay of millions of dollars?

We, of to-day, should have been astounded but a few years ago had we been told of certain things which have now become commonplaces in the perfected organizations and systems of these marvelous establishments, where the employees average one-third more than the maximum number of guests; where the subterranean stories contain huge engineering and electrical plants, with dynamos to drive from fifteen to twenty elevators and furnish illumination for twenty-five thousand electric lights, and where self-stoking furnaces burn a hundred tons of coal per day.

The chef in such an hotel conducts the operations of from fifty to seventy-five cooks, while the whole complex business is directed personally, or through his lieutenants, by a manager, who can annually

By way of contrast, the Essex street district of New York where food is sold from carts and one can live sumptuously on twenty cents a day

reap a net profit that would seem a small fortune to many of us.

It is worth while here to examine briefly some of the reasons for the enormous increase of hotels and apartment-houses in New York during the past three years.

In the Continental capitals, like Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, the apartment system of living has been well established for half a century. In most of the cities of the United States, however, as in England, the conception of home to the average fairly prosperous head of a family has usually meant a house; and if rents were too high within urban limits, he would content himself with a residence in the suburbs conveniently accessible to his place of business.

Owing to its peculiar situation, and especially since the consolidation into one municipality of the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Richmond, and The Bronx, New York has practically no suburbs at all within a radius of ten miles from Madison Square. Because of the abominably insufficient transportation service during the morning and evening hours, travel to the extreme city limits in any direction is attended with great discomfort and annoyance; and even when one reaches the outskirts it is the exception now to find houses suitable for those of moderate means.

The situation is simply this: apartment-houses have become so popular in New York that the building of them has developed into a craze. Realty companies with enormous capitalization have been formed by the score. These corporations vie with one another in acquiring advantageous sites in the best sections, and thus is witnessed daily the demolition of old residences and the upbuilding in their places of the more or less pretentious hotel, apartment-house, or apartment-hotel. A reaction in this sort of thing is, of course, inevitable. Meanwhile, contractors and builders are reaping rich harvests while they may.

However, so far as the larger and more expensive hotels and apartments are concerned, their success in the future is absolutely assured, and for this reason: while there are a number of palatial private residences in New York both on Fifth avenue and on the newer Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson, they are tenanted by their owners scarcely more than two months of the year.

The cultivated American of wealth prefers now to build his real home on a magnificent scale in the country; and as it becomes more and more the custom to spend half the year abroad or in the South, a city establishment grows correspondingly superfluous, especially when a perfectly appointed apartment, or a suite of rooms in an *hotel de luxe*, may be engaged at any time, for a short or long period. Furthermore, the man who has "made his pile" in Chicago, St. Louis, Denver or San Francisco, and consequently has plenty of money to spend, will surely visit with his family the financial and artistic centre

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of the country at least once a year, even if he cannot arrange to live there. In brief, New York has grown so colossal in every way that its old-time Knickerbocker conservatism and individuality have been completely lost in the vast cosmopolis of nearly two million souls, which we now style the Borough of Manhattan.

No consideration of the hotels of New York would be complete without an introductory reference to some of the old-fashioned houses still holding their own, which have been noted both for solid comfort and the excellence of their cuisine, in some instances for a period of over fifty years.

Octogenarians of to-day can recall the opening of the Astor House at Broadway, Vesey and Barclay streets, in 1836. For years this massive granite pile, erected on the site of the former residences of Messrs. J. G. Coster, David Lydig, and J. J. Astor, was the chosen resort of all notable visitors, and the scene of many large banquets. At this date it is one of the most remunerative properties of the kind in the city, and probably pays its running expenses from the restaurant income alone.

The Everett and the Brevoort, still doing business, and for many years in especial favor with English travelers, were opened in 1854; and five years later marked the second great hotel event in the history of New York by the completion of the Fifth Avenue, on Madison Square. This stately marble structure, which is still operated successfully on the American plan, occupies one of the most valuable plots in the entire city—close to its very heart, in fact.

During the succeeding quarter of a century dating from the memorable visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, this commodious hotel had the honor of entertaining nearly every traveler of distinction who came to Manhattan. For a long time this house has been the headquarters of Republican politicians, big and little, and it is a known fact that the owners have refused many dazzling offers to purchase their valuable property.

The third and unquestionably the most important epoch in the history of New York hotels begins with the opening of the Waldorf, at Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street, in 1893. Five years later the Astoria was erected on the adjoining corner. Designed by the same architect, the more recent building is in entire harmony with the German Renaissance architecture of the older house, and the two together, with their richly ornamented façades and picturesque roofs so suggestive of medieval Germany, unite in making one of the most impressive piles on the avenue.

There is no need here, to enter into a detailed description of this famous caravansary; but inasmuch as the Waldorf-Astoria in its general plan, in its management, and most of all in its immense publicity, so to speak, represents a complete transformation from the old-time conception of an hotel which has obtained more or less throughout civilization, I would briefly indicate what this means.

To begin with, it is perfectly fair to affirm that nearly every adult resident of Manhattan, male or female, excluding the laboring and poorer classes, visits this establishment on the average once a week, or, let us say, at least twice a month, on either pleasure or business that may be in no way connected with the hotel proper or the guests thereof.

The Rathskeller is a feature of the modern hotel

The ground and second floors of the Waldorf-Astoria contain nearly fifty public rooms, some of which are rented practi-

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cally every night during the season. Those on the first floor, including the large ballroom, the Astor gallery, the Myrtle Room, East Room, and others, are hired for banquets, receptions, balls, lectures, concerts, and every kind of social function imaginable. On the ground floor the public restaurant facilities include the two main dining-rooms on the entire Fifth avenue front, the Palm Garden, and the Café. These, of course, are patronized quite as much by outsiders as by inmates of the hotel. "Smart" society is scarcely conspicuous in these rooms, except during "Horse Show week" in November, which marks the opening of the season. "Peacock Row," as the main corridor on Thirty-fourth street is popularly styled, is thronged nightly with richly gowned women and their escorts; but these birds of fine plumage are more apt to be recruited from the numbers of wealthy Western visitors. The "State Apartment" on the Waldorf side represents the most perfect realization of luxury and artistic taste in the whole house. The furniture and hangings in the bed-chamber of this suite are replicas of those of Francis I in the Hotel Cluny.

So much for the social features of this hotel. I have already implied that as many people enter its portals on business as for mere entertainment. All the financiers, capitalists, promoters, and so on, who come to New York as the money centre of the United States, are nightly in evidence at the Waldorf-Astoria. Enormous deals and operations that are initiated on Wall street during the day are decided in the corridors and café of this hostelry any time between six o'clock and midnight. Within the precincts are the spacious offices of trust, audit, and surety companies, stockbrokers, and others. Thus the visiting capitalist, if he so chooses, may transact all the business which calls him to New York, under one roof.

While the Waldorf-Astoria remains a unique establishment, not only for its luxurious accommodations for guests but equally because of its enormous and varied usefulness to the community at large, there are several hotels in course of erection, still more merely contemplated, which will contain some dazzling surprises for the public when they are opened.

As regards engineering plants, electrical devices, and modern conveniences of every kind, they will reveal a decided advance upon the equipment of the older house, which was originally thought to have set a pace difficult to follow, and absolutely impossible to exceed during the present generation; and so far as mere luxury and magnificence are concerned, I shall have something to say later which may sound like a fairy-tale.

In Chinatown one may live on forty cents a day, including chop-suey and lodging. Interior of a well-known restaurant in Chinatown

Meanwhile let us consider some of the lesser fine hotels of New York which are also comparatively new.

The Savoy and the Netherland, facing Central Park at opposite corners of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, are favored by a rarely beautiful situation, and for this reason especially, without regard to the excellence of their cuisine or their hand-

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some appointments, their rooms are very largely rented for the season, as in apartment-hotels.

On the other side of the park, occupying the block bounded by Seventy-first and Seventy-second streets and Central Park West, the Hotel Majestic would appear to be worthy of its imposing title. It is the leading establishment of its kind in the upper West Side, and while receiving transient guests, has become more popular as a family hotel, and like the Waldorf-Astoria and most of the newer houses, contains several magnificent public rooms. Owing to its proximity to the park, this hotel is always well patronized in the summer, and when the visiting stranger on a moonlight night mounts to the beautiful garden on the roof, where an orchestra plays every evening, he may well imagine himself transported to some charming country resort.

The Holland House is one of the finest New York hotels, modeled on English lines, with an unsurpassed cuisine

The "roof garden," by the way, has become a popular institution in New York during the summer months. They have long existed on several of the large theatre buildings and on a number of hotels, and recently the clubs have begun to adopt them. The wonder is, that a roof garden of any kind is scarcely to be found outside of New York.

One of the most successful as well as the least pretentious of the leading hotels in Manhattan is the well-known Holland House at Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street. Admirably appointed, quiet, and more exclusive than many of the larger caravansaries, it is easily able to hold its own during the present craze for *hotels de luxe*. The restaurant is deservedly famous, and is only equaled by those of the Waldorf-Astoria, Sherry's, and Delmonico's.

An interesting feature of this house is the "gilt" banquet-room on the second floor, which is an exact reproduction of the room famous in the history of Holland House, London.

The palatial "Manhattan," which looms up at the corner of Madison avenue and Forty-second street, one of the busiest sections of the city, created a sensation when it opened in 1896. Several years later an addition was built at the rear, extending to Forty-third street. The whole exterior has been successfully treated in the Italian Renaissance style. The entrance *foyer*, spacious and sumptuous like that of the Majestic, is lined and paved with Italian marble, while the walls are enriched by artistic panels from the brush of C. Y. Turner. A private dining-room for permanent patrons on the second floor bears the alluring cognomen of "The Hall of Beauty," owing, not, as some might rashly assume, to the guests, but to a series of female heads executed in pastel on the walls by J. Wells Champney, and embracing twenty or more copies of historical portraits of English and French titled dames. So much for the hotels which came into being during the nineties.

The existing mania for the erection of hotels and hotel apartments in the city of New York dates from the year 1901; real-estate operators believe that it has now reached its zenith, and that the inevitable decline, at least so far as the lesser speculators are concerned, will set in before the close of the present year.

According to municipal building statistics, the annual hotel construction prior to 1900 had been six structures, at an aggregate cost of $2,500,000. The apartment-hotel first appeared as a factor in 1900, when thirteen were built, at an aggregate cost of $2,768,000. In 1901 forty-six were constructed, at a cost of

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$20,421,000. During the last quarter of 1902 there were sixty-six hotels and apartment-hotels under construction, at an aggregate cost of $38,055,000. The year's total investment was $50,000,000.

It is curious to note here, however, that there are fewer hotels in New York now, in proportion to the population, than there were in 1860, for since then thirty first-class hotels have been razed to the ground.

In entering upon the final and most important division of this article, I shall concern myself exclusively with the largest and newest *hotels de luxe*, including two apartment-hotels, any one of which would be unequaled, whether on the score of magnificence or of mechanical equipment, in any other city in this country or in Europe.

In the heart of the upper West Side, on the block bounded by Broadway, Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth streets, stands the Ansonia, the largest hotel structure in the world. This house, mainly designed by the owner, W. E. D. Stokes, was opened to the public on February 1st of the present year. The following statements may seem somewhat startling, but they are facts.

The Ansonia contains 2,500 rooms, with 340 distinct suites above ground.

There are nearly two hundred miles of piping concealed within its walls and floors, and extending below the surface. By way of comparison, the average twenty-story office building may contain eighteen miles of tubing.

Running ice-water is available in every suite, which also contains a complete refrigerating box. A carafe of distilled water may be placed in a compartment of this chest, and withdrawn in five minutes with the contents cooled or half congealed.

There are 18,000 electric lights. An apartment may be rented for $600, or as high as $6,000 a year. The tenant may keep house and have his own servants. If, however, the entire staff—so essential usually to domestic peace and happiness—should elect to leave, the management will step into the breach, and send up meals by the dumb-waiter at shortest notice as long as needed, and with the requisite service and attendance.

Housekeeping, moreover, is rendered doubly a pastime, for the reason that in the subterranean regions may be found a well-equipped grocery, butcher shop, and milk depot. Laundry-work may be done within your own precincts or in the basement, where one may rent a private drying compartment. Many suites are for non-housekeeping. It should be added that, when desired, facilities are furnished for cooking by electricity.

The cellar of this mammoth establishment will eventually contain a swimming pool of 22,000 cubic feet capacity, 100 feet long and 32 feet wide, besides accommodation for Turkish and Russian baths. One-fourth of the cellar is occupied by the immense electrical plant, which is the latest and most complete example of mechanical ingenuity and skill in that field. It cost a fortune to install.

The New York that wants to be amused, that dines late and does not consider the day done because the sun is set—has moved uptown. Not so many years ago Fourteenth street was the busiest portion of the Metropolis after dusk. It is still a busy street, but has lost much of its old-time glory. Then the centre changed to Twent-third street until finally it has moved up as far as Forty-second street, just beyond which is Long Acre Square. The cross-town cars, the close proximity of thirty important places of amusement, the best hotels in United States, and the Grand Central Station all conspire to make this a most important point.

Long Acre Square, or the junction of Broadway and Seventh avenue from Forty-second to Forty-seventh streets, has developed into the most important amusement centre in New York. The handsome edifices of the Victoria, Belasco, New York and Criterion Theatres are within its confines, while the Metropolitan Opera-house and Empire Theatre are immediately below on Broadway.

On the west side of the square, covering the block from Forty-fourth to Forty-fifth streets, stands the nearly completed Hotel Astor, one of the two or three most magnificent and ornate hotel edifices in the entire city. Constructed of limestone and brick, in the style of the modern Renaissance, only ten stories in height, and extending back 162 feet on either side, it forms a solid block of rare architectural impressiveness. The designers have had three main objects

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in view: namely, 1, safety against fire; 2, comfort of guests; and 3, efficiency of service. As regards the first, the steel skeleton or frame of this pile is so strong that the supports of each floor can bear the weight five times over not only of that immediate floor, but of all other floors and walls above. This framework is filled in with brick, stone, and terra-cotta.

Every modern appliance to insure safety from fire, including the automatic detector service, has been provided; but the supreme stride in the direction of safety from fire and smoke is peculiar to this house. By a most ingenious device all doors are so connected with the main office, that the clerk in charge there can, on an alarm of fire, instantly close them by the mere turn of a lever. It is within reason to state that loss of life from fire, or its equally deadly concomitant, smoke, is practically an impossibility in the Hotel Astor.

But let us glance within the doors of this noble hostelry, and note a few of the attractive and novel features that will be revealed to the public ere the close of the year.

Like those of the Majestic and Manhattan, the entrance lobby is spacious and imposing. This leads beyond into the beautiful and refreshing "Orangerie" (a felicitous variation in nomenclature from the usual "palm garden"), not unlike the famous court of that name at Versailles.

To the right will be found the various rooms devoted to women, with a special entrance on Forty-fifth street, while on the left are the café, restaurant, and billiard-room for men.

The grand lobby is encircled by a mezzanine gallery, containing the Chinese and East Indian tea-rooms; a Japanese corridor leads thence to the Filipino gallery, which extends around the "Orangerie."

The second floor is largely devoted to "state" suites in the styles of Louis XV and XVI.

An important innovation in the arrangement of this hotel is that the larger public rooms are all located on the ninth floor. Among these are two large vaulted-roofed banquet-halls and a ballroom, opening into one another, with a joint capacity for seating 1,400 persons. There are also twelve private dining-rooms decorated in various styles, and to be designated variously as the Yacht Rooms, College Room, Nimrod Rooms, and so on. During the hot term the main restaurant will be installed in the large banquet-halls, and after dinner access will be afforded to the roof garden, where coffee and cognac may be sipped beneath the stars to the strains of sweet music.

There is a strictly vegetarian hotel also in the Metropolis where forty kinds of food are served very palatably for those who eschew meat

The half of what will serve to render this one of the world's greatest hotels cannot be more than hinted at here, but the genial German-American lessee intimates that it will be worth while to visit the wine vault, with its great "Heidelberg Tun" and gallery for musicians; and also the grill-room in the basement, dedicated to the noble aboriginal redskin of North America, and illustrative, in its decoration, of Indian customs and life.

Another hotel which will resemble the Astor in architectural treatment, although less imposing, is now being erected at Broadway and Forty-second street. The Knickerbocker will probably be one of the last, but by no means the least, of the marvelous hotels opened to the public during the record year of 1903. The plans call for all the usual features of the *hotel de luxe*, including a "Rathskeller" in the basement, and on the second floor a unique flower room in place of a palm garden. It is said that the decorations in the sumptuous public rooms will be especially rich and effective. A passage through the

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basement will afford communication to the new subway station at this point.

An hotel which promises to establish a new record for lavish expenditure towards the attainment of perfect service and equipment to the smallest detail, as well as in the matter of costly artistic furnishings and decorations, is the St. Regis, now nearing completion at the southeast corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street. In February, 1903, the owner acquired an additional frontage of fifty feet on the side, and has already begun the erection of an annex in harmony with the French Renaissance style of architecture of the main building, which is constructed of Indiana limestone. The lessee of this abiding-place for millionaires is said to have employed connoisseurs as his purchasing agents abroad for two years past. Europe has been ransacked to secure rare tapestries, bronzes, and the like, which are intended as adjuncts in making life agreeable to the elect who can afford to sojourn at the St. Regis. I may add that these costly furnishings will be used quite as much in private suites and chambers as in the public rooms.

This typical *hotel de luxe*, as recently decided, will accept transient guests as well as tenants by the season; but let the wary traveler bear this in mind—a single room with bath may be taken by the year for $3,000. One scarcely dares to estimate how much he would have to pay by the day.

Let the reader lend me his attention for a few moments while I descant on some of the promised marvels of this house. The expense item of the kitchen outfit alone is $200,000. The culinary precincts *in toto* may be likened to an immense box of vitrified tiles with glass walls. The cooking utensils will be of German silver, while white marble slabs will serve for all counters and tables. The $50,000 refrigerating plant is lined with glass and porcelain, and contains shelves of German silver.

It should not be assumed, however, that all this implies mere extravagance. Quite the contrary. It means an approach towards sanitary perfection that was attainable in no other way. I may speak in passing of the silver-plated plumbing plant, which involved an outlay of $190,000; of the specially designed table-ware from the potteries of Royal Worcester and Minton, which cost $75,000; and of the silver service, for which was paid an equal sum. And note this: heat for cooking will be supplied by coal, simply because the chef believes that however convenient, less perfect results are obtained through the agency of electricity. Hand-work similarly will be utilized in many instances where machinery is now employed elsewhere, But the time-honored broom will find no place in this house. A hose-pipe, that can be introduced, when needed, into any room, will connect with a huge suction machine in the cellar, and *presto!* you have a dustless floor.

There will be, of course, handsome dining-saloons, drawing-rooms, and cafés, The third and fourth floors will be devoted to the so-called "royal suites," one of which is to be graced with the Alma Tadema furnishings from the Marquand collection.

If the fault of extravagance should be ascribed by some to the St. Regis management, at least this much may be said—there is some method in their madness. Before dismissing this hotel I would ask the reader to make a careful study of its architectural lines as shown in the illustration.

American architects and engineers for many years have been baffled by the problem of how to design a towering structure of the requisite strength and solidity, and with the maximum rentable area on each floor, that shall likewise prove a pile sightly to the eye. While the designers of the St. Regis are far from claiming to have completely solved this problem, their achievement may be said to exemplify one of the very few artistic results in the annals of sky-scraping construction.

On Fifth avenue, directly opposite the "abode for millionaires" which we have been describing, ground has recently been broken for what within a year will represent the latest example of the apartment-hotel—less pretentious, however, than the Ansonia. It may be observed that the architects have taken laudable pains to insure harmony with the lines of the adjoining University Club. Consequently the whole frontage will present an effect unfortunately somewhat rare on the Avenue.

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NEW YORK'S AMAZING SHORE LINES

By William G. Raskill

STRANGERS who come to New York for the first time are often impressed with spectacles that the ordinary citizen regards as commonplace. For instance, a visitor lately from one of the inland States took the greatest delight in wandering about the shore lines of New York, not only to get an idea of the colossal commercial enterprises that are represented there, but also to study what is a distinct and separate phase of metropolitan life.

Loading and unloading cotton and Southern products near James Slip

The river front has its distinct character. It stamps itself upon the visage, the bearing and habits of the river folk, and more especially appeals to the sense of the picturesque. This picturesqueness is not only evident in the carriage, bearing and attire of the individual, but also in the vernacular of the wharves. River dialect is a thing separate and apart from the *patois* of the streets in any other district. It is terse, sailor-like and humorous. It has the qualities of the sea combined in a measure with that of the landlubber. It comprises weird snatches of phrase from many shores. One can tell instantly the dialect of the docks. It differs from the Bowery, the foreign districts and the slang of the more enlightened quarters.

There are three hundred thousand people who make their living about the shore lines of New York in one way or another. Many of them never go to sea. Many others never really go to land—that is, seldom if ever penetrate the interior regions of the metropolis. They are people of the docks and so remain year after year. They are seldom out of work, for the labor, although severe, is but of a few hours' duration each day, and is well rewarded. Then, too, the dock workers are, for the most part, men of more than ordinary intelligence, even the laborers. They meet on the one hand the mariners from the

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Looking northward along the great West Indian shipping district

South American ports, and on the other the boatmen who have come on their long voyage from the lakes of the great Northwest, their canal-boats laden with wheat, fruit or other commodity, passing through the long canal, or possibly making a tour of the St. Lawrence and coming down by the Champlain route. These men are wide-awake and full of experiences of the frozen regions, while the vessel on the other side of the dock, for instance, loaded with pineapples or bananas from the tropics, bring

The new docks in course of construction, showing multitudes of canal craft from the Great Lakes

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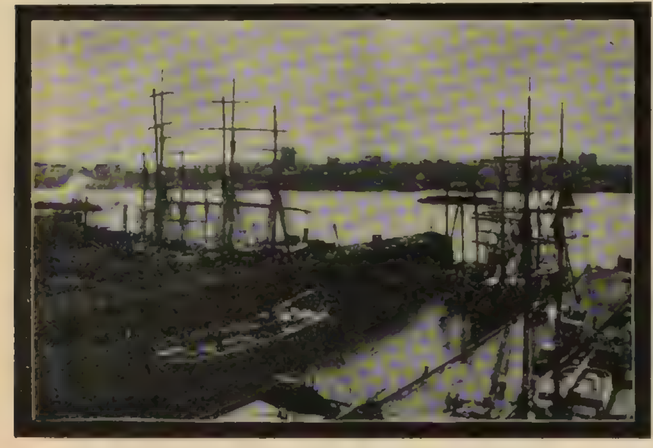
tidings of the regions bordering on or beyond the equator.

When the day's work, be it long or short, is done, these men of many climes and often nationalities, meet on common ground, and over their tankards and pipes tell their world-wide experiences. The dock lines of New York are a sort of clearing-house for the experiences of the entire globe. It is no wonder that when the longshoreman meets such a widely-traveled and interesting body of men, he becomes fascinated with the mere pleasure of rubbing elbows with all nations and smelling the air of every zone.


A forest of masts through which Brooklyn is visible

And as for the millions in money that arrive and depart from these confines, they are incalculable. The various enterprises represent a colossal total. Some of the great trusts—for example, sugar, fruit, dyewoods and other importations from the South—run whole fleets of vessels to and from the various points along the Southern coast. For instance, the Schepp's cocoa concern has a whole fleet of vessels which passes from point to point all the way down the coast and buys up all the cocoanuts there are to be obtained, bringing their cargoes to these shores. The sailors are, for the most part, Swedes, and are shrewd and staunch men who understand their business, and have few terrors in life save that of the West Indian hurricane.

Recently one of the Schepp vessels arrived here entirely dismantled of sails, her decks having been swept clean in the Windward Passage, and, after drifting with the tropic currents northward for some days, the captain and sailors managed to rig up a queer sheet which brought them up the coast after the most heroic voyage on record.

On another occasion one of these vessels came into port with an unexpected cargo, literally laden down with the ashes from the cone of old Pelée in Martinique, being caught in the smoke belt and mantled with hot ashes before she could make her way to safety. Such instances are only too common among the frequenters and temporary sojourners of the shifting population of New York's shore lines, one of the most interesting stretches of dock land on the entire globe.

The vast shipping district of the upper East Side, looking northward from Brooklyn Bridge

The tragedies of the district are as many as the comedies. The real life of the shore lines of the metropolis has yet to be written, and would make most interesting reading.

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Miss Rockefeller at the Atlantic City Horse Show

A ROCKEFELLER IN THE SADDLE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER P. ROBINSON, NEW YORK

By Fay Morse

THE American woman is essentially the outdoor woman, and growing more and more so every day. The pallid anæmic on the one hand and the overweight matron on the other—both some years ago quite in vogue—have given way to the slim, wiry, nut-brown creature of outdoor sports and enthusiasm on every healthy sensation.

Miss Rockefeller on "Lady Gay"

Lining up for the Judges' verdict

One of the most talented and fearless of the women riders is Miss Ethel G. Rockefeller, daughter of William Rockefeller, of Scarsboro, who has taken many prizes at the various Horse Shows—New York, Westchester, Bayshore, Atlantic City, and other points where the "horsey set" has gathered to compete for ribbons and prizes. Miss Rockefeller is the owner of several crack prize-winners, notably "Lady Gay," which she has ridden in many competitions and won out handsomely.

A Bayshore Horse Show prize-winner

THE ART OF PANTOMIME

By Mme. Charlotte Wiehe

PANTOMIME as an art is far more difficult, more delicate, and, in consequence, more rarely acquired than drama expressed by speech. The latter appeals to the many, the former to the few only. Yet those few are the true critics of the drama, for they are able to eliminate from it all that is superficial and false. They refuse to be carried away by the glamor of spectacular effects and the vapidness of lines that mean nothing in the movement and development of the play itself.

An actor or actress who has gone through his or her course of pantomime considers, with something of amazement those others who have the courage to go upon the stage without that preliminary training. Pantomime alone teaches the value of a gesture, and, I may add, the non-importance of words. It gives mobility to every feature. It brings the eyes, the brows, the lips, under so thorough a discipline that they are like so many delicate instruments in the hands of a skilled artisan.

It gives absolute certainty and poise. When one considers that oftentimes the climax of a pantomime is expressed by one audible breath, or even, on rarer occasions, by a stifled scream, it is proof conclusive that those screams and emotional displays used almost at random by so many on the stage, are a waste of fine dramatic material.

A gesture should never be an accident. It should always be calculated and weighed at its true value of expression. And if that be so of a gesture, how much more important should be the line, and, above that, the outlet of the tense and tragical, the so-called climax of a situation.

I entered the school of ballet at the age of six, placed there by my parents, who were musicians, as a preparation for the stage. Pantomime is a part of the training of all dancers; but pantomime as a special career is conducted on a much higher plane for those who desire to adopt it. I entered these special classes, and, indeed, I appeared as a dancer and a pantomimist long before I took part in the spoken drama. It is an invaluable training, for light comedy especially, when so much must be suggested by *finesse* of gesture and facial flexibility.

A great tragic rôle requires force and strength of physique rather than the finer and higher temperamental qualities. For instance, one may be a very fine tragedian and prove oneself a poor comedian. Yet the best of our tragedians on the French stage are delightful in comedy. If it were not so, it would be merely the triumph of what one might designate as dramatic brute force.

Many charming and distinguished comedians are necessarily debarred from great tragic rôles, through lack of this absolutely necessary physical strength and endurance. But when a player of great parts falls short in the light and delicate shadings of his art there is a lack of training—or, perhaps, a lack of the finest quality of the histrionic.

It seems to me that a training in pantomime is alone able to give that certain subtilty and polish which add lustre and beauty to even the strongest work of forcible genius.

Pantomime training is a long and difficult road to fame. It comprises a lifetime of preparatory work. A child of six enters its classes and a young woman of eighteen leaves with its regulated equipment. Of course, pantomime is given, to a certain extent, in the most of our dramatic conservatories. I believe that is one reason why French dramatic art is so wonderfully expressive in its finest details. It explains, too, why the pantomime is more highly appreciated in Paris than in other continental cities. An audience must be highly critical and possess imaginations and sympathies of the keenest to enjoy the *finesse* of one of our modern pantomimes. An American, or rather a New York audience, has much of the Parisian in its temperament; it loves humor, and yet the humor must be fine, to please. It smiles rather than laughs. It is an ideal

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Charlotte Wiehe

The French pantomimist brought to this country by Charles Frohman public to enjoy the pleasures of the pantomime.

I refer to the realistic pantomime of to-day, which is no longer fantastic or burlesque. The situations are such, as in "La Main" (The Hand), where gesture and silence are more appropriate than speech. It is pantomime with a *raison d'être*, and the music which accompanies it follows in melody, or prophesies the development of the drama.

This is the trend of modern music—to think in melody. It is a sort of musical mentality expressing the intuitions, the fears, the future of the hero.

There is to my mind a certain insincerity in the tradition that gives the dramatic hero the license to repeat his secret thoughts to his audience in order to make a certain situation clear, or even possible. The more this beautiful art of pantomime is cultivated by aspirants for the stage, the more it is understood by audiences—the more the legitimate and the sincere truth of art will be demanded. Exaggeration is the death of any artist's highest endeavor. This continual effort and strain to produce an effect and force a situation leads to methods that attempt to convey without those subtle gradations known as light and shade.

True art has its tone-colors and dynamics. One should lead to a climax, not leap at it. In comedy, at least, the work must be finely conceived, for its so-called highest light is not a great splash, but a delicate stroke.

This lesson in values is inculcated in the school of pantomime. It is a training that is invaluable, and in America, where so much dramatic force and so keen a sense of humor are in evidence, a proper understanding of it by your dramatic aspirants would certainly give to the world some of its greatest artists.

From a flashlight by Byron, New York

SCENE FROM "CHECKERS," THE DRAMATIZATION OF THE BLOSSOM BOOK

The star, Mr. Thomas W. Ross, is the figure at the left. This rôle calls for a light comedy touch and a fine appreciation of the lighter forms of comedy. Mr. Ross displays both. This scene is from Act I, in which the hero (as played by Mr. Ross) is obliged to appear as a very bad boy.

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THE CONSCIENCE OF MR. McETTRICK

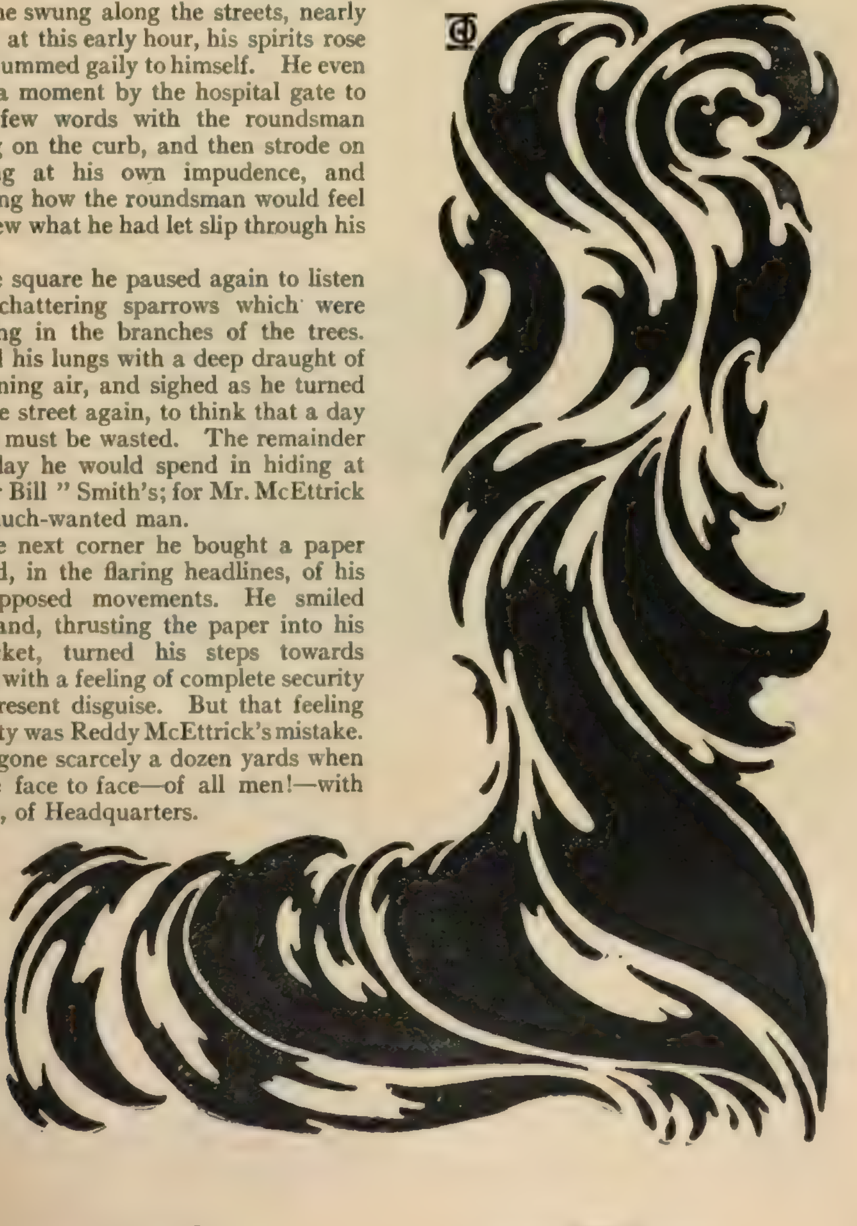
By Richard Parker Shelton

"REDDY" McETTRICK had made a mistake. His luxurious beard and moustache he had shaved, and with a pair of blue goggles perched on his nose, he felt reasonably safe from recognition. It was sunrise of a clear morning, and as he swung along the streets, nearly deserted at this early hour, his spirits rose and he hummed gaily to himself. He even paused a moment by the hospital gate to pass a few words with the roundsman standing on the curb, and then strode on chuckling at his own impudence, and wondering how the roundsman would feel if he knew what he had let slip through his fingers.

In the square he paused again to listen to the chattering sparrows which were quarreling in the branches of the trees. He filled his lungs with a deep draught of the morning air, and sighed as he turned down the street again, to think that a day like this must be wasted. The remainder of the day he would spend in hiding at "Ginger Bill" Smith's; for Mr. McEttrick was a much-wanted man.

At the next corner he bought a paper and read, in the flaring headlines, of his own supposed movements. He smiled grimly, and, thrusting the paper into his hip pocket, turned his steps towards Smith's, with a feeling of complete security in his present disguise. But that feeling of security was Reddy McEttrick's mistake. He had gone scarcely a dozen yards when he came face to face—of all men!—with McCune, of Headquarters.

McCune stopped suddenly, scrutinized the man calmly passing by, and said quietly, "Hello, Reddy." Mr. McEttrick neither stopped, nor answered the salutation. He took to his heels and went down the street



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at his best speed, with McCune in hot pursuit. Two shots were fired into the air, and a moment later, a bullet whistled past in uncomfortable proximity to his head. Without turning, he knew that others had joined in the chase. Another bullet whistled by, but McEttrick gave it no heed. He knew that a running shot at a running target was a hundred-to-one shot. He sped down a side street and made for the water-front.

When he reached the avenue along the water, the pursuit was well to the rear. He dodged through the gate of Market Wharf, and upsetting the watchman, who ran out to intercept him, he ran to the pier-head, and without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the water.

Spent as he was from his run, he yet managed to swim under water to the next pier and come up well underneath it, to grasp a cross-piece between two piles and hang there, panting, but safe for the moment, at least. The water was cold and the tide was making out strongly, but he cared little for either as he thought of the discomfited McCune and his consorts.

It was very gloomy under the pier, and for a time McEttrick could see nothing. As his eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, he saw a white, haggard face staring at him from a neighboring stringer.

"Hello," he called. "What you doin' there?"

"W-waitin' to g-git out," came the feeble response between chattering teeth.

"Waitin' to git out!" said McEttrick. "Why in blazes don't you swim out?"

"C-can't swim," said the other. "I've h-hollered an' hollered, b-but I can't make no one hear."

"Can't swim!" said McEttrick, incredulously. "How'd you git in there, then?"

"I fell off'n the next pier an' the current carried me in here," came the answer. "I been here a long time, an' I can't hold out much longer. I'll take laud'num next time," he ended, sniveling.

"Oho!" said McEttrick, "that's the game, is it? Tried the water an' didn't have nerve to make a good job of it. Caught the first thing you could get hold of an' hung on. Well, you're a bird."

"Guess you ain't never tried it," the other said scornfully; then his tone changed to pleading, "Oh, git me out, will you? Git me out!"

"Get you out," growled McEttrick. "You bungle your job an' then come howlin' to me to get you out. Young man, there's a reception committee waitin' for me outside, an' if they get their hooks on me, I'll get ten years—see?"

"I can't hold on much longer," the other wailed. "I'm most froze an' my fingers are numb. I'll have to let go pretty soon, an' then—drown. Git me out, won't you?" he wheedled.

"No," snapped McEttrick. "Damn you! Shut up."

From the neighboring stringer came the sound of choking sobs. McEttrick ground his teeth. Why should he risk his liberty for this wretch? Why, indeed? He had wanted to die; now let him have his wish.

The sobbing was redoubled.

"Oh, get a grip on yourself," counseled Reddy. "Die as near like a man as you can."

"Oh, git me out. Git me out, can't you?" the wretch wailed.

McEttrick fell to wondering how long this would last. He wondered if that white face would follow him always—if he would always hear the choking gurgle as the creature drowned. Perhaps, after all, ten years would be better than that. He swam to the next stringer.

"See here," he said, "I'm goin' to take you out, damn you! Listen, now, an' do as I tell you. Put your hands on my shoulders—so. Just lay 'em on, an' don't you dare grab my neck or I'll kill you—see?"

McCune had telephoned for the police-boat as soon as Reddy McEttrick had disappeared in the harbor, and even as the latter swam out from under the next pier with his charge on his back, she was tied up at Market Wharf preparing to drag for his body. When the pair were spied in the water, the tender put off to them, and it was McCune himself who pulled them aboard.

Some hours later, as McCune was escorting his prisoner to the Tombs, he stopped suddenly and laid a hand on McEttrick's arm.

"Reddy," he said simply, "I've a damned good mind to turn you loose."

McEttrick only grinned.

QUEER BANKING IN NEW YORK'S ITALIAN QUARTER

THERE was a recent question in the post-office department with regard to the advisability of prohibiting the sale of postage stamps by the bankers of "Little Italy," comprised in the district known as Mulberry Bend. This discrimination seemed without foundation in justice, yet had its significant side. The display of stamps in the windows of the Italian bankers is an accepted thing; not that there is much of a sale, but it gives the impression that the banker is in the employ of the federal government, and being in the nature of government official, as it were, is worthy of the confidence of the depositor. The vendor of stamps of all kinds in Italy is necessarily a government official, duly appointed after severe investigation, and one cannot buy stamps in every drug store or department store, as is the case here. In this country, the immigrant is naturally apt to think that affairs are conducted on the same principles as at home, but he is greatly mistaken. He finds the banker here a composite merchant who deals in steamship tickets, letters of credit, postage stamps (upon which, of course, he receives no profit), and is, in conjunction, an employment agent. He will take charge of the immigrant from the moment he arrives, giving him work by farming him out to some contractor, and taking care of the laborer's money. He virtually imports these braccianti, as they are called (braccia meaning the forearm, and braccianti referring to manual labor), giving them work throughout the spring, summer and fall, and later shipping them back to Italy, to receive them the following spring.

The banking district of "Little Italy"

There was recently an assassination which brought out the fact that the bankers of "Little Italy" are a very determined lot to deal with, and have great power over their depositors, whom they virtually own, body and soul, while they are in this country. A banker having collected the earnings of some three thousand laborers, and the season drawing to a close, suddenly disappeared. It was not discovered whither the miscreant had fled, even the federal authorities being baffled; but a woman finally betrayed him. He was found in an upper chamber of a tenement not a hundred feet from his little bank, having sent all the depositors' money to Italy, and being on the eve of flight with a very pretty little maiden of the quarter. The one who betrayed him had been jilted in favor of a handsomer girl, and revenge led her to let the secret of his hiding become known, although she herself was implicated in the plot to rob the poor laborers of their whole season's earnings. The enraged depositors, who had been besieging the bank for days, finding his hiding place, poured down upon him and actually trampled him to death.

This a characteristic act of Italian vendetta vengeance. Many such instances occur, so that it is unsafe for a man to engage in the banking business in the Italian quarter with intentions to defraud.

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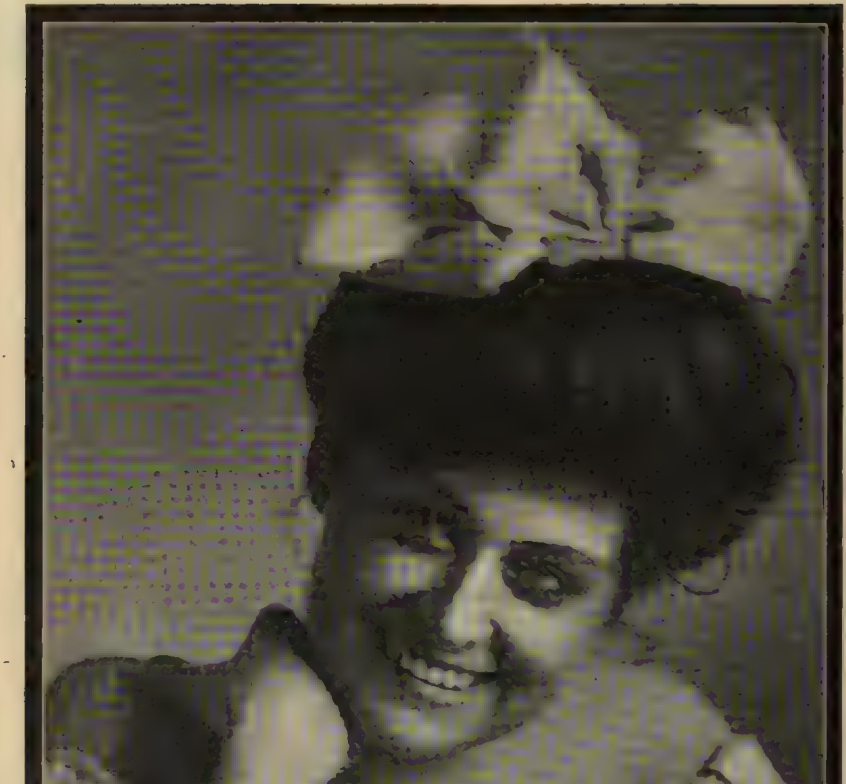

Photograph by Will Armstrong, Boston Mass.

HELEN HALE AS MARY ANN LYNCH, IN GEORGE ADE'S "PEGGY FROM PARIS"

The Savage management, which has risen to great proportions within the past few years, made a discovery in Miss Hale. She plays the part of a Western girl—"the real home-grown article"—in the Ade-Loraine musical comedy. Miss Hale came to New York quite unheralded. She remains installed a favorite.

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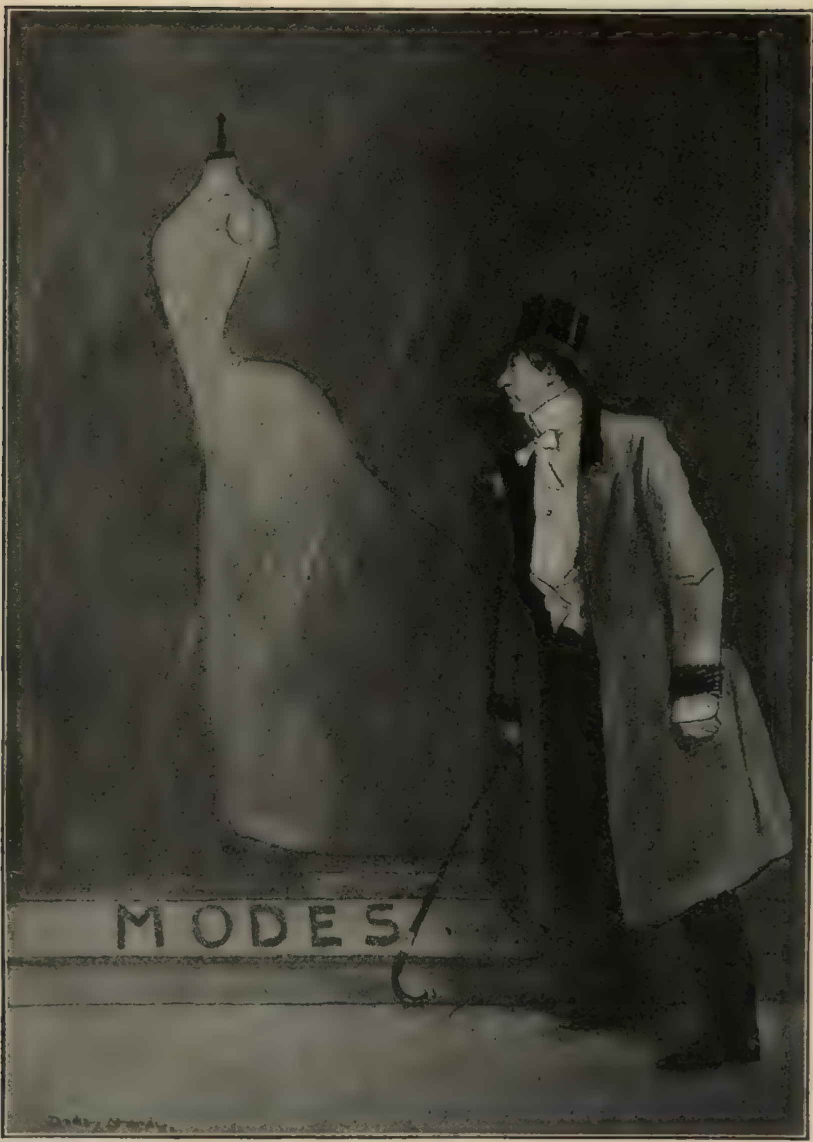

ON THE HOMEWARD WAY, TWO A. M.

Charley Rakeleigh: (returning from a bridegroom's dinner at the Top notcher Club)—"I say, my dear, you needn't be so deuced chesty about it. I'm not the bridegroom, you know."

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WHERE THE VAUDEVILLE PLAYS COME FROM

By Simon H. Latrobe

Photograph by Marceau, New York

Will M. Cressy

IT is very probable that Will M. Cressy, the actor-playwright, will object to being called a foundry, and still to bear odious analogy to a pickle gentleman of Pittsburg because he has produced sixty-nine varieties of vaudeville sketches and has appeared personally in quite all of them. For all that, Mr. Cressy has accomplished this herculean labor, and stands to-day a monument of industry, without undue ambition to shine where he knows very well that certain limitations of nature forbid. That is what might be called the wisdom of inspiration.

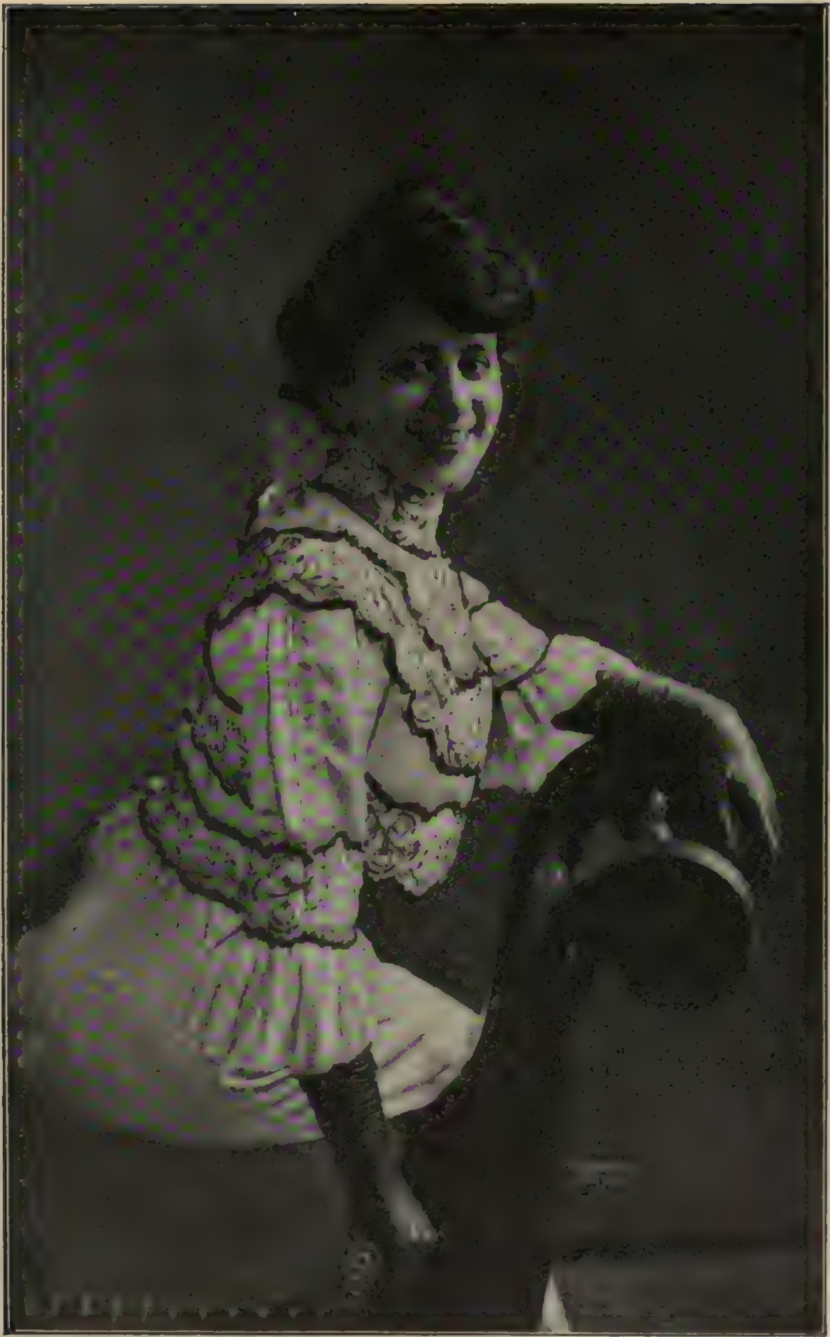
Mr. Cressy has little patience with the vaudevillain who, no sooner does he make a little hit on the variety stage, than off he goes to reach out for so-called "legitimate," or worse still, gets the starring bee. Mr. Cressy has tried everything of the stage stagey. He has worked the limelight. He has taken in tickets. He has led the ballet, played trombone, bearded the deputy-sheriff who came to seize the trunks of the company to prevent it from getting to the next town; and he has painted scenery as well as written plays around scenery, as the literary hack writes prose and verse around a job lot of cuts. If there is anything about the theatrical profession with which Mr. Cressy is unacquainted, it must have to do with some other stage beyond the limits and confines of this western hemisphere.

And so, being so well equipped with experience and still keeping up his enthusiasm for the stage, Mr. Cressy clings to vaudeville as a sailor clings to the sea and the cowboy to the prairie; knowing that to depart from the realm of his successes might entail some sacrifices to his possible enrichment, nevertheless the dangers to his present content would be too great to be considered seriously. He knows, by casting his eye over the stellar firmament, that the number of real successes is very few, in spite of the boast of managers and individual leading personages. He knows that really good plays, to say nothing of great plays, are few and far between; and moreover, even with a great play, it requires thousands of dollars as an investment, and months of toil to bring it before the public and establish it there. Also, it requires several very high-priced people.

So Mr. Cressy makes haste slowly. He writes a little playlet which is strong in heart-interest, full of character, quaint with humor and pathetic in spots, and so launches it forth.

It does not require an elaborate setting. The ordinary stage mechanisms will do. There are no tanks, human bridges, no locomotives nor other freak furniture of nondescript variety to be lugged from city to city and town to town. The cast embraces Mr. Cressy, perhaps in one or possibly two distinct parts; Mrs. Cressy (Blanche Dayne), the services of several competent supers, and the

A Cressy veteran character study



Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco

Blanche Dayne (Mrs. Will M. Cressy), as she appears in real life

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"Beats all how scarce money is 'round here"

orchestra, which may include anything with or without the addition of a piano. Then the show begins. And it is a show worth seeing every time. It is no uproarious burst of buffooneries; it is no spectacular display—nothing pretentious. It is usually a simple and homely story which plays upon the ordinary blunders, privations, ambitions and idiosyncracies of common everyday people, whether city or country sojourners, whether straight laced New Englanders or prairie senators. It contains a story every time, and in a play the story is the thing.

The pathos of the situation is quite as strongly brought out as the humor—but never the whining, cynical disgust with the world. It is rather the pathos which mingles in varying degrees with humor in real life—the sadness which has a silver lining and the tears through which rays of humor glint like star-beams out of high heaven. Whatever else a Cressy sketch will do, it will hold the interest. Recall the playlet of the old Kentucky lawyer with ambitions to possess a clarionet, and who, after sacrificing the ambition of years in a worthy cause, consoles himself at the climax with this pitiful relinquishing of his hopes: "Well, what of it? I prob'ly wouldn't be able to play the durned thing anyway."

And so, what is the use of Will Cressy struggling after the unattainable? He is not trying to distance the Fitch-Pinero-Thomas-Grundy-Sardou sprinters, nor yet to drive the Mansfields, Sotherns, and Irvings out of history. Mr. Cressy knows what he knows—all of it, and right down to the core. And he knows, too, the hearts of the vaudeville regulars, who, when his name is on the bill, line up at the box-office in a manner that gladdens the heart of the circuit manager. Verily, he hath his entire share of reward, making more of his one or two talents than many others have made with ten; for stars may come and stars may go, but Will Cressy stays on forever.

A Cressy sketch seldom rises above a certain standard, and on the other hand, never sinks below it. There are very few quotable lines, but there are as well none which one would wish to cut out. The feeling one experiences during a Cressy sketch is that a man with one talent has gone forth into the world to do the best he can with it, and has succeeded where many men with ten talents fail. He has gone into the highways and hedges, into the remoter districts, and brought homely, natural and altogether likable people to view—likable on account of their weaknesses and their frailties, no less than their virtues. One is continually saying to one's self, "How true this is!" And yet there is apparently no effort to be true to life nor to be brilliant. There is little of the David Harum epigrammatic platitudinizing, and on the other hand, there is no faltering from the sustained interest. Cressy seems to say, "I have seen and studied these people, and they are mine for the good there is in them. If you like it, very good; if not, well, I had my own pleasure out of doing a good thing, and I have had my reward. I am satisfied."

And that is the sentiment which Cressy's work expresses. It is an absolute conversance with the truth of the characters as he knows them, and then an artistic pleasure in having done something that he set out to do.

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The old Kentucky lawyer

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ILLUSIONS AND DISILLUSIONS

By John T. Cramer

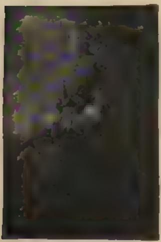
THE average well-dressed, cultured New York audience has, strange to say, the same weakness as the great, common, vulgar throng that crowds with open-eyed wonder about the sawdust of the circus rings. It enjoys not only being humbugged, but humbugging itself. It is just as well now and then to face the truth, to admit frankly and sincerely that at least some of our pet illusions are delusions. There is no reason why this generation should sit at the feet of the past, and less reason why the theatre-goer of to-day should worship at the shrine of a beauty that is faded and an art that is out of date, artificial, and superannuated. This refers to "art" with a small "a," or, to speak more correctly, it might be termed "method" with a big "M."

Maude Adams

Method is a good thing in its generation, but when it is carried one hour beyond its day it is apt to degenerate into mannerisms. One must candidly acknowledge, if we acknowledge any fact, that what the theatre patron is called upon to admire in many of the so-called artists of magnitude is the exhibition of great mannerisms, rather than the genuine article, great art.

Mrs. Fiske

There is Sir Henry Irving, for instance. Irving was a great man in his generation. His work for the stage has won him a knighthood. He is a man of high ideals and manifold accomplishments. His interpretation of certain rôles was dignified, conscientious, and eminently interesting. All these things in his prime were admirable manifestations of an admirable purpose. But are they worth what we are called upon to offer in incense and worship at the shrine? The crowds that flock into the auditorium of an American theatre to witness a much-heralded performance of "Shylock," labor under a self-inflicted illusion, if they do not frankly admit, at the close of the play, that they are painfully disillusioned. Irving is a man whose art has become absorbed in his mannerisms, who, except for flashes now and then of his poet-genius, is a story of memories and not of fact.


Alice Nielson

Ellen Terry is another illusion. She has been before the New York public frequently during the past ten years. Those who saw her ten years ago have some legitimate excuse for tracing in her work some of the charm and archness that gave to this actress fame and wealth as a comedienne. The Ellen Terry of to-day is a wearisome fact. If she had not already a great reputation, not one of those who for the sake of an illusion purchase a high-priced ticket, would accord her even a mediocre stipend of praise.

Ellen Terry

The great Sarah is a mere phantom of her own past—of what she was in those days when she was making history for herself. Yet a certain insincere class stampedes to the theatre, stands for hours in a line at the box-office, to sit through a highly advertised performance of a truly great play, which, if the truth were told, was more convincingly given by a little American actress who did better work. That little American actress is Maude Adams.

Annie Russell

Annie Russell is an artist—one of the few; but once we begin to put her in a massive frame of a Titian or a Rubens, we are creating a delusion. We are hanging an exquisite miniature on the same line as a big canvas.

It takes courage to contradict one's quaking neighbors, and to declare that there is no reason in the world why that charming silver-voiced young woman should occupy so exalted a position as the leading woman of one of New York's crack organizations. Viola Allen is highly admirable as a woman, but as a star of magnitude does she altogether fulfil the requirements of convincing an audience? Yet her audience, as a matter of course, would be highly indignant if this paltry truth were to be forced upon it in plain, brutal words. Once a delusion is acquired it must not be disturbed, or it will show its teeth and

Viola Allen

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Ida Conquest

snarl like a sleeping dog too rudely awakened.

Virginia Harned as a star is winning fame and fortune, assisted by fine gowns and fine rôles. Some years ago Miss Harned was unknown, and more than acceptable in a modest fashion. As her ambitions grew, the quality of her work grew less, and today, to be quite frank, she is less than acceptable, for she is no longer pleasing to the eye, and her once silvery voice is strained in its efforts to reach the heights of tragedy.

Why was Ida Conquest dragged from a laudable mediocrity and foisted upon a self-deluded public as an individual of more than ordinary importance? The aforesaid public hugged the delusion for a season, and then opened the windows of its soul and let the wintry blast chill the budding life of the world of genius.

Isabel Irving was wise. She knew her public as she knew herself and her limitations, and, with her sensitive fingers upon the pulse of New York audiences, she recognized a moment when it was ready to awaken from the dream of her loveliness and artistic caliber. She departed at once for out-of-town tours, and we are still dreaming that she is a comedienne and lovely. These young women, however, whatever our delusions concerning them may be, are easily managed. It is the delusion with a tradition that is difficult of honest treatment.

Isabel Irving

Again, how many are willing to admit that Richard Mansfield is something of a bore, and that John Drew does not by any means convey even the average American's idea of a fine gentleman or of an ordinary man in fine clothes? As for his stage drawing-room manners, when he represents the gentry, they could hardly serve as those first crude lessons that are supposed to save one from premature disaster in high life. John Drew as the stage gentleman *par excellence* is a delusion, and the present theatre-going generation has not the courage to admit that Robert Drouet, for instance, impresses one as a finer all-round fellow with perhaps a better tailor than Drew.

Richard Mansfield

One goes to see Lily Langtry because she is the "Jersey Lily," and beautiful. She never pretended to be an actress, and merely selected the stage as a setting. How many are willing to admit, after sitting through a performance, that Mrs. Langtry has by no means the slightest claims to beauty, and by some means or other has acquired a claim to be counted an actress?

And thus we go on, year after year, a victim of our own delusions, and the delusions of our neighbors and our mothers and fathers before us, and without the courage to tear ourselves from bondage, and to admit once and for all that a good actor has become *passé*, that a bore is a bore, and that we are disillusioned of our illusions.

Margaret Dale

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

Oh, she was a sweet little country lass,
So shy—ah, wasn't she shy, though?
Barefooted she tripped through the dew-wet grass
So spry—ah, wasn't she spry, though?
I fell quite in love with the fair young sprite,
We plighted our troth one moonlit night,
And next day to Gotham we took our flight
So sly—ah, wasn't she sly, though?

Then married were we and soon settled down,
'Twas sweet—ah, wasn't it sweet, though?
I prospered and dressed her in velvet gown
So neat—ah, wasn't she neat, though?
Yes, diamonds and jewels my fair one wore,
I gave her a carriage with horses galore,
And thus the years glided so joyously o'er,
So fleet—ah, weren't they fleet, though?

Now she has forgotten, the country lass
So spry—ah, wasn't she spry, though?
She holds her head high as the millionaires pass,
So high—ah, isn't it high, though?
But I love her e'en more than of old, don't you see
Forgetful of wealth and of power; for she
Is always the barefooted lass to me,
So shy—ah, wasn't she shy, though?

K. L. Dodson.

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THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD

By Carolyn Lowrey

MRS. WILLIE K. VANDERBILT NO. 2

SOCIETY is most anxious to view the second wife of William K. Vanderbilt through its lorgnettes.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is quaint enough to come to them devoid of that fashionable attribute, a scandal, and is just a gracious woman with tact and a good digestion.

She has been a very successful fisherwoman in the river of matrimony, and her future lord seems to be content that he has been so thoroughly hooked.

Just a few are curious to know when the meeting will take place between the charming present Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont.

"Everything comes to those who wait."

GRACE GARDINER'S SUCCESS

MISS GRACE GARDINER, who is playing in "The New Coachman" with Louis A. Simon, nephew of Oscar Hammerstein, is one of the cleverest women on the vaudeville stage. This lively sketch is a scream from start to finish.

Miss Gardiner handles her rôle in a convincing manner, and is thoroughly alive to every situation.

Mr. Simon has cause to be congratulated on his association with this sparkling little woman, whose admirers would be glad to see her on the legitimate stage.

SPANGLES

THE black spangle gown will give place to the one of many-colored spangles.

Nothing more dazzling can be seen than these "spectacular" gowns.

One lately imported is of white net with cerise paillettes; but the masterpiece is the crystal gown.

This is a mass of white beads cut like diamonds, and under the electric light positively blinds one.

Fortunately the price makes it impossible for them to be worn save by the chosen few.

FREDDIE GEBHARD AS HEAD USHER

SOME kind friend suggested that Mrs. Belle Kemp and Mr. Hollis Hunnewell would have what might be termed a "has-been" wedding, and give the little colony of divorcees a chance to play attendants.

Society would be sure to be out in full force, and Mrs. Kemp could have bridesmaids galore, with Freddie Gebhard as head usher.

CLEVER MISS CAREY

MISS ELEANOR CAREY had a record with Sarah Jewett in the good old days, and later with Mrs. Leslie Carter for two years.

In "Hearts Courageous" she made her small part tell, and really won the few hearty laughs the audience gave.

Miss Carey would be seen to great advantage in a part suited to her requirements.

While her comedy is sparkling, she is at her best in heavy emotional rôles.

THE NEW STATIONERY

IT is a relief to know that fashions in stationery have changed, and that the many colors which have positively hurt the eye will no longer be used in the "Smart Set."

The "correct" thing is fine white linen, noted for its quality and plainness.

Queer envelopes are no longer in vogue. Women of position will not use so extensively their coats-of-arms—just the address at the top.

Long may this simple and pleasing style flourish!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MRS. CAMPBELL?

CAN it be possible that Mrs. Patrick Campbell realizes at last that her career here as an artist is not sufficient to hold the attention of the public?

Is this why she resorts to the petty criticisms one might expect from a less charming woman?

Mrs. "Pat's" statement that American women have bad taste in dressing, both on and off the stage, has touched them in a point that is particularly their own.

Surely the poor individual who seems to be little else than a bundle of nerves, must know that the American woman is acknowledged to be the best-gowned woman the world over, and nowhere is she more recognized as such than in dear old London, and the Queen's drawing-room.

Mrs. Campbell has a peculiar way of returning the unstinted hospitality which has always been her privilege here, but her last attack has a little too much of the "cat" species to be tolerated in silence by her American sisters.

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Walter Hodges
The star of "Saratoga"

FROM THE MINISTRY TO THE STAGE

By A. J. Pelham

BRONSON HOWARD'S comedy "Saratoga," with Walter Hodges as the star, has opened its season. In view of the fact that "Saratoga" is a play of Saratoga life, the Business Men's Association at the Spa has taken an active interest in endorsing the production.

George A. Farnham, a member of the Association and proprietor of one of the large hotels at Saratoga, has written Robert E. Johnston, under whose direction the comedy is being presented, that C. B. Thomas, President of the Business Men's Association, would have a resolution passed endorsing the play as being a faithful presentation of fashionable life at Saratoga.

Walter Hodges, who will appear as *Robert Sackett*, is a well-known leading man. He is the son of a Methodist minister. Mr. Hodges studied for the ministry at Randolph Macon College.

Preferring a business career, he entered the service of the Standard Oil Company at Cincinnati. While a resident of that city he became a member of the principal amateur dramatic club.

From amateur theatricals he graduated as a professional by joining the company of McKee Rankin.

Mr. Hodges' recent successes are *David Garrick*, *Jean* in the Nethersole production of "Sapho," *Wolf Kingsearl* in "Miss Hobbs," and the minister in "Lovers' Lane."

The leading members of the "Saratoga" company are Walter Walker, John F. Ward, Page Spencer, Fred Strong, Ira Dodge, Grace Hadsell, Alma Powell, Helen Bartlett, and Mildred St. Pierre.

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Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

MLLE. DOREE, A PARISIAN MODEL OF MUCH CONTINENTAL FAME

That there is a halo about Mam'zelle's head does not imply her pretentions to sainthood, but one so beautiful and so popular with the great masters of Europe could not be otherwise than charming. You will notice that they take wine with their ices in old Paris.

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Photograph by Tonnele, New York

PAULA EDWARDES, IN "WINSOME WINNIE."

Miss Edwardes, if memory serves us, was a Rice discovery in the days of "1492." Afterwards she was a considerable part of the entire defense in "The Defender." Now she is the winsomest Winnie that has ever smiled into a lens or captured an audience. Miss Edwardes has much to thank her librettist and composer for giving her the best opportunity she has yet had to further ingratiate herself into the hearts of metropolitans

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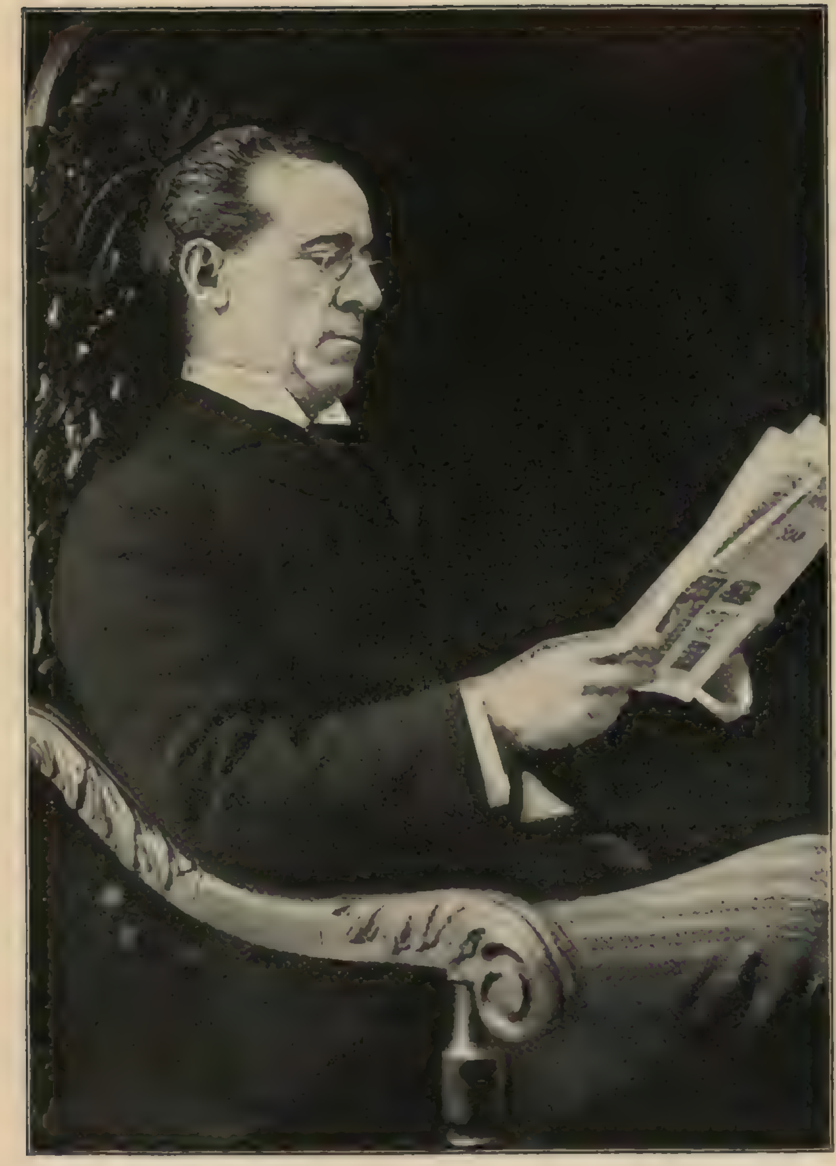

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.

William H. Crane in his library

DON'TS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

By William H. Crane

WHENEVER I see a young actor who starts his stage career with a great attempt at elocutionary efforts and fine gestures, I always want to interrupt him in one of his unnatural outbursts, and say: "My dear boy, don't act with your voice and your hands; act with your head and your heart." The heart gives temperament, feeling, and understanding. The head gives judgment, calculation, and selection. The finest technique will not supply heart or tempera-

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ment, and the finest, the most delicate of God-given temperaments cannot take the place of training and experience. The two must go hand in hand. This gives rise to another important don't—a don't which is too often ignored, and which has filled our stage with what might be called "dramatic mechanics": "Don't cultivate technique at the expense of magnetism."

This advice, of course, applies to those who already possess that special gift—magnetism. I think it is Joseph Jefferson who says: "Magnetism is born, not made." But once an actor realizes that he is well born (which is, perhaps, a good way to put it), he must develop his great possession with all the powers of his mind and soul. Magnetism is a capital that must be made to draw interest from every experience, from every sorrow, from every joy. It is the quality that, beyond all others, draws the audience toward the actor and gives the latter his power to carry his interpretation over the footlights.

"Carrying" is a most expressive word, for it suggests effort. A successful actor does not "carry" by chance or accident, but by absolute knowledge whether an effect he wishes to produce has failed or succeeded. How can he tell? He can hardly explain; he feels it, and until that feeling of conviction comes to him, he will change and study his lines, trying one inflection, then another, until a certain something in the attitude of the audience—a silence—a catching of breaths—a pause before the burst of applause—tells him that he is in harmonious relations with the soul of his listeners. Only a man of magnetism is capable of being troubled by the psychic discord of an audience being at variance with his own state of feeling.

Young actors should heed this bit of advice: Don't neglect to develop your magnetism; and I add to this, don't neglect to find out if you have magnetism before you adopt a dramatic career.

I cannot but think that there is too much acting going on upon the stage, and too little natural talking. The stage lover makes love in a tone of voice and with gestures that in real life would make him appear ridiculous. He comes into a stage drawing-room and bids his stage hostess good evening with a swagger in his walk and an artificiality in his voice that in an instant transforms a simple, honest heart-story into a hollow farce. Every time I have an opportunity I say to the young men in my company, "Don't act instead of talking." If a story is to be told, it seems to me it should be told simply, bearing in mind always the effect that is to be attained—the point that is to be made, in other words.

Another favorite don't of mine is, Don't always remember the stage and the footlights and the audience. So many of us on the stage forget our manners, when we talk even to some young charming woman for whom we are supposed to be dying for love: we look over her head and almost turn our back upon her, in order to make our pretty speeches to the front at a proper angle. We can't forget we are before the footlights; we can't forget we are actors, and are playing rôles, instead of being other beings for a few hours.

Don't go upon the stage with the idea of making a fortune. The prizes are few and the blanks are many. If a man hasn't some love for his art, for art's sweet sake, he will be bitterly disappointed. He will find the hardships of his life insupportable, the routine of it a dreary bondage, the compensations utterly inadequate. Unless the actor has a certain pride and gratification in attaining his ideal, in accomplishing good work because the work he is engaged in seems good to him, and worth some sort of a struggle, he had better renounce it at once, for neither fame nor fortune is won save by the few.

Don't depend upon great parts for a reputation, but endeavor to make each part as great as it can be made by conscientious, intelligent effort. Try to fit a rôle into the purpose of the whole drama, rather than force it into a prominence which does not belong to it. This is a difficult don't, for human nature loves the centre of the stage; but by rights no stage should have a centre.

My last don't is not intended for the young actor, for if he follows it too literally, he will give himself and his manager a great deal of trouble. Don't lose your individuality. One of the finest actors on the American stage is almost unknown by name, and is at this moment without a position, for the very curious reason that he has so completely lost himself in his various rôles that he, as an individual, has been completely submerged and lost sight of. The happiest method is to force one's individuality and one's rôle to fit so nicely into each other that both are equally balanced, yet retained.

A great actor's greatest rôles are those which, lacking nothing in interpretation, seem to be impressed with the individuality of the man. There is no reason why one should lose sight of the man in the artist.

THOUGHTS ON THE AVENUE

They pass in unending procession
  In front of my clerical eye,
Those beautiful maids in possession
  Of other young men till they die.
My mission, alas! is to marry
  Sweet girls from all over the place,
But she whom I want seems to tarry,
  A girl with a beautiful face.

Some day I expect I'll be seeing
  The girl that I truly admire,
That perfect ethereal being
  To whom I now vainly aspire.
But failing that heaven-sent blessing,
  Should I find, after all, it's a case
'Twixt beauty and wealth—well I'm guessing
  I won't dwell too much on her face. C.

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DON'TS FOR STAGE-STRUCK GIRLS

By Maud Fealy

The youngest leading-woman on the American stage

I AM not presuming to give advice to any one on or off the stage. I am not particularly anxious to pose as the youngest leading-woman in the profession, but I realize that I am far too young to play the rôle of Mentor. I am past twenty, but as a matter of fact, I have been before the footlights a girl's life-time—ever since the age of two, when I made my first appearance as an angel in "Faust and Marguerite."

During these eighteen years before the public, I have reached a few conclusions. I have no doubt these conclusions can be arranged in a series of "Don'ts." At any rate, since I am asked to do so, I give these "Don'ts," which in a way regulate my own career, for what they are worth to other girls in the profession.

My first and most important "don't" is my rule of life. It is as follows: Don't saturate yourself morning, noon, and night with the stage and stage rôles. I think that an actress, more than any other woman in a selected career, should strive to lead an eager, enthusiastic life outside of her art. And this for the sake of her art, too. Our continual interpretation and absorption of human emotions from an artificial plane is apt to affect our attitude toward ourselves and our neighbors, and real experiences of real things. I believe actresses are accused of acting off the stage. If that is true, it is perhaps because we are too engrossed in our work. We get into a rut. I was a girl entering my teens when I realized that I was becoming one-sided. I had no sympathy with the pleasures and occupations of ordinary girls. I did not study or read, or take my relaxations as they did—so I turned over a new leaf and to-day I am glad that I love all the beautiful interests of life—books, music, painting, friendship, companionship. The stage is my career, but it is far from being all my life.

I am glad that Fate ordained I should make my début at two years of age. As far as my experience has taught me to reach certain conclusions, I should say to all girls who want to adopt the drama as a profession, "Go upon the stage as young as possible—as a child."

As I look back, I realize that the child's experience before the footlights is invaluable. A child actress gains something that can best be likened to an extra sense—a sense that is never acquired in after years. This extra sense, the sense of one's exact relations toward one's audience, does not necessarily imply future greatness, but I am sure that without it an actress never becomes truly great in her profession. The history of the stage shows that with few exceptions its most notable men and women are to the manner born "children of the stage." It seems to me that after a certain age one self-consciously loses self-consciousness, and the effort is more or less evident. I am afraid I am going to give a piece of direct advice after all. It is, with something of a margin: "Don't go upon the stage after you have cut your wisdom teeth; on the contrary, try to make your début before you have lost your dear little baby teeth—the ones that fond mammas make into brooches and rings."

Another "don't" that I often repeat to myself is, "Don't neglect your education because you are acting. In fact, one acquires a good education in the study of one's rôles, but it does not by any means take the place of well-grounded, methodical instruction. There are upon the stage to-day many actors and actresses of distinction who have never had a day's schooling. I am grateful to my mother for having rooted in me a deep love for study. She never neglected an opportunity of sending me to school when we remained in a city for any length of time, and through all my early girlhood my French, music, German and literature lessons were, and indeed are still, kept up as a matter of course. I find the study of languages and music much more of a relaxation than what is called society. I find that very few of us have social aspirations. It is, perhaps, because we are called upon in our work to dissect the inner workings of its machinery that we soon lose all taste for its hollow pleasures and puerile ambitions.

Personally, I don't believe in undertaking rôles beyond one's ready capacity and maturity. I mean, I don't believe in efforts after a big part. For instance, I doubt if many girls of fourteen years of age, however talented, are able to reach the heights of the potion scene in "Romeo and Juliet." As a matter of fact, I played it at that age; but while I don't think it at all necessary for an actress to have actual knowledge of the emotions she depicts, I do insist that no American girl of fourteen, or even nineteen, has reached sufficient growth of understanding to absorb even by dramatic intuition the heights and depths of the great tragedy. Light comedy with its subtilties of varying lights and shadows, is perhaps the best training for the highest tragedy. Indeed, there is no finer routine than a few seasons of good, all-around stock work—I mean stock where a high standard is maintained, not the hurry and scurry of one-night stands.

Finally, I want to say, Don't believe in the so-called "temptations of the stage." A girl has only to take a serious, sincere stand in the beginning, just as she must do in any other profession. She must, of course, as a young girl, have the chaperonage of her mother or a suitable companion; but five hundred chaperons will not protect a girl from any follies upon which she has firmly set her mind. Unfortunately, art in general recognizes no special moral standard. A great artistic achievement stands quite alone. If an actress be great in her interpretations, her private life can

Photograph by Otto Sarony Company, New York

Maud Fealy

As Anne Tillotson, in "Hearts Courageous"

in no wise affect the quality of her work. For this reason, our standard is necessarily one of result in art. It cannot be made or unmade by anything outside of the realm of art. In other words, it is not the world standard.

If a woman has a mobile face and a fairly passable figure, I don't believe beauty is either a handicap or an assistance. Art is always art. It absorbs and uses beauty as it makes use of every other quality, but it is in no wise dependent on it.

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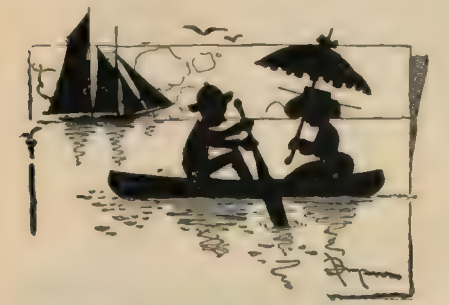
BRYANS, SILHOUETTE ARTIST

By J. Dempster Carter

LIKE most artists, J. K. Bryans commenced his artistic career under strong parental objection. The idea of money failed to connect itself with art in the heads of his father and mother. They saw only the long hair, the Turkish cap, and the unpressed trousers. Hence their distaste.

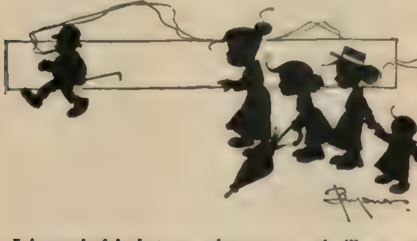


A proposal on the water is always safer, because she cannot get away from you without risk of her life

Particularly was this so in the case of his father, who, a New York shoe merchant, naturally ran to the practical, endeavoring to the best of his ability to steer his sons in the same direction.

This, then, was how it happened that at an early age little J. K. was set to trying on shoes and swearing at his luck because he was not permitted to scribble caricatures of the buyers all over the paper before he wrapped them in it.

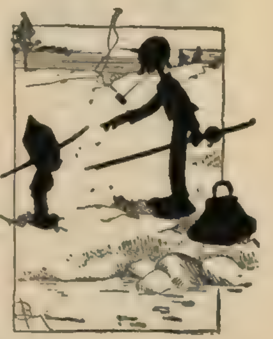
Indeed, so stern and unbending was the paternal objection to this same scribbling, that, upon perceiving a longing in his eye to put pencil to paper, his mother was wont to say to him:



It is wonderful what a popular man a vaudeville actor is

"If you must draw now, Jack, for the love of heaven, go on up-stairs to your room, where your father can't see you, or there'll be no living with him."

And Jack went up to his room on the top floor, where he drew to his heart's content. He tacked his pictures up all over the walls and sat back gazing at them admiringly, dreaming dreams of High Art, and Recognition, and Steam Yachts, and beheld other radiant visions common to embryo artists, far from danger of contact with the paternal boot.



"Now don't think that because you wear a strenuous hat that you are a naturalized citizen—until you are twenty-one"

Failing signally as a shoe merchant, a position was presently found for him as bookkeeper in a downtown store. It is needless to say that this failed quite as signally.

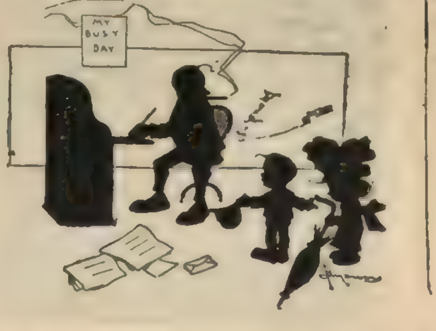
One day, unexpectedly discovering caricatures of himself drawn with more or less dexterity upon every available flyleaf of the ledger—which, as a matter of fact, should be the last place in the world to find caricatures—the proprietor promptly fired him.

This was too much.

There ensued high words from the exasperated head of the family; and Jack all at once found himself cast adrift into the cold, cold world, minus a home.

A special Providence, however, appears to watch over small children, artists and young married people. It was, therefore, at about this time that the New York *World* started out on its famous hunt for erratic genius, and brought the Comic Artist into fashion.

Bryans made his début on this paper with a political cartoon of Grover Cleveland, then President.



Excuse me, but we have poetesses of passion to burn—unless they burn us first"

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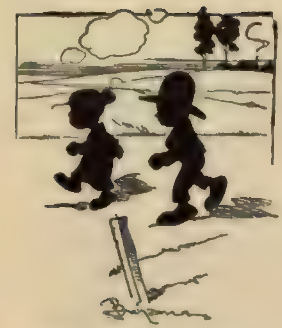
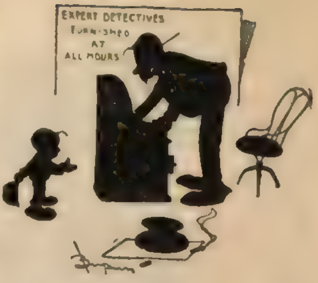


Before. After, it is different



Did you write that article about me? Well, I stop me pepah—see?

Then the *Journal*, emulating the *World*, also sought out the festive Comic Artist, making him more and more the fashion; and, competition being the life of trade, by and by, to his utmost amazement, and not a little, too, to his gratification, Bryans found himself in the proud possession of a permanent salary of so much a week, his hitherto empty pockets hilariously jingling with real coin, and the paternal eye fixed upon him animated by a curious mixture of anxiety, admiration and awe.

Stranger still, this salary, with some slight fluctuation, of course, has fortunately continued, even to the present day; and while he has had some few insignificant imitators, the Bryans silhouettes have held their own, unique in the clean-cut excellence of their drawing and in the facility of their humor.

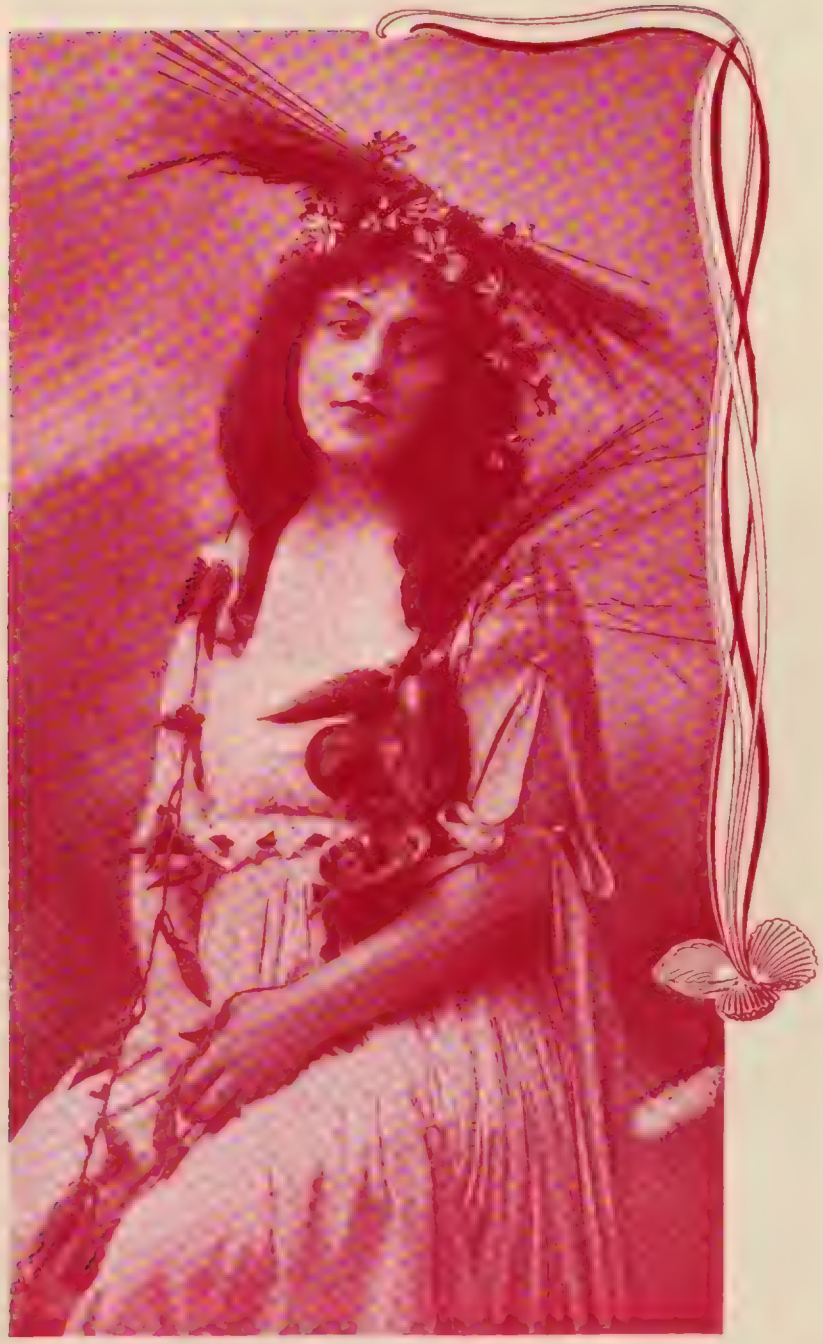
Mr. Bryans works for *Life*, *Harper's Bazar*, McClure's Syndicate, *The World*, *The Journal*, and *The Times*. The examples herewith are reproduced by permission of McClure's Syndicate.

Though his specialty is comics, Bryans has done considerable illustrating of short stories and made a few clever covers for books.

Being a young man, hardly thirty-two yet, he may be said to have the world before him, at least in the matter of silhouettes.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris

Mlle. Troja, of the "Comedie Francaise," one of the most beautiful women in France



Photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

JEANNETTE LOWRIE IN AN AUTUMNAL PHANTASY—A NOVEMBER MAUD MULLER

Miss Lowrie is a Western girl, sprightly and petite, with a good voice and some histrionic talent well developed. The combination of a low-neck gown with carrots, corn, ox-eyed daisies and wheat-sheaves is a trifle incongruous, but who will cavil a pretty girl's choice of decoration? Verily, not wel

Photograph by Gilbert and Bacon, Philadelphia.

MARY BACON, IN "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL"

Miss Bacon is from Philadelphia. She was a member of an exclusive circle there when a successful venture into amateur theatricals induced her to aspire to the professional ranks. She made her debut in "Frou-Frou" Then Fred Zimmerman, Jr., the manager, realizing her talent, engaged her to support Bertha Galland in the pretty play founded on the popular book. Miss Bacon's histrionic aspirations do not lead her so far as to argue that any of her ancestors wrote Shakespeare. For this she has the thanks of a grateful public.

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York.

LILY LANGTRY, THE JERSEY BEAUTY, AS SHE APPEARS TO-DAY.

Mrs. Langtry came to this country years ago with the intention of capturing hearts through beauty of face and figure. Her last appearance takes a higher plane. She wins out through her strength as an interpreter of a clever dramatist—the author of "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." Mrs. Langtry loves horses. She has scores of thoroughbreds, and her colors are often seen on the track. She also loves paintings and good company. Her London townhouse is the Mecca of leading people—artists, authors, actors, M. P.'s and noblemen.

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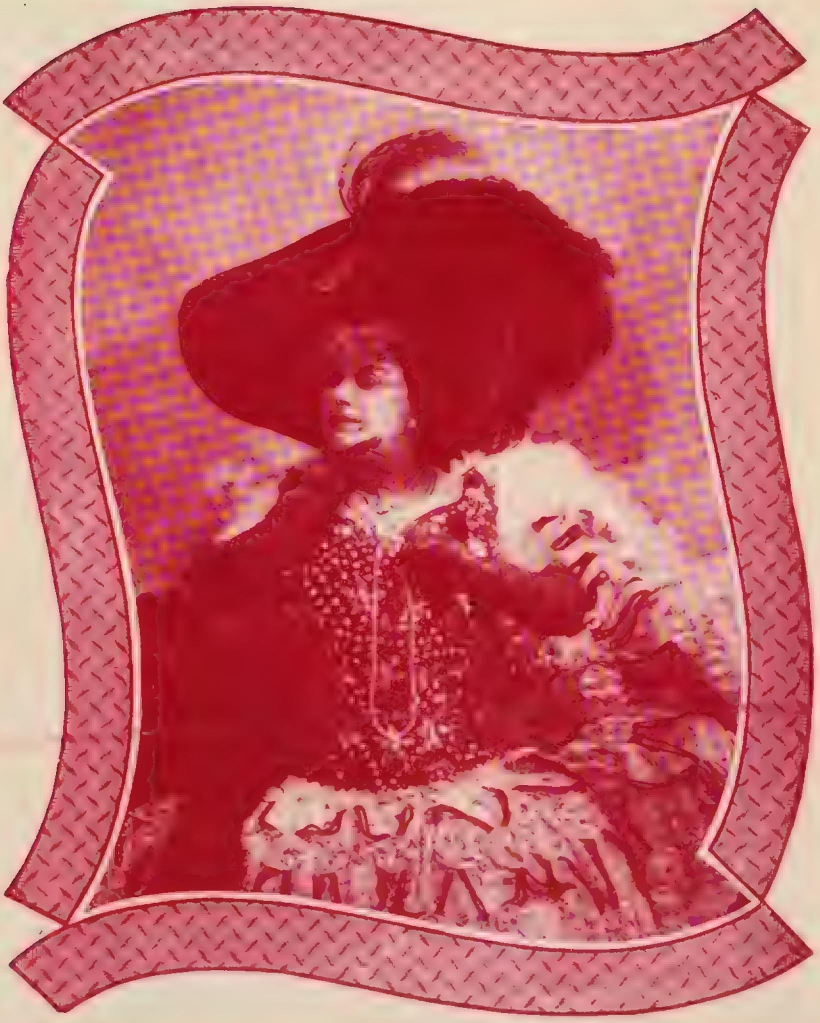
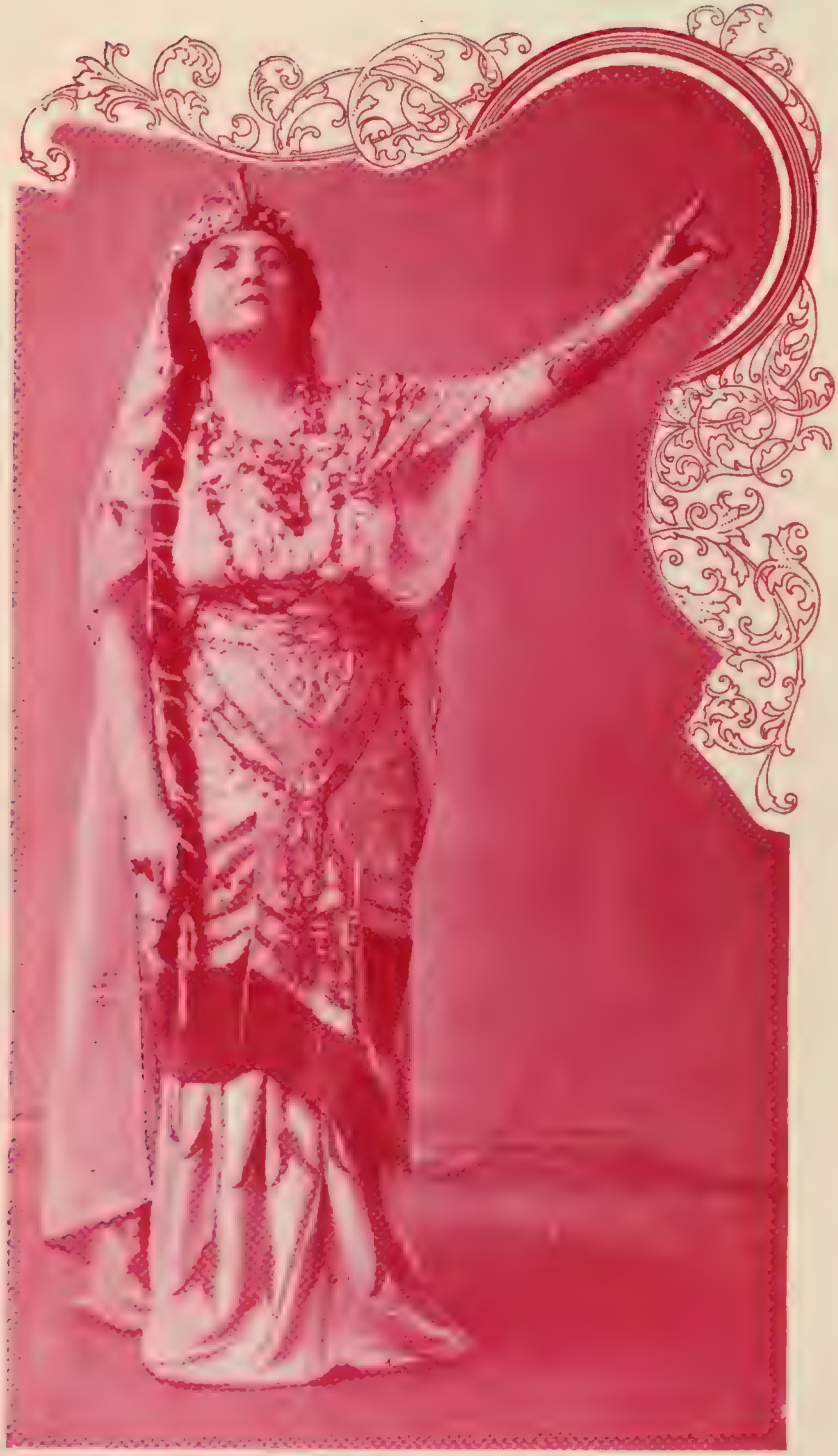


Photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

FAY TEMPLETON, OF "THE RUNAWAYS" COMPANY

The inimitable Fay took hold of "The Runaways" combination when it was a failure, and actually gave it the ginger that led it to the front ranks, and held it there. Of course her Weber & Fields' reputation had something to do with it. It was, however, still more due to her humor, her burlesque skits without giving offense, and the ability to surprise. Miss Templeton hates to be photographed, and dislikes but one thing more—to be interviewed. She is the despair of both the shutter-snappers and the newspaper men. However, not a darling of the chorus likes to see pleasant things served up more felicitously than she, and that shows her intense human leaning. Miss Templeton is an accomplished chaffeuse, but otherwise a devoted home body.



Photograph by White, New York

ANNIE IRISH, AS *IRIS* IN "BEN HUR."

A superb and Oriental figure is Miss Irish in the religio-historic play dramatized from the Gen. Lew Wallace novel.

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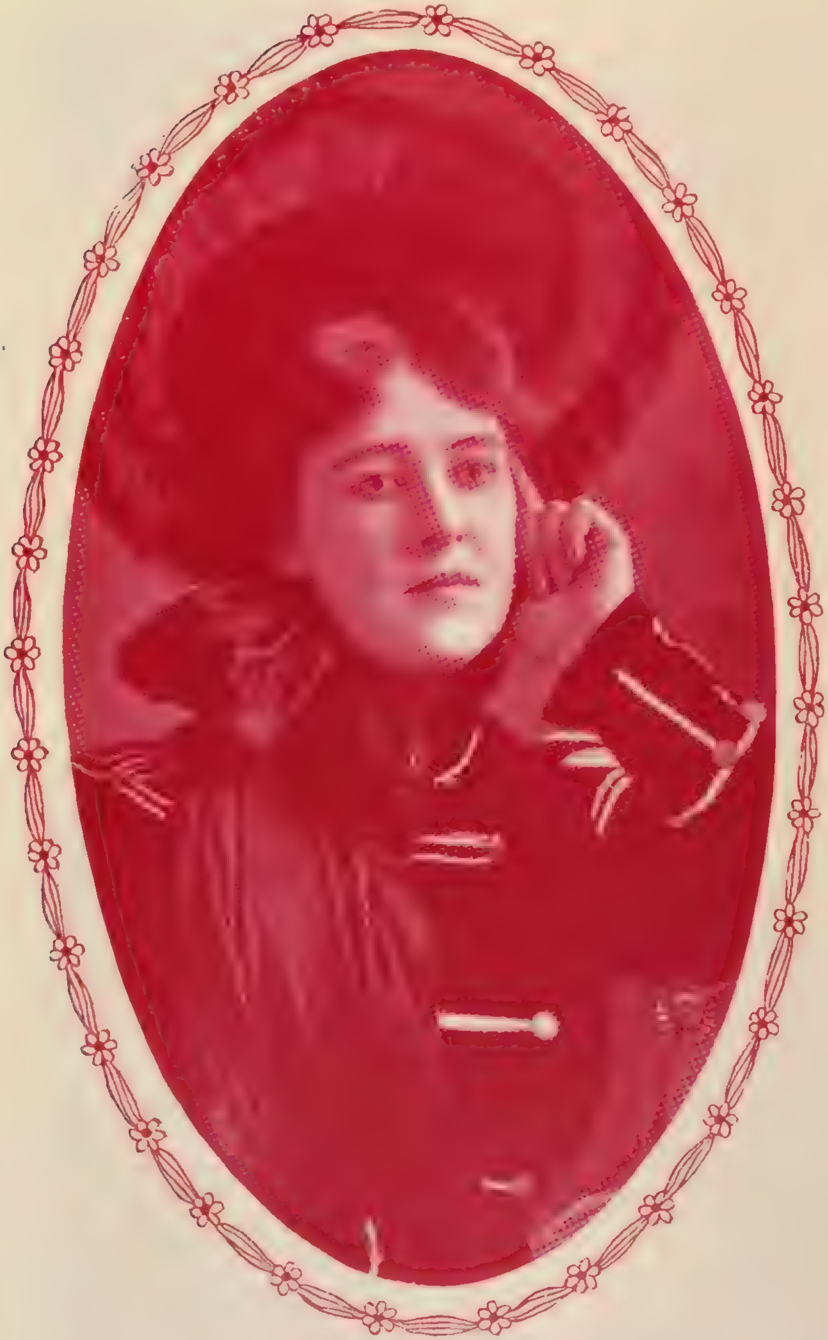
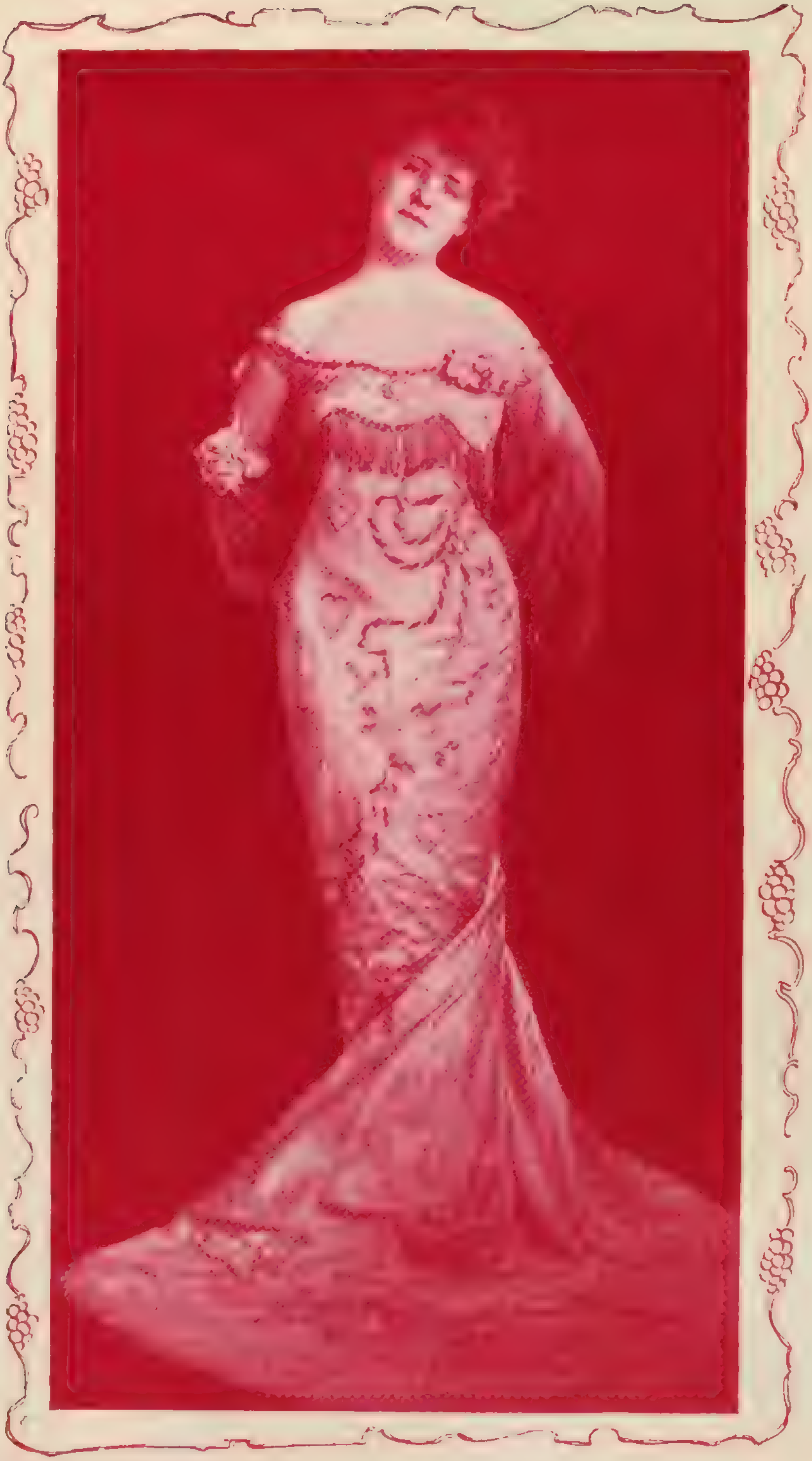


Photograph by Tonnele, New York

GRACE SPENCER, IN "WINSOME WINNIE," THE SHUBERT SUCCESS.

Miss Spencer is not so well known to New Yorkers as she will be later. She has grace and charm, and a voice of exceptional quality. Misss Spencer will undoubtedly be a metropolitan favorite



Photograph by Will Armstrong, Boston

IRENE FRIZELLE, IN "PEGGY FROM PARIS," THE GEORGE ADE OPERA.

Photograph by Tonnele, New York

MAY HOPKINS IN WINSOME WINNIE."

Miss Hopkins is a newcomer in New York, but will not long remain unknown. This pretty play has brought out many lovely young women, and if it served no greater purpose than to present them to New York audiences, would be a success.

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THE STAGE OF THE MONTH

By Roland Burke Hennessy

"RAFFLES"

NO one would ever mistake for a moment the pleasing artistic personality of Kyrle Bellew for that of a thief or other marauder On the other hand, it must be admitted that *Raffles* is not an ordinary kind of thief. He is a gentleman first, and a thief afterwards—or vice versa, if you are very squeamish about the literal truth. The main point, however, is that Mr. Bellew as the central figure—I had almost said hero—of the Hornung-Presbrey play is all-sufficient unto the end.

Here is a lovable and almost exemplary thief, as judged by the standards of the under world. He is certainly gentlemanly, resourceful and a sympathetic figure in the eyes of any stratum of society. He steals the necklace of his hostess, and the audience is sorry for him and not for the loser of the gems. *Captain Bedford*, the detective, is his merciless Nemesis, and the audience feels that the doughty *Captain* is really sticking his nose into others' affairs too much. Mr. Bellew has long had the reputation of being a fine classic actor. We now see him once again in a Tuxedo, playing a thief, who in the play finally escapes justice, and one wonders that Mr. Bellew should ever have forsaken the drawing-room for the sword and buskin.

"Raffles" is one of the big successes of the New York season, and Mr. Bellew has added another fine characterization to his already long list of successes.

N. C. GOODWIN IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

MR. GOODWIN as *Bottom* in Shakespeare's fairy play is another of our actors who have missed fire this season. Mr. Goodwin may be essentially a comedian, although I am one of those who are fully convinced that he is one of the best all-round actors on the American stage to-day. Notwithstanding his tried ability as a comedian, Mr. Goodwin does not add a single new touch of genuine humor, or even add a whit to the proper understanding of Shakespeare's low-comedy rôle. Mr. Goodwin is not at home in Shakespeare. The sooner he stops fooling himself on this point the sooner will he return to his legitimate field and continue to give us good work in "An American Citizen," "The Cowboy and the Lady," and even in "Nathan Hale," than which there is no play he has ever offered that gave him finer opportunities as an actor of sterling worth and high ambitions.

Two new pictures of Vesta Tilly, the French music hall star, recently imported to this country by the Liebler Company

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Mabel Barrison as *Jane*
Hattie Delaro as the *Widow Piper*
Frances Marie as *Gertrude*

Three of the pretty girls from "Babes in Toyland," at the Majestic Theatre

MANSFIELD IN "OLD HEIDELBERG"

RICHARD MANSFIELD should never have attempted the character of *Karl Heinrich* without being able to approach it in the proper spirit. "Old Heidelberg" was written by Wilhelm Meyer-Förster—a man steeped in the atmosphere and traditions of Heidelberg, and who thoroughly and absolutely understood the spirit of this university town, which has turned out so many men of mark among all the nations of the globe. Mr. Mansfield's experience and training should have shown him that *Karl Heinrich* was the sort of character that would appeal to the poetic German temperament as well as to the finer sensibilities of the American audience. His *Karl Heinrich* is interesting, but it is never as pathetic and touching as the original character.

The *Karl Heinrich* of Mr. Mansfield struts, is stilted to a degree, and is merely uncertain where he should be pathetic. Physically, of course, Mr. Mansfield could not reasonably be expected to look like the boyish *Karl Heinrich*. However, this should be no particular artistic handicap—as witness the many splendid performances of Mrs. Fiske, in which she has portrayed characters not at all in harmony with her own personality. That Mr. Mansfield, however, should so far have misconceived the portraiture offered by Meyer-Förster is beyond the understanding of those who have watched with pleasure the dramatic progress of this fine actor. H.

HENRY IRVING IN "DANTE"

THERE are some who are of the opinion that Henry Irving is one of the great list of Men Who Were, and that his talent as an actor is in the "sere and yellow." In point of histrionic ability, it may be somewhat of a platitude, but as a manager he certainly stands supreme still, and more than ever in advance of the times. But one man, David Belasco (at least in this country), can lay claim to such perfection of artistic detail as is shown by Mr. Irving in every effect which produces a sense of the marvelous and the awful in the human breast.

"Dante" was written by the great French dramatist, Victorien Sardou, but it was staged by Irving, which is saying that a hunter caught the pheasant and a Voisin cooked it. Not only that, but this same histrionic Voisin served it up, carved it and pointed out its particular fine bits. For it must be said that other than a wondrously interesting cicerone through the imaginary lands and experiences which the imaginary *Dante* survived beyond all human endurance, Mr. Irving has added nothing new to his great reputation as an

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Jessie Bartlett Davis

Eminent American operatic singer, who has been appearing as *Captain Delauny* in Francis Wilson's revival of "Erminie"

actor, and has not succeeded in eliminating from the public mind any of the prejudice incurred by the mannerist. For all that. "Dante" is a great production from a spectacular point of view, and has brought to the theatre this season thousands who otherwise regard the playhouse as a thing of extreme levity and frivolousness.

The cast in "Dante" is of the usual Irving standard, which is another word for the best support that a great star could gather. The absence of the ever-delightful Miss Terry from the cast is a regrettable feature for those who cling hungrily to the traditions of the past.

'THE GIRL FROM KAY'S" AT THE HERALD SQUARE

SAM BERNARD was played up mightily in a part which gave full scope to his talents, but which many might deem scarcely heroic in 'The Girl from Kay's," a farce-comedy by Owen Hall, with music by Ivan Caryll. There might be opportunities for Mr. Bernard which would bring out his talents as a character actor not in any degree so repulsive as the rôle of *Max Hoggenheimer*, the Londoner of undoubted financial standing, but doubtful morals, for whom the girl from Kay's (a paraphrase of Jay's, the Macy's of London, as it were) does not scruple to compromise herself, and innocently enough, with a single kiss, administered with innocuous intent, separates the best-meaning of bridegrooms from his bride for at least two acts. The play could never have been written by an American, for the reason that in America the same atmosphere as that created by the Carlton and the Savoy does not exist here.

Miss Hattie Williams, as the "Girl,' has a part which gives her certain vocal opportunities, but very uncertain histrionic ones. Nevertheless, she makes the best of both. One or two songs suffice to ingratiate her into the esteem of the audience, even were her spoken lines not so carefully rendered.

Mr. Bernard is conscientious and versatile.

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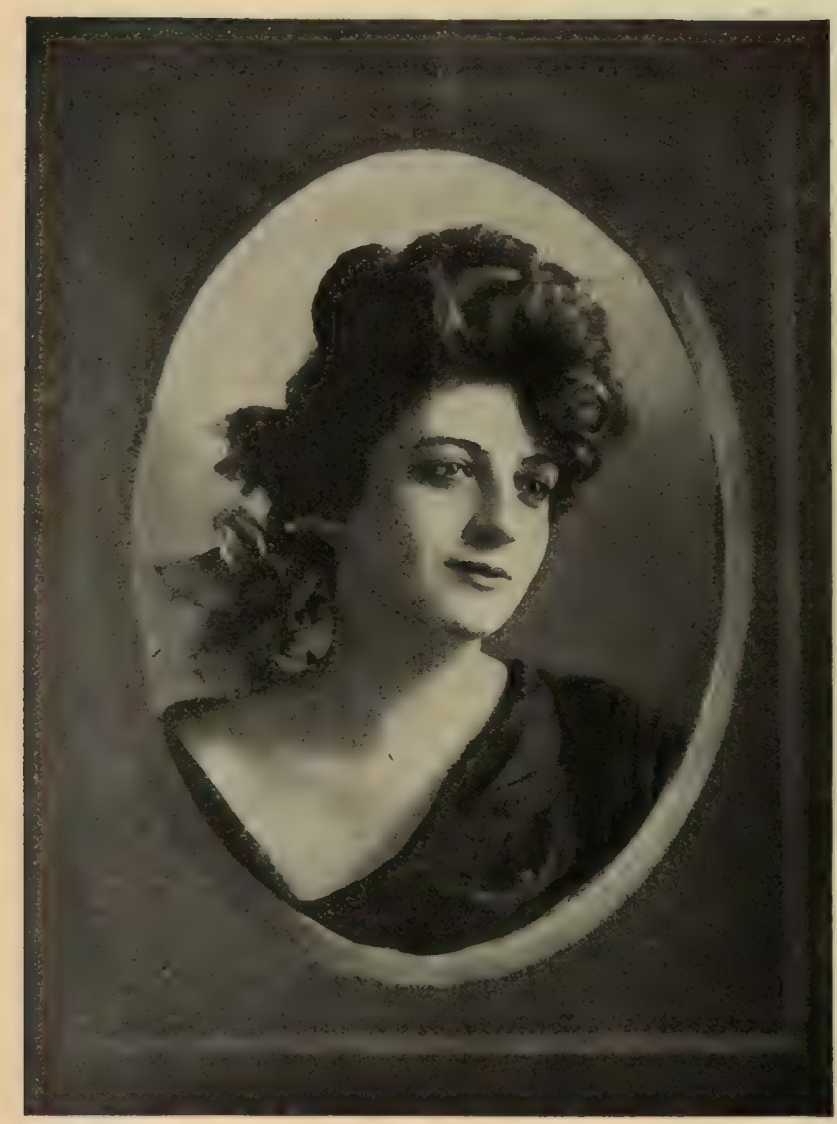
FRANK DANIELS AS THE IMPISH "OFFICE BOY"

IT would be impossible for the inimitable Frank Daniels to do anything in a manner dull or abstract, for his is the direct art which leaves nothing to the imagination. When he makes a hit, it is one of the kind that comes in and it sticks. Away back in the days of "Little Puck" and "The Brass Monkey" this wonderful faculty was demonstrated, and it is patent in the present play as strongly as then, with perhaps greater maturity of the artistic faculty.

Harry B. Smith takes all the responsibility coming upon him as the librettist of "The Office Boy," and Ludwig Englander has infused into the lines a refrain of undoubted tunefulness, and moreover, now and then promiseful of wide popularity. It is the heyday of Mr. Smith's talent, and his ability to turn out librettos is something only equal to Mr. Rockefeller's ability to turn out excuses for raising the price of Standard oil. Mr. Rockefeller recently remarked that the Czar had refused to allow the Rothschilds to buy oil-lands in Russia, and therefore, petroleum in America would rise one cent a gallon. Mr. Smith will soon argue that the Queen of Tahiti of the South Sea Islands has refused social recognition to a Brummagem drummer.

But in the case of "The Office Boy," who falls in love with a girl who will marry nothing but a "real hero," excuses are needless where there is infused into it the Frank Daniels humor.

Scene from "Winsome Winnie," the new piece in which Paula Edwardes is starring. The girl is Jobyna Howlands



Photograph by Tonnele, New York

LAURA SENAC, A STATUESQUE TYPE IN "WINSOME WINNIE."

Miss Senac is, as her name proclaims her, of French extraction, and indeed is, in expression of countenance and character, plainly of Gallic proclivities and charm. Miss Senac belongs to the celebrated family of fencers of the same name. She has not the leading rôle in the interesting Jaborowski drama, but her stellar aspirations are unlimited.

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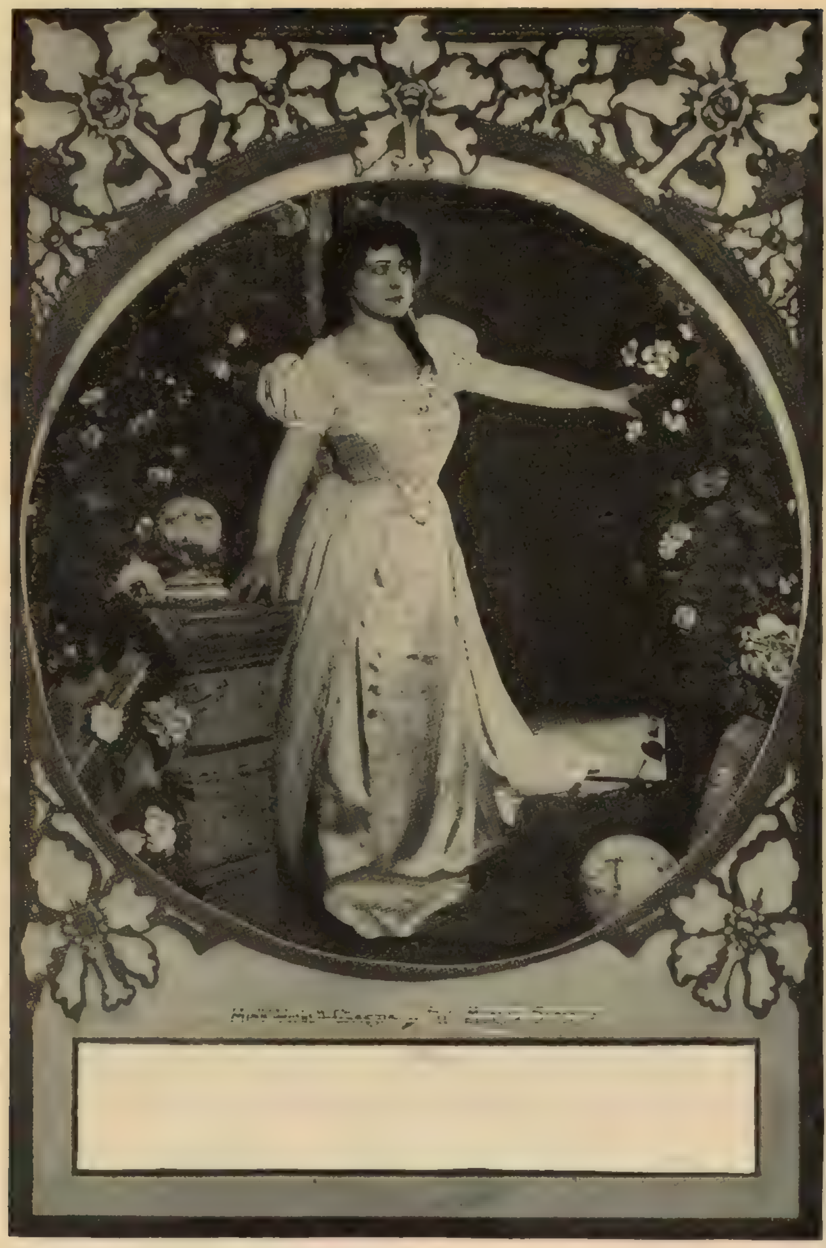

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.

BERTHA GALLAND, IN "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL."

Miss Galland is a young lady who has been before the public for many years. She had had many congenial roles, but the one best adapted to her talents and personal charms is the dramatization of the novel by Charles Major, also known as the author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

This pretty scene represents Miss Galland standing in "Dorothy's Door" at the moment of her elopement with the redoubtable Sir John Manners.

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YOU will note that BROADWAY MAGAZINE is devoting more attention each month to the work of first-class artists. You will be still further delighted and surprised by the art work in future numbers.

THE Subway in New York is nearly completed, and when it is London will subside; for no longer will the City of Fogs be able to point with scorn and derision at the spectacle of a metropolis which cannot comfortably handle its own people and the stranger within its gates. New York's Subway will be superior in plan and construction to that of London, and it will not be impossible to breathe air that is not merely good enough for swine.

"WHEN you want anything, ask for it"—a pretty good motto to go by wherever you may be; in other words, it's the short-cut route to Get There. Therefore this question: "Are you a subscriber to BROADWAY MAGAZINE?" If not, is it because you have never taken the trouble to subscribe, and if so, don't you want to subscribe now? We wish to get thousands of readers of this copy of BROADWAY MAGAZINE to subscribe for a full year. Therefore, if you will read in our advertising department a page headed "A Great Eight Months' Offer," you will find something to your advantage. Here is a chance for you to get BROADWAY MAGAZINE until August, 1904, for $1.00, and also—but suppose you read the advertisement yourself!

THERE is no question that the Show Girl has become a permanent feature of American theatricals. She is a pleasant and a picturesque example of dramatic evolution, and is as much superior in beauty, interest and importance to the old chorus girl, as the stage setting of to-day is superior to that of the Elizabethan period. There is a publication called BROADWAY QUARTERLY. No. 20, now on the newsstands, is entitled "Show Girls." You will find quite a lot of pictorial and other matter pertaining to this type of dramatic recruit. All newsdealers have "Show Girls," or it will be mailed to you direct from publication office for twenty-five cents. And, by the way, here is something worth remembering: Send $1.00 at once and mention this paragraph and we will send you BROADWAY MAGAZINE for eight months, and also, free postpaid, a copy of "Show Girls" direct, or through your newsdealer.

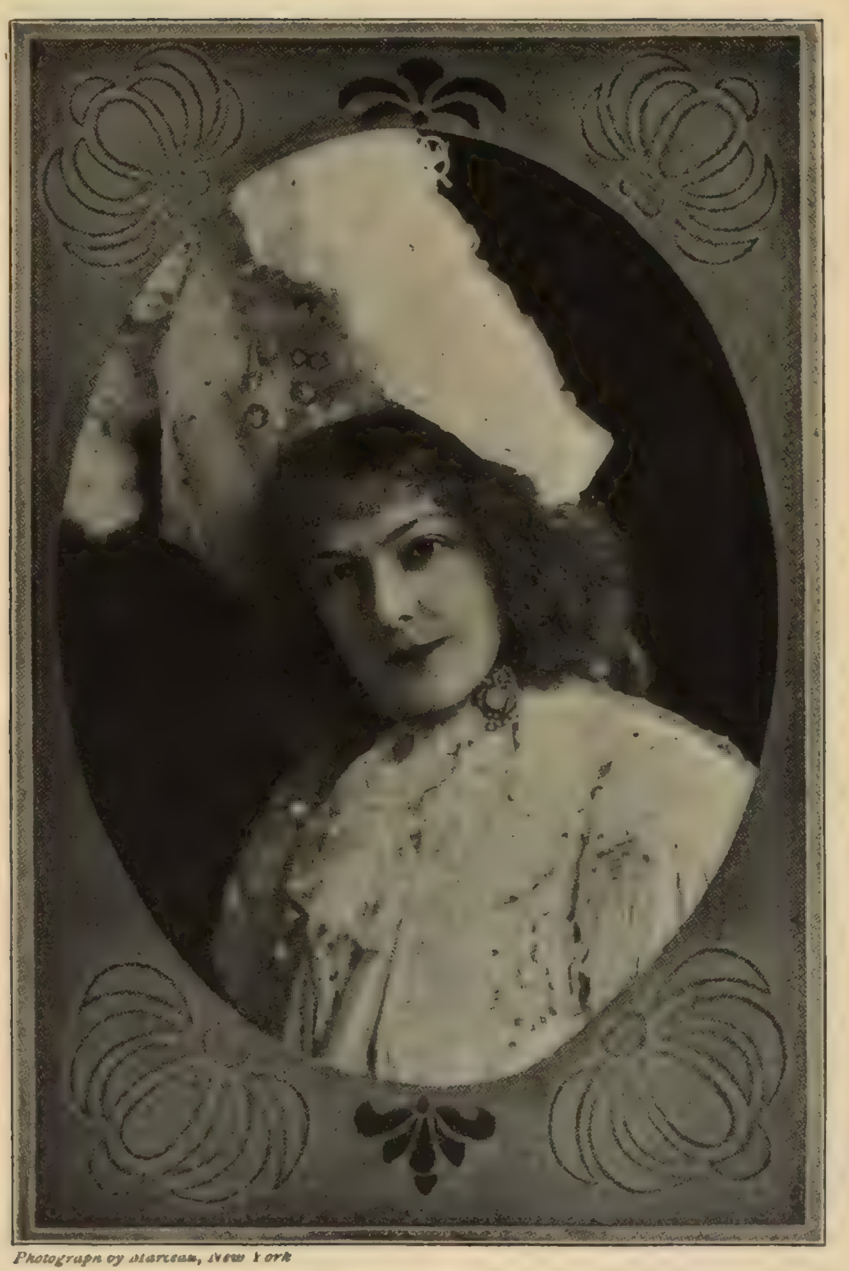
JUST another reminder · our next issue will begin the glorious year of 1904. What's better from a magazine standpoint than to become a regular subscriber to BROADWAY MAGAZINE? You can send in your orders direct or through your newsdealer.

THIS is the holiday season. It may not have occurred to you that this is a pretty good time of year to be decent—just ordinarily decent, with a good heart, a clear eye, a sane brain and a few stray thoughts for the comfort of others. I don't go in very strong for sermonizing, but I can't help thinking that perhaps a few of my readers who are selfish may stop for a moment and change their habit of thought and do something for somebody else just as a matter of novelty. Try it. There's something about it that acts as a tonic, and you needn't be ashamed of the experiment.

FAY TEMPLETON has the smartest and most up-to-date of the electric brand of automobile. This auto is of the Victoria-royal-coach cut, and is absolutely fleckless and flawless from the silver-plated mountings to the gold buttons on the chauffeur's natty French uniform. Miss Templeton herself, arrayed in a gown of black lace and quite without any display of jewels, looks the duchess to perfection, and would create a sensation even in the Bois of gay Paree. It certainly pays well to be a public favorite nowadays.

MR. DREW is one of the American actors who will always have a great following, even though there is no great subtilty nor aggressiveness in his histrionic powers. He has in the Hope comedy something for which he is eminently fitted—an Italian situation which is picturesque and of the volcanic flavor of old Chianti. No one will go away from the theatre and toss on a sleepless pillow for having seen *Dieppe*, but on the other hand, like a Marion Crawford novel, there is nothing that will offend or let the audience in back of the scenes and suffer a disillusion. The stage setting under the direction of Joseph Humphreys deserves especial mention, for the true art note is struck and the atmosphere of the beyond-Alps region preserved with charming fidelity.

EVERY department of human industry seems to be overcrowded just at present save one—the sixth row in the chorus and the silent parts in the stage mob. There are a dozen prominent dramatic schools in New York, and all are doing a thriving business, while at least one large firm of managers has opened a dramatic school in connection with its establishment and is taking raw recruits as fast as the school can whip them into shape for stage work. The Rialto looks these days like a Fall flower-garden, and whereas many a man with a family depending upon him is walking the streets in a desultory manner and wondering where help is coming from, the pretty Show Girl, who will yet bloom into the front row or possibly become a star, is drawing pay for the whole family.



Photograph by Marceau, New York

VIRGINIA EARLE, WHO PLAYS THE LEADING RÔLE IN "SERGEANT KITTY."

Miss Earle is a beautiful as well as talented young actress. She has not been able heretofore to discover the right medium to convey to the public the right impression of her abilities as a star, but in "Sergeant Kitty," which was constructed mainly to give metropolitan audiences a true taste of her histrionic scope, she shines with the effulgence which her admirers feel has long been held from her owing to the lack of the proper vehicle.

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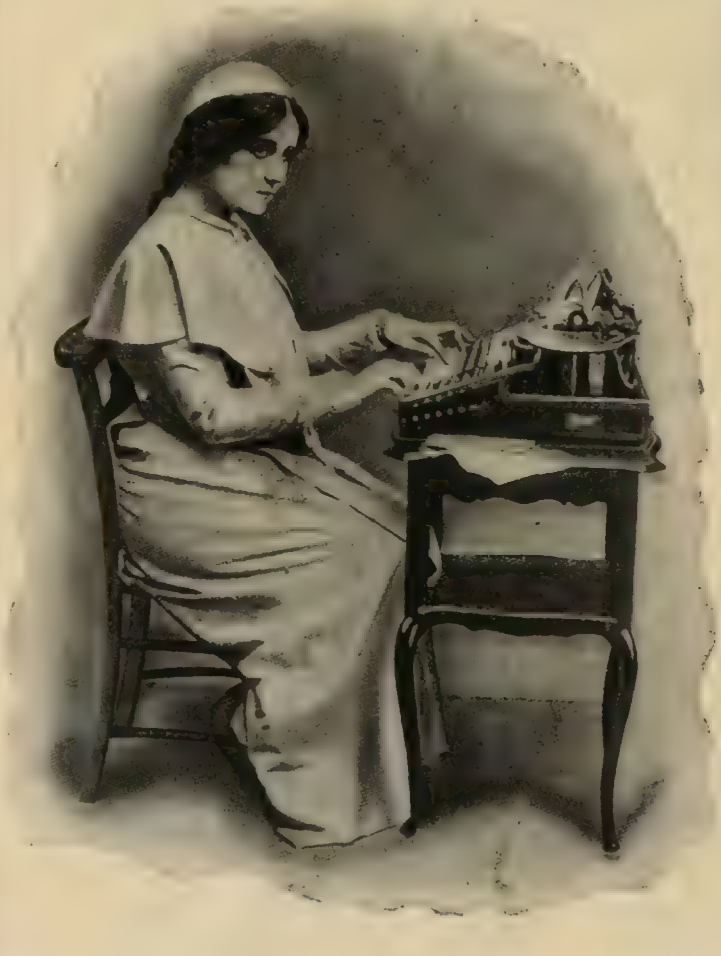
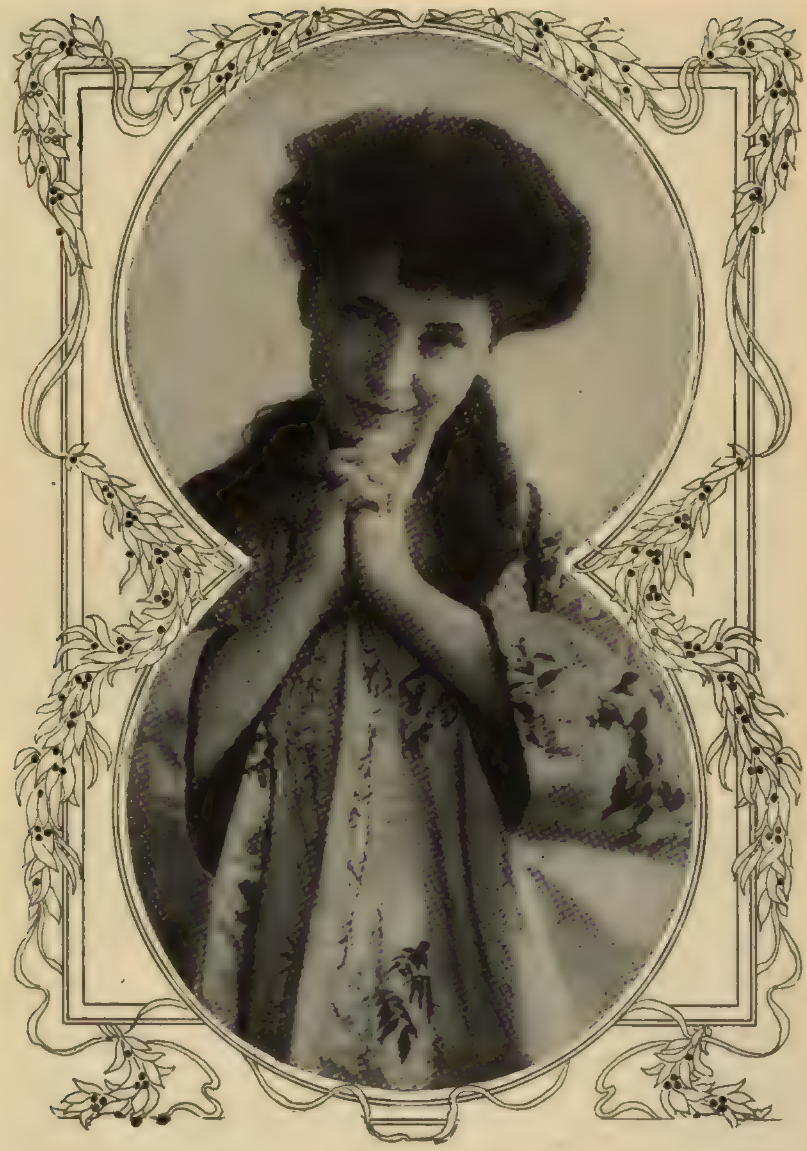


MISS EDNA MAY IN THE RÔLE OF TYPIST.

Edna May came into prominence some years ago in "The Belle of New York," and later delighted London audiences with the same rôle. She has since remained more or less of an expatriated American, but she still is fascinating and beautiful, particularly in some demure part like that of the original Salvation Army lassie she first impersonated with stunning effect. Miss May is seen here in a part she took in the London production of "Three Pretty Maids," and her words are, "I'm afraid there's some mistake; I didn't come here to work. Fancy being taken for a typist!" Yes, indeed; just fawncy!



MISS FLORENCE NESBIT, OF MANY HISTRIONIC VICISSITUDES.

As an artist's model Miss Nesbit became famous among the local painters. Later she took to the stage as one of the Lederer features in various productions in which, although she did not set the Hudson ablaze with her histrionic talent, continued to attract metropolitans with her interesting beauty. Later, it is rumored, Miss Nesbit went into a convent, and certainly no fairer recruit to cloisterhood ever left the stage to take upon herself a less worldly mission. At any rate, the kimono effect does not make Miss Nesbit a Jap, but it adds to the charms of a very pretty woman

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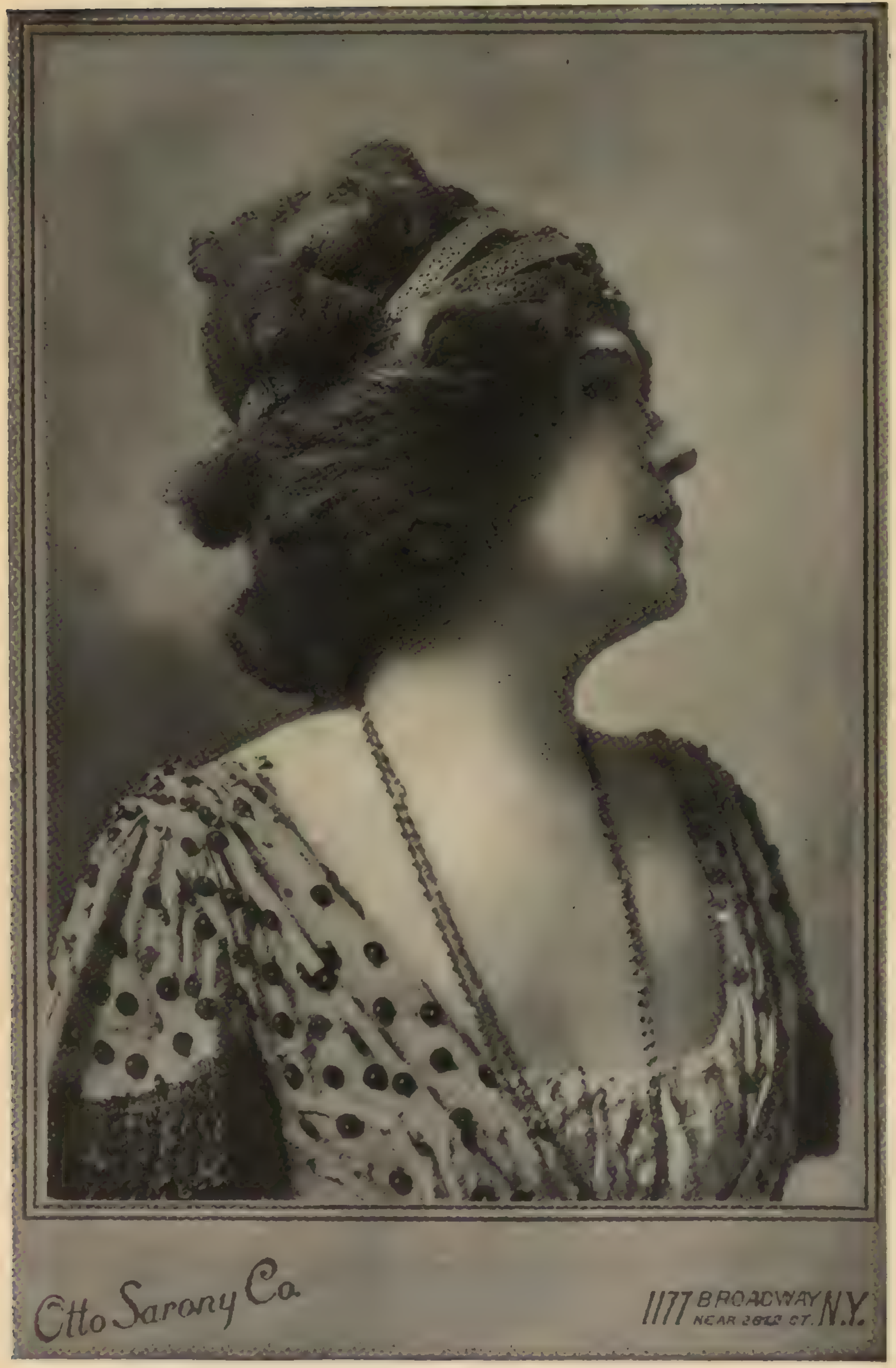
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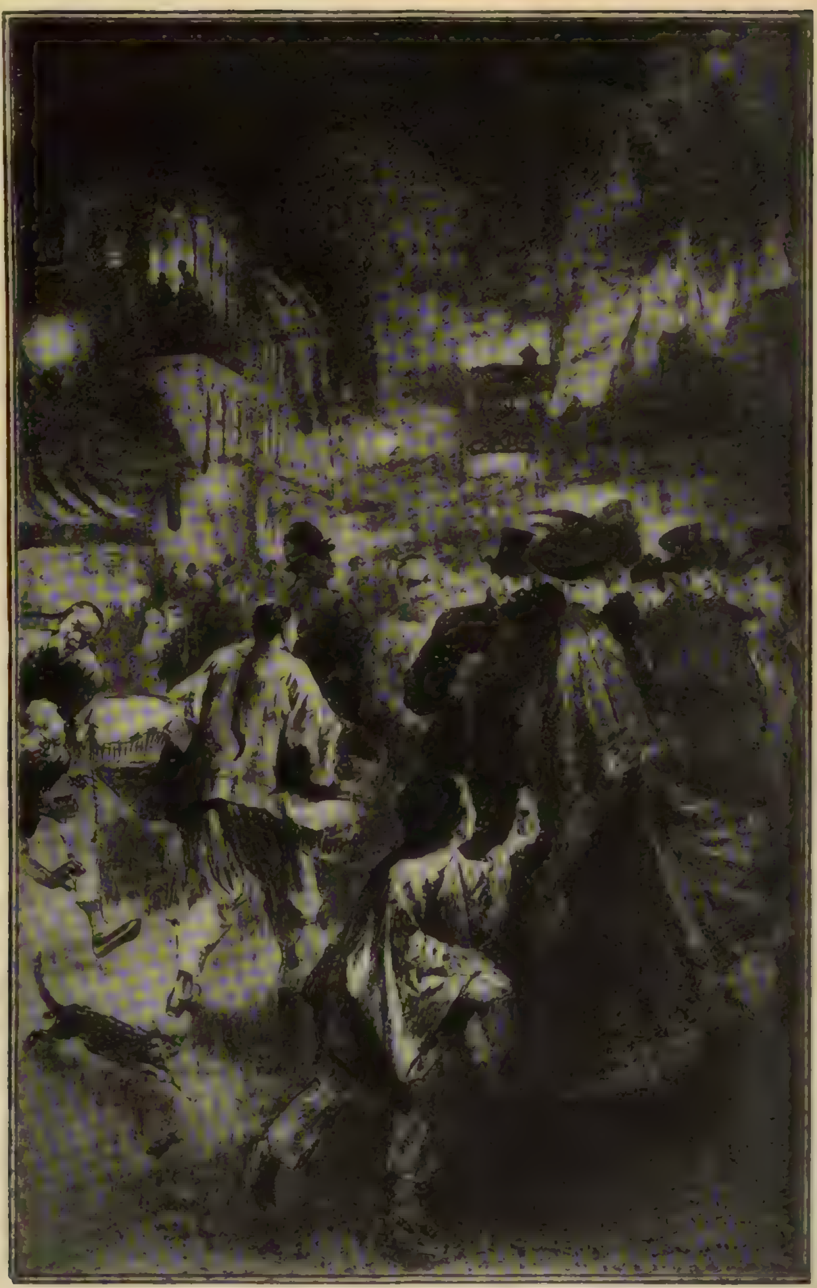
ANNE SUTHERLAND, NOW STARRING IN "MORE THAN QUEEN."

by Google



CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN.

Pell street is one of the sights of New York, even on an ordinary night. On the occasion of any festivity, either celestial or occidental, the city is ablaze with light, and thousands of New Yorkers who never penetrate the region at other times, pour into the narrow rifts and wander among the queer people and rub elbows with all sorts and conditions of men. The tiny shops are brilliant with every variety of oriental allurement, and many persons go thither on a mere slumming tour, returning with their arms laden with packages. The surrounding district, too, is very poor, so that the dwellers of Valhalla above have ample opportunity to give full rein to their charitable impulses. Altogether, Chinatown on such a night as the artist portrays is worth a long voyage.

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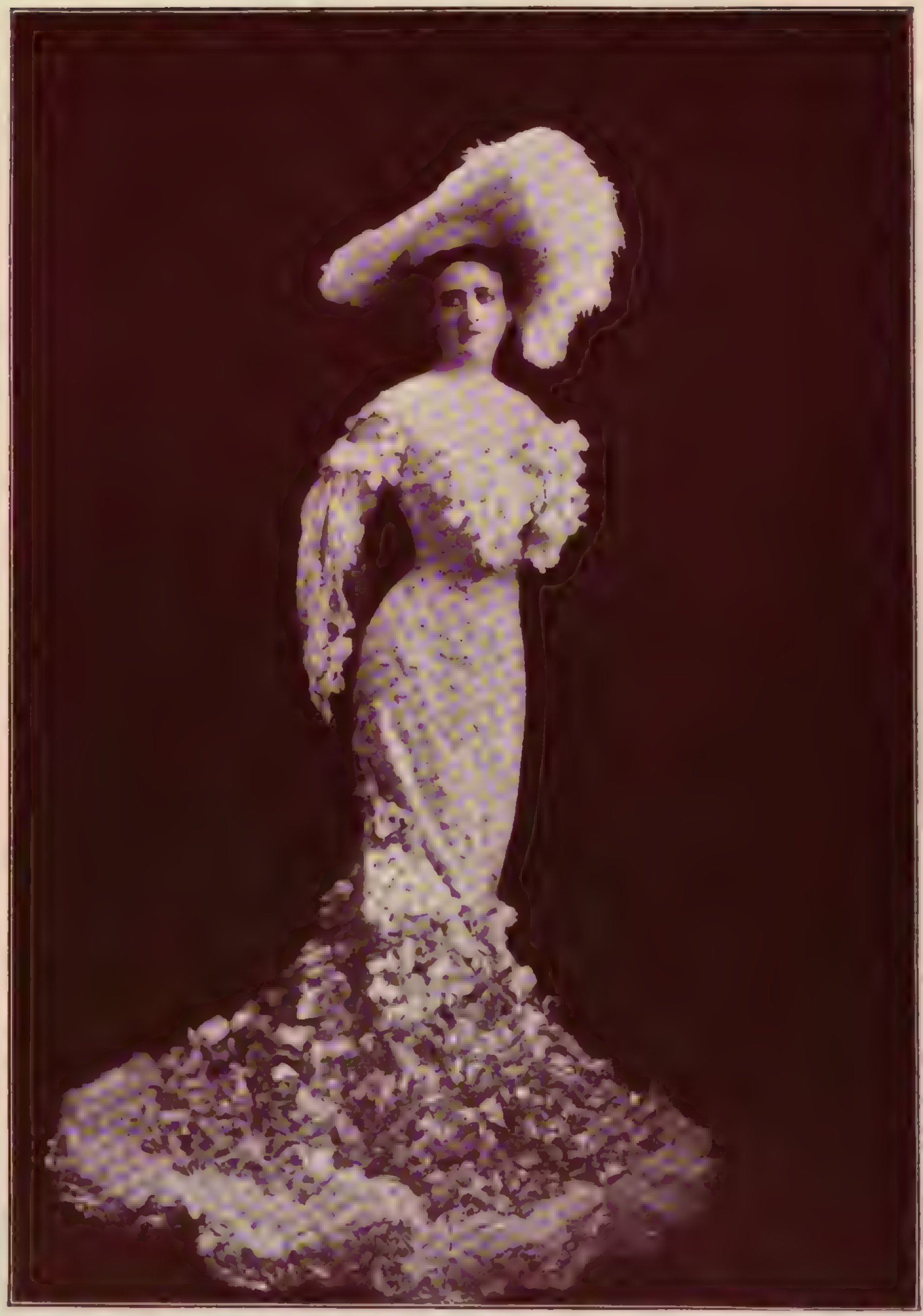
Prominent on the Season's Stage



From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD, THE STAR OF "RED FEATHER," UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.

Miss Van Studdiford is one of the newest stars on the metropolitan stage. She has been appearing in the title rôle of the Victor Herbert-Harry B. Smith opera at the Lyric Theatre. Miss Van Studdiford has an excellent voice, although her bearing may seem somewhat cold and unenthusiastic

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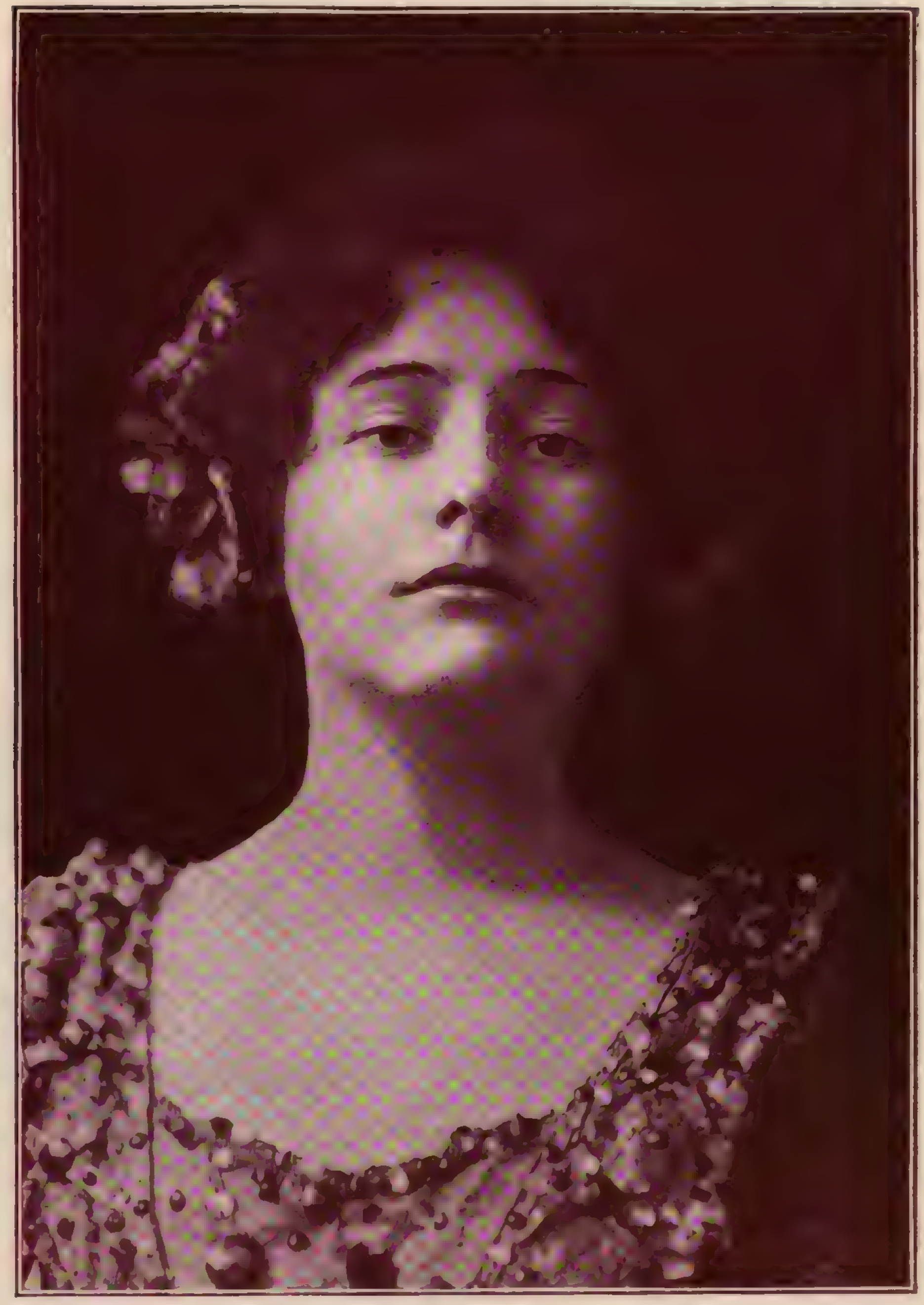

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

MARGARET ILLINGTON, THE STAR OF "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE"

Miss Illington, who is known in private life as Mrs. Daniel Frohman, is a handsome young woman of cleverness and ability who came to New York only a few seasons ago, and has won her laurels. Her performance in "A Japanese Nightingale" is a delight to the eye and ear

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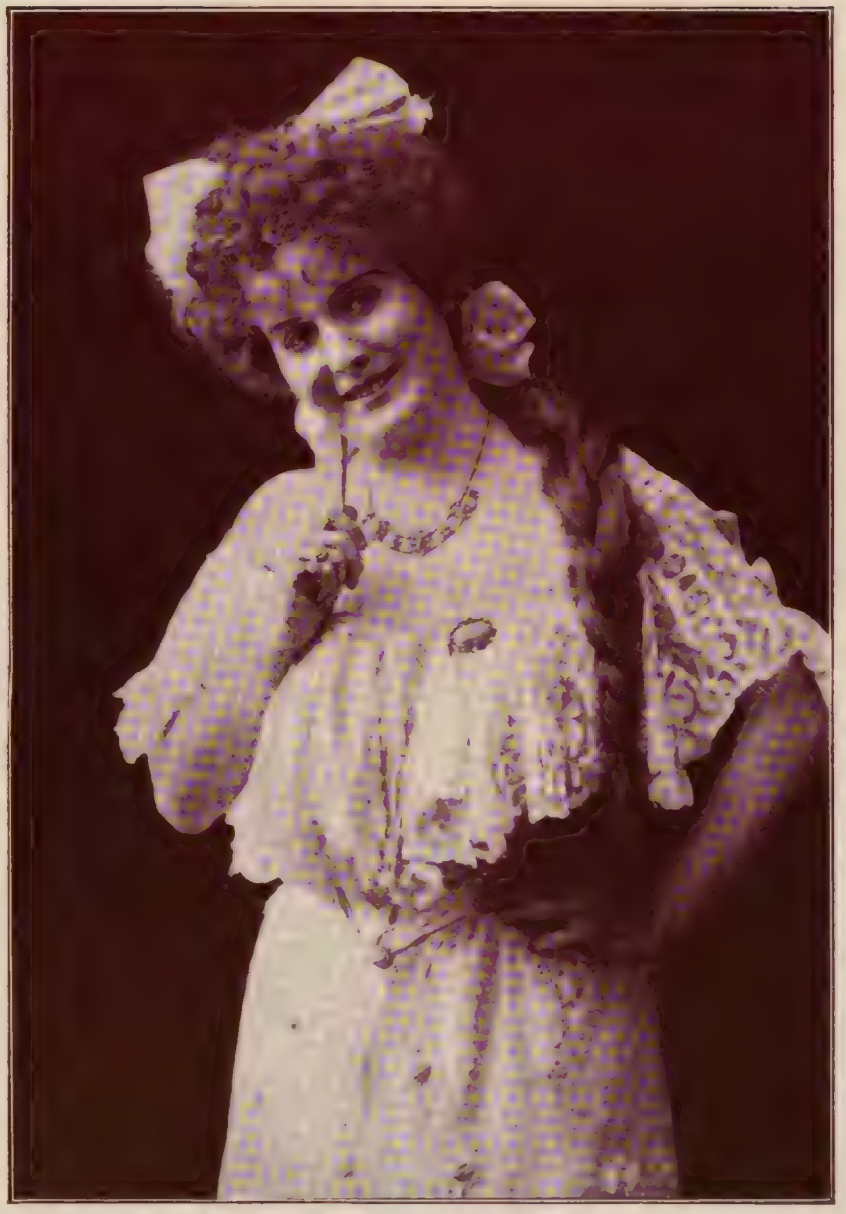
Prominent on the Season's Stage



Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

IRENE BENTLEY, WHO HAS BEEN STARRING IN "THE GIRL FROM DIXIE"

Miss Bentley first won attention on the stage because of her very striking resemblance to Lillian Russell. In the past few seasons, however, she has succeeded in winning prominence because of the charm of her personality and her grace and fascination of manner. Miss Bentley has been prominent in several Broadway productions. One of her most captivating rôles was that of the Dutch Boy in "The Wild Rose"

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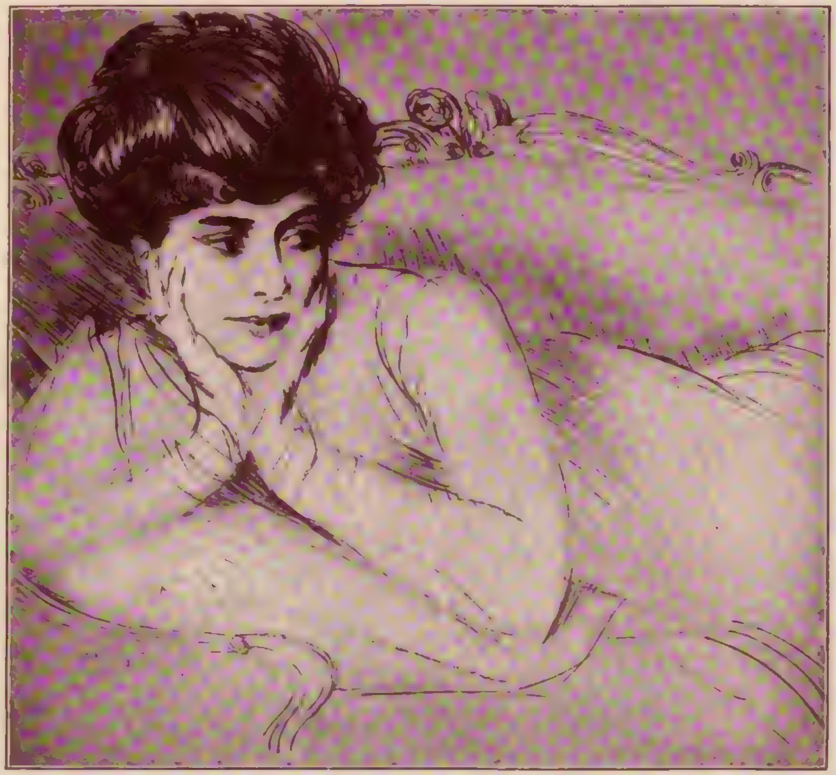
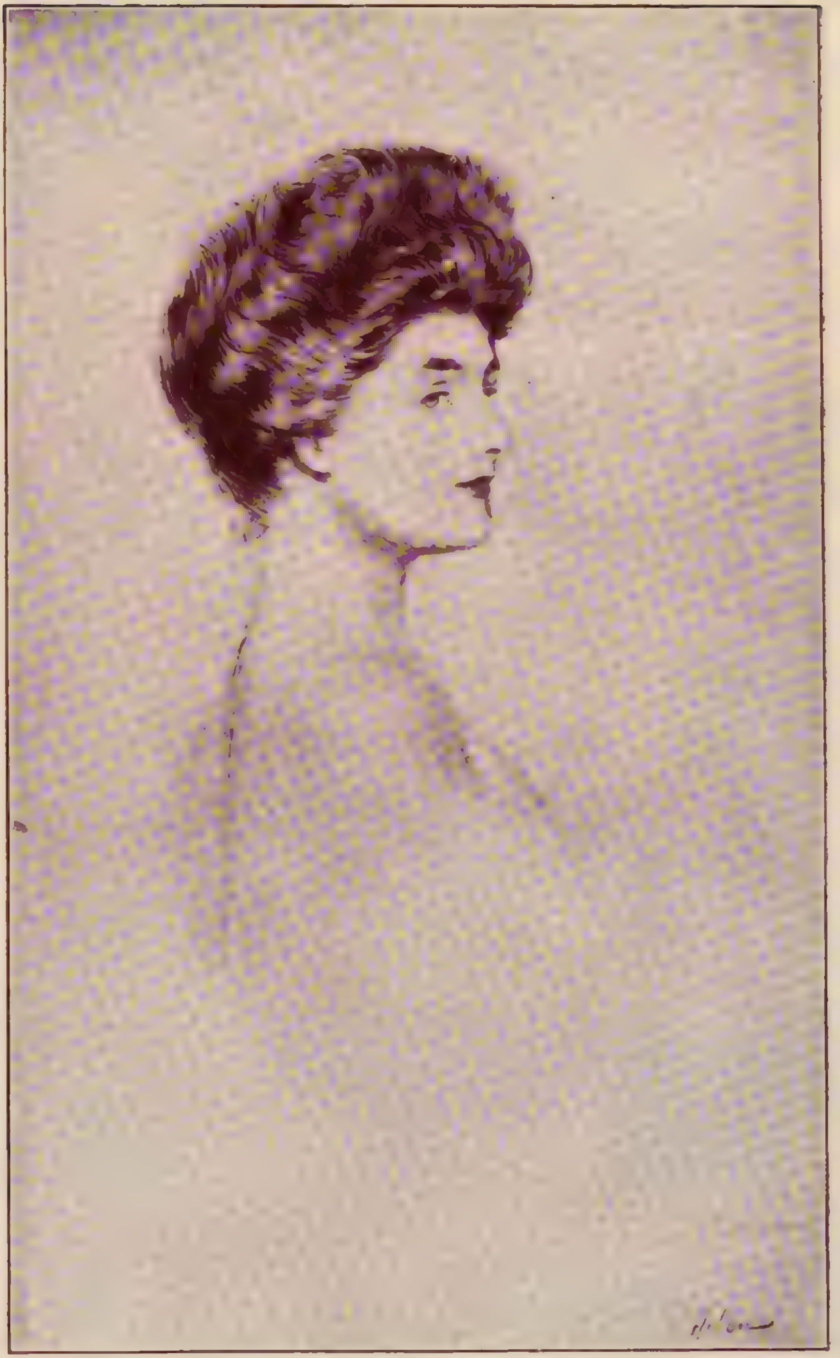
NEW AND CHARMING



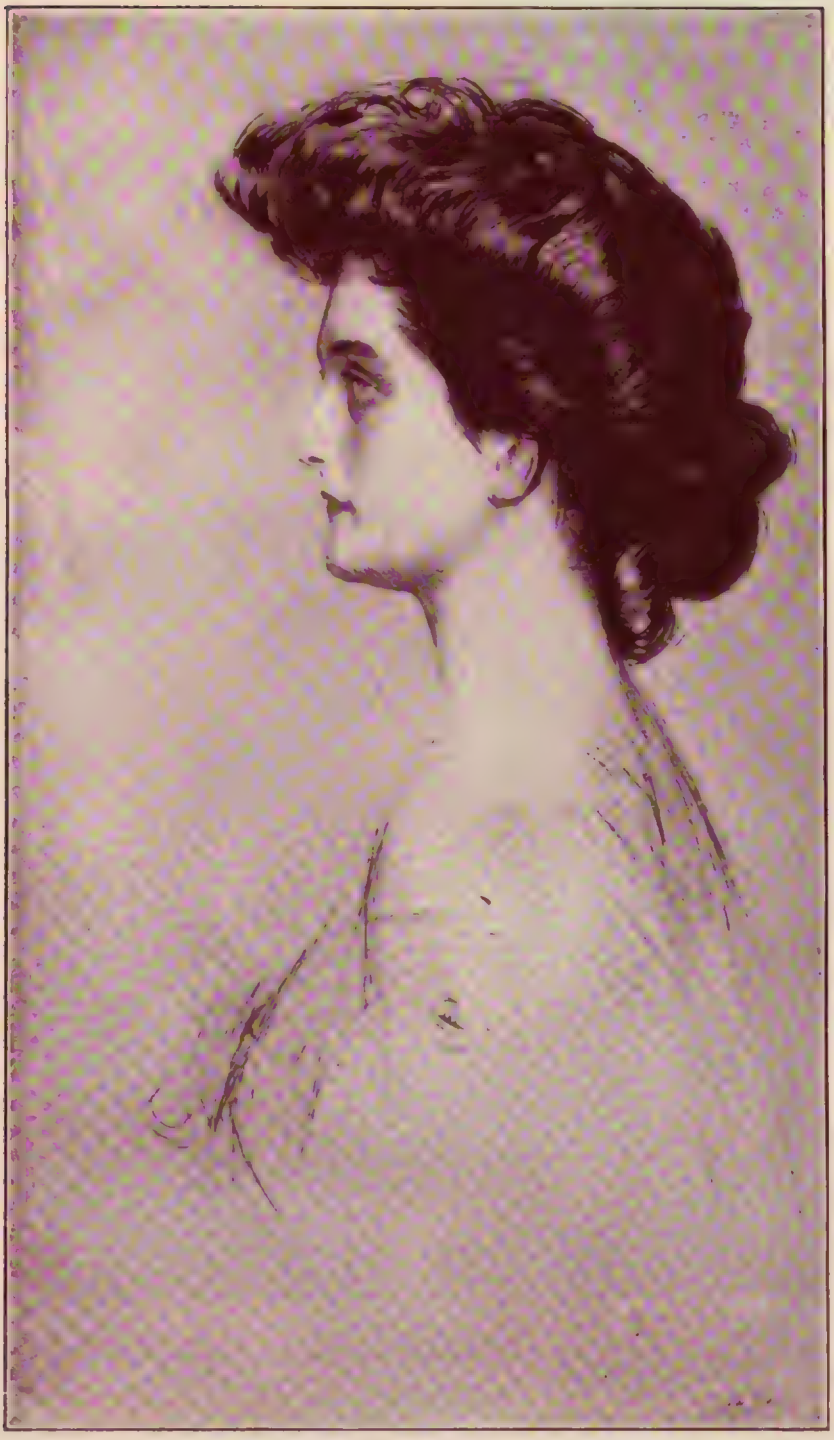
"MEDITATION"

DRY POINT PORTRAITS BY HELLEU

Helleu Dry Point Portraits



MME. DE———



MISS LUCILLE B———

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Flashlight photograph by Byron, New York

FAY DAVIS AND GUY STANDING

Two of the principals in the dramatization of "Lady Rose's Daughter," the novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1904

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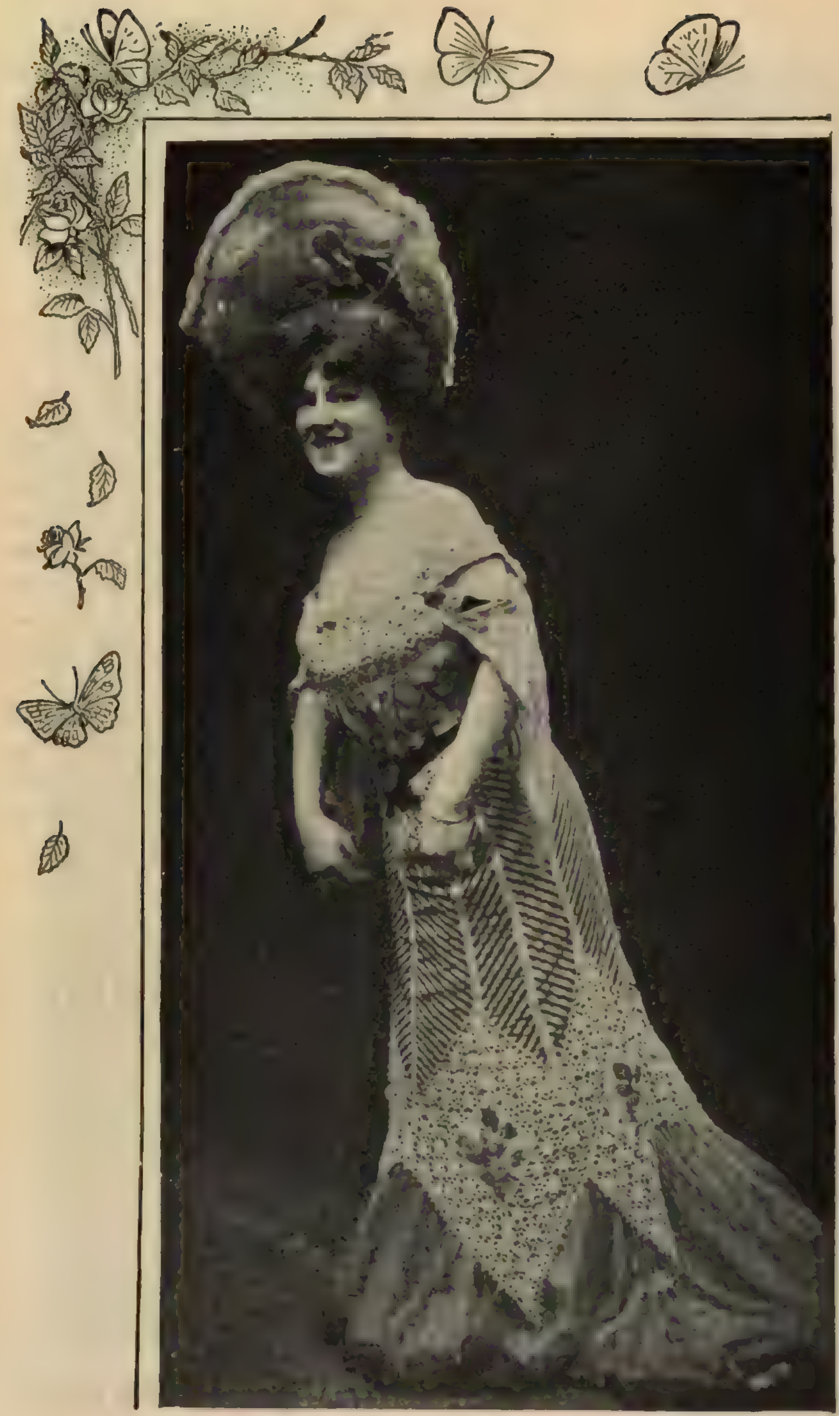

From a photograph by Hall, New York

CAMILLE CLIFFORD
Of "The Prince of Pilsen" Company

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

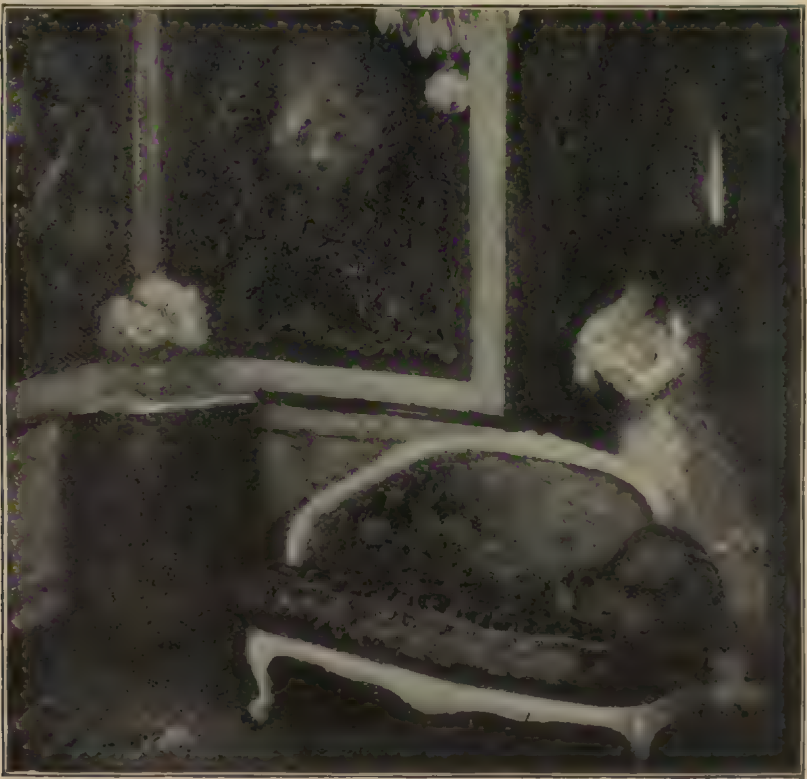
VOL. XII JANUARY, 1904 No. 4

NEW YORK DISCOVERS A NEW PAINTER

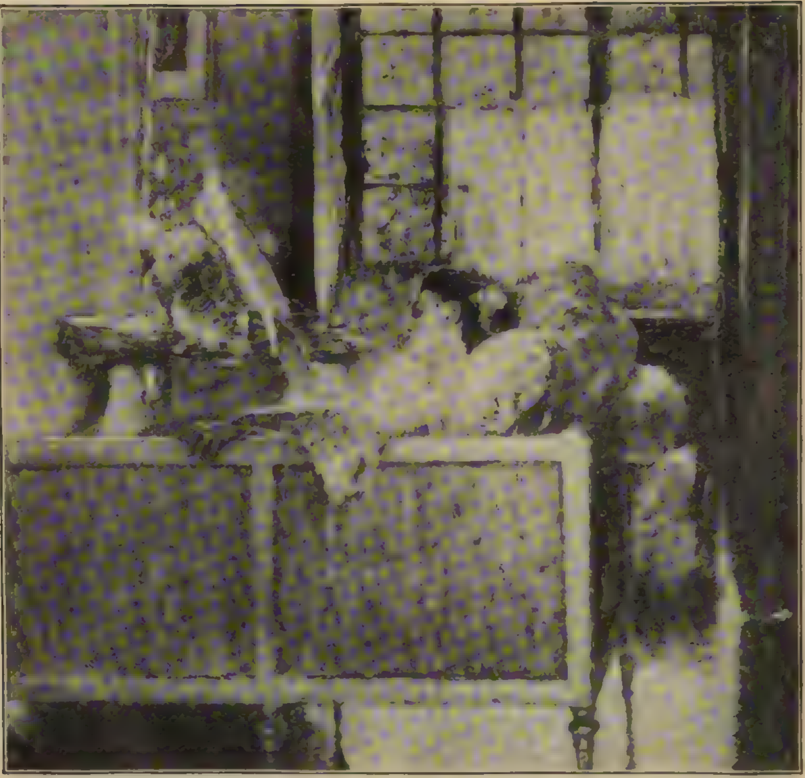
THE WORK OF GASTON LA TOUCHE

By Andrew L. Pecardy

WE have passed through several cycles of the art-impulse recently—from intense realism to the most exaggerated form of the impressionistic. These various sympathies have invaded every form of art interpretation and found expression in a multitude of contrasting works. Not only have they instilled their principles in portraiture and landscape work, but they have also found expression in the common forms of pictorial and utilitarian convenience. There always remains, however, the unknown quantity which may be termed an individual point of view. Particularly is this true of portraiture where fair femininity has been the



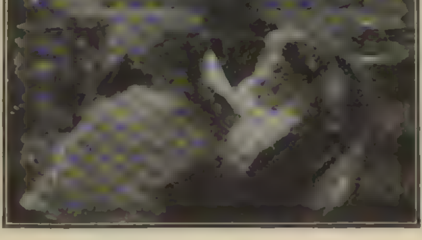
After the Ball



The Bride

subject; for creators of individual types of beauty have been accorded the highest praise.

In the French painter, Gaston La Touche, we have a lively idealism which is so ethereal as to be almost fantastic. Like a lyric of extreme subtlety, his art is of the purest note, and indicates a fertile mind and most refined and carefully nurtured temperament. As an idealist, La Touche expresses, perhaps, not the highest note that has been touched of recent years, but certainly one of the most electrified and what might be called inspired.



The Quiet Hour

La Touche is one of those rare artists who have discovered the glory of an accurate scheme of choice, knowing exactly what are his limitations and adhering rigidly to his lofty principles of repression and expression. There may be a certain similarity of theme, but the treatment is so diverse as to give the illusion of versatility—a virtue which he does not possess. For that matter, neither does our American painter, Albert Wenzel, whom he closely resembles, boast the wide range of inspiration nor diversity of treatment.

Yet, like Wenzel also, La Touche is most

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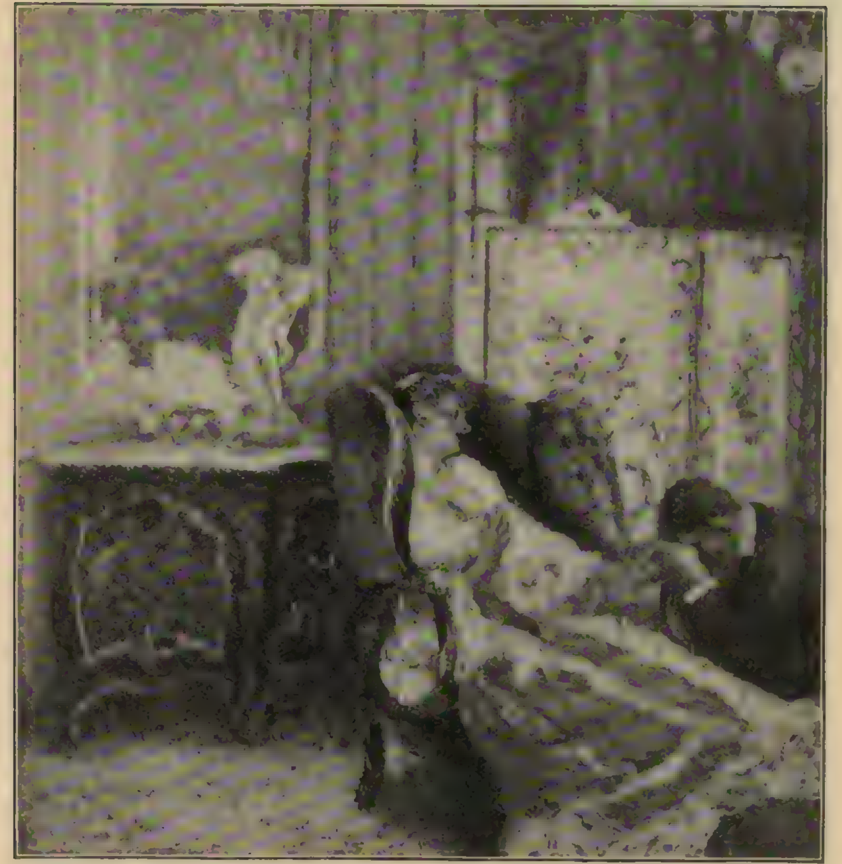

The Pardon

responsive to those subtle gradations of color and form which make one think that he paints with great hesitancy and is never too sure of his results. This, notwithstanding, is not the case. He may not have the sureness of line which qualifies Cheret or Mucha, but, on the other hand, he has an instinctive perception of the spiritual beauty in refined life as it is lived by the high-bred members of the Faubourg St. Germain. He is a dreamer—essentially a creature of the salons, and revels in the evanescent glories of the ultra-refined of conventional life. He delights in sunshine and flowers, in rare brocades, priceless laces, quaint furnitures, fragile crystal and those etherealities which are food to the insatiable soul of the poet and the incense-burner. Although his studio is characterized by an almost monastic absence of splendor, nevertheless one can see that the painter lives in his heart a charmed life, and that his spiritual identity is sovereign of a world that is regal in affluence, in perpetual repose amid flowers and rare perfumes, in the silence of the aristocratic suburb and the glory of Parisian *savoir faire*.

If La Touche were a prince instead of a painter, which fortunately he is not, he might wander about the world gathering to himself the most beautiful products of this and other civilizations, to bury himself among them like a miser and a curio-fiend. Balzac in his garret and oppressed with unconquerable debt, wrote books about patrician women rolling in wealth and surfeited with the glories and vanities of a Parisian career. Balzac would even spend days expatiating on the beauty and rarity of some peculiar tapestry or marble, until the theme was entirely exhausted.

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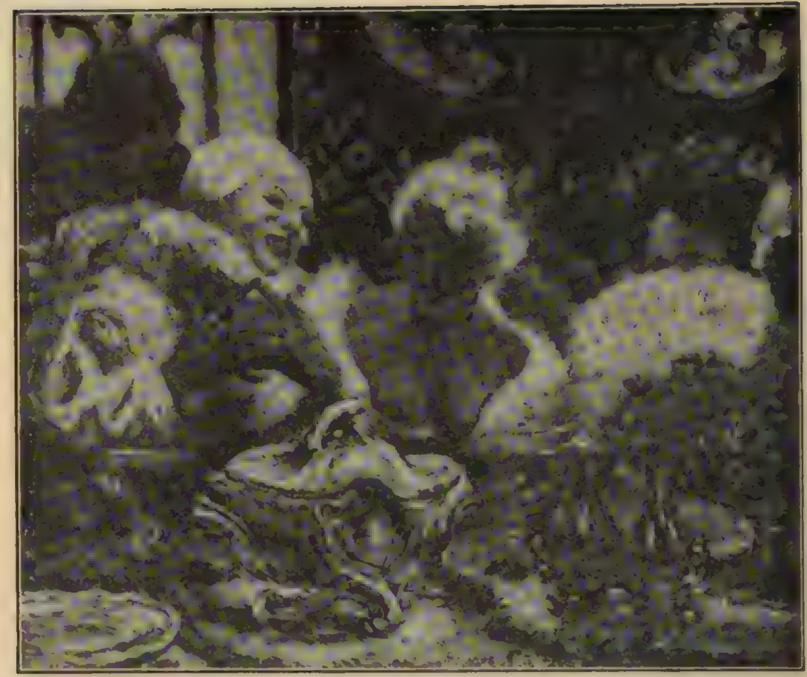
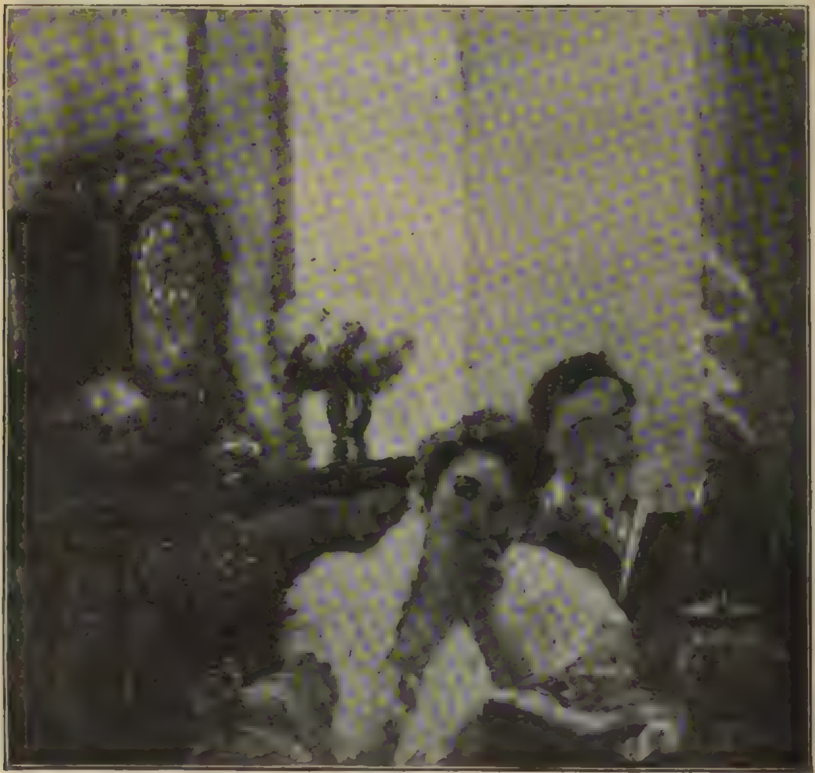


Pierrot and the Beauty



The Honeymoon

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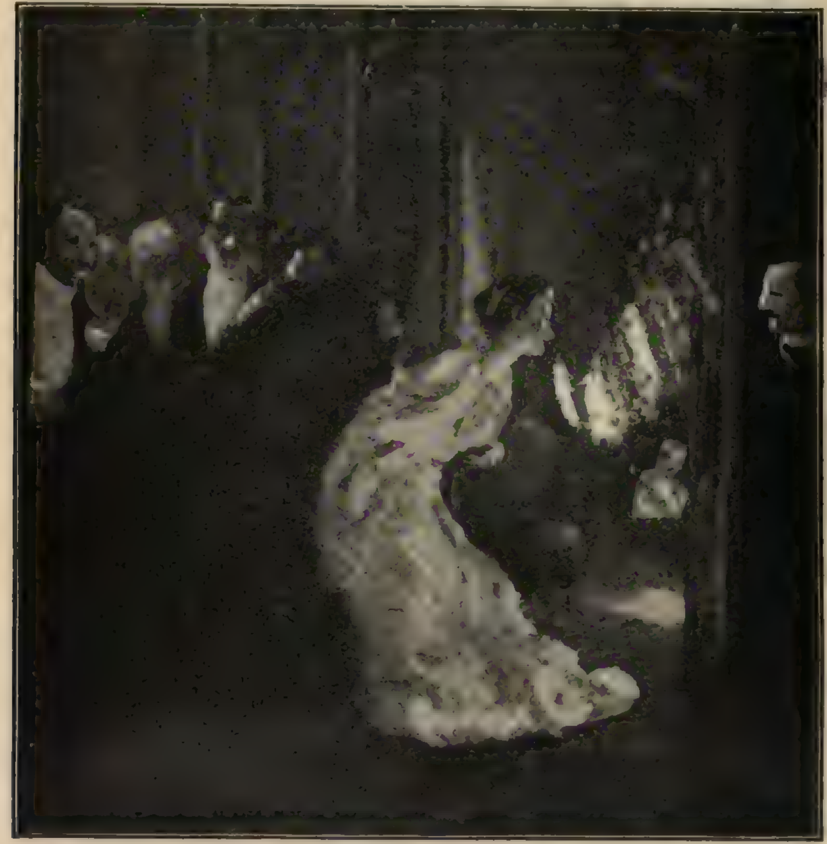
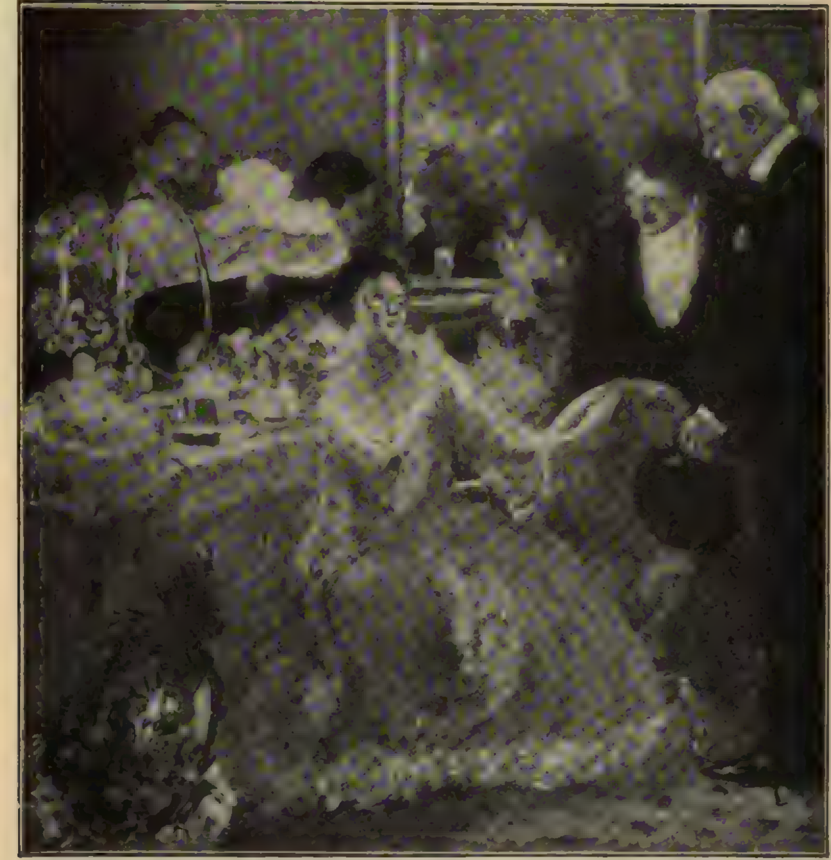
These prodigalities were of course far beyond the measure of his purse, but he loved to dream of them and to imagine himself a part and parcel of a charmed universe.

Gaston La Touche we could imagine the inhabitant of a realm of the renaissance which marks the highest development of our modern civilization. His men are Parisians through and through, but like the furniture of the beautiful salons which he uses as a setting for his exquisite feminine types, the men do not count except to serve the general purpose—an unwelcome necessity, as it were. But his women are of the highest Continental type, dreamful and sweet, perhaps dominated by the intellect quite as much as by the heart, but intensely loyal to their principles and thoroughly imbued with the established order of things. They may suffer keenly or enjoy deeply, but nothing disturbs the unruffled quality of that *bonne tenue* which is the distinctive mark of the Parisienne of the *grand monde*. His women are all grace, suppleness, heroism and eternal good cheer. They seem capable of the highest flights of imagination, of infinite courage in defense of their convictions, and yet they are apparently drifters upon the tides of a golden sea.

Our Gibson has done something of the same kind with his gift of form; but La Touche combines it most admirably with color. In fact, color to this painter is a higher expression than even the surest and most subtle draughtsmanship. More than that, while perhaps he lacks Gibson's sense of humor, La Touche gives the impression of surviving ever in the atmosphere of Parisian opulence and loving to perpetuate it imperishably in his paintings. Even reproduced in black and white in the



The Curtain Call



The Grand Opera Star

pages of a magazine, this colorful spirit pervades his work. It is that which makes him great; for he is decidedly one of the coming society painters of the world. His portraiture may be true or only approximate, but of its art quality and of its refined charm there is no gainsaying. It might be well for young American artists in whom Gibson and Christy inspire such an irresistible impulse toward imitation, to turn their attention to this new discovery in the art world—new, at least, as far as America is concerned. Certainly the result cannot but be profitable, even to the brilliant painters that America is bringing forth every year.

"Symphony and harmony," said the painter in a recent interview, "are the foundation of painting as well as of music. True art is the choicest assemblage of these harmonies. The spirit of beauty must pervade it—radiate it like the rays of a lamp. Portraiture should be simple, lifelike, and true. Naturalness is its very life—naturalness and poetry in treatment, as well as magnetism. Even if the form be perfect and the method unapproachable, still, without that magnetism which indicates true mastery of the theme, the work fails to win the highest applause. Affectation is fortunately a disappearing vice in Continental art. To express love, rapture, tenderness, good cheer, and the beatitudes, by aid of the brush, is a profound study and worth the highest efforts of genius." All of which would seem to prove that La Touche understands the theory as well as the techincal side of his difficult lifework.

When all is said and done, the drawings of such a man as La Touche are clanging notes in the newer art of the century—an art that is growing better every day.

Google

THE PLANS FOR THE BELGIAN GUN

A STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By Barry C. Matthews

"IT has come to our knowledge," wrote a certain high official of the French Intelligence Department in Paris to Monsieur Louis Prongé of the Secret Service in Washington, "that the American Government has just purchased the design of a new light field gun, identical with the 'Brackel,' which, you are aware, has been adopted by our Artillery Department. We fear the inventor has deceived us. Verify our information and procure, if possible, a copy of the design. This is of special importance, for the gun may even be an improvement on the one we have bought. Spare no expense; the matter is of the utmost importance."

Ostensibly Monsieur Prongé was the agent of a well-known French manufacturing firm and had a very easy billet. He appeared well off, lived in a comfortable house, was member of a good club, and mixed in fashionable society. He spoke English with the fluency of a native, and having charming manners and a fund of information on all current topics, was highly popular both with men and women.

This command of his paymasters occupied his mind as he breakfasted. He wrinkled his brow over it. It was a highly delicate and difficult matter, but not, he decided, impossible. There were two points in his favor. None of his Washington friends suspected for a moment that he was in the pay of the French Secret Service; and among his numerous friends he reckoned John Fellowes, son and secretary of General Fellowes, the head of the Ordnance Office. The designs for the gun would be carefully studied by the general before a final decision by the American Government, and copies of the plans would very likely be now at the general's house. By the end of his third after-breakfast cigarette Prongé had decided on his method of action, and dispatched a telegram to one of his subordinates to come to him at once. Within an hour Monsieur Villefort was announced.

"A matter of importance, my dear colleague," said Prongé, waving his hand toward a vacant chair and the cigarette box. "Listen to me attentively."

Villefort, like Cassius, had a lean and hungry look; he was dark and thin-faced, with bright, beady black eyes now fixed attentively upon his chief.

"You know the house of General Fellowes in ——— Street? Good. It is the custom of the general, I believe, to work in his study every evening after dinner. It will be your business to see that he is not at home to-night at ten o'clock. Get him out of the way by means of a forged telegram or similar means. Watch the house yourself; you will see me arrive a little before ten; five minutes later drive up in a hansom, knock and demand with much agitation to see Mr. John Fellowes immediately. Contrive to wait in the hall and have him come to you. Keep him there engaged in conversation as long as possible."

"On what subject?"

"That I leave to your invention, my dear friend. Having detained him for as long a time as he permits, you may depart, your work accomplished."

Monsieur Prongé lunched at home, and later he dressed with care and went out. He paid two or three calls, and was cordially welcomed in every case. To each hostess he made pretty speeches, varying his compliments according to the temperament of the person addressed, so that each heard what she most liked to hear. He had exquisite tact in these matters, and seldom, if ever, struck the wrong note. He returned home to dress and dined at his club, which had a high culinary reputation. Afterwards he was the centre of a lively group in the smoking-room, and at half-past nine rose to depart.

"Ah, my friend," he cried to a good-looking young New Yorker, Robert Graham by name, much his height and build, whom he

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met on the stairs, "I owe you a thousand thanks. The tailor you recommended is admirable. My clothes, see—the best suit I ever had! And the overcoat like yours I ordered fits superbly."

"Glad you like him, Prongé. Where are you off?"

"To fetch John Fellowes and drag him from his work to the Phillips' ball. Adieu."

In spite of the protests of the general's butler, Monsieur Prongé, learning his friend was alone in the study, gaily insisted on penetrating there.

"John, my good friend, I have come to take you to the Phillips'. Positively I will take no denial. I have a secret to impart in your ear: a certain young lady will be there at eleven o'clock. The news is from the highest authority—herself."

The young secretary laughed as he shook hands with his friend. "There's nothing I'd like better," he confessed, "but I've been idle all day and there is work here which must not be delayed."

"Oh, the general must spare you."

"He won't, I know. The War Department doesn't spare him. He's just had a wire to go there now, of all times, to consult with Cunningham. I know that means extra work for me."

"All the more reason to take a holiday while you can," argued Prongé, warming his hands by the fire.

Young Fellowes had no intention of going to the dance, but the interruption of the Frenchman for a few minutes was not unwelcome; he listened with amusement as Prongé's pleadings grew more urgent. In the midst of the visitor's eloquence a servant entered and addressed John:

"If you please, sir, there's a foreign gentleman in a very excited state in the hall. He says he must see you immediately on important business."

"Well, show him into a sitting-room and I'll come."

"He won't leave the hall, sir; says his cab is waiting."

"What a remarkable reason for staying there," observed John, rising with a laugh. "Excuse me a minute, Prongé," and he left the room.

In the second that he was alone the Frenchman sprang swiftly to the general's writing desk. It had a sliding front, and the owner having left it open, all the pigeonholes and the documents therein were free to inspection. Bundle after bundle of neatly docketed papers did the spy rapidly examine. Nearly all were concerned with artillery, but minutes passed and still the plans he sought eluded discovery. Prongé panted with excitement as bundle after bundle was scanned and replaced. At last he snatched out a small packet tied with red tape. "Plans, &c., of New Belgian Field Gun," he read breathlessly. Success! At that instant the door opened and John returned. Prongé had only just time to slip the packet into his overcoat pocket, but not enough to spring away from the table.

"Such a madman, Prongé! a countryman of yours, too. Said he was on the staff of the *Cri de Paris* and seeking the whereabouts of Prince François. Had been informed the Prince was seen in my company to-day, begged to know his address, wouldn't accept my denials that I didn't even know the Prince. He positively raved; I couldn't get rid of him."

"Ah! it is for him of importance," answered the Frenchman hastily. "The Prince you know for some weeks has been missing; no one knows where he is, and all the French journalists are seeking clues. This man followed a wrong one. Now, again, I implore you to accompany me—just a brief visit."

To Prongé's infinite disgust John answered, "Well, you have persuaded me; let us go, then."

The two men drove to the dance, Prongé exerting himself to the utmost to allay suspicion in John's heart. Before they alighted the spy had decided on his plan of campaign. He dared not remove the precious paper from his overcoat pocket while John was with him; he would yield coat and hat to the attendant in the cloak-room and enter the ball-room, then give his friend the slip, hurry down, retrieve them, and make his escape. When the loss was known some suspicion must rest on him; he would perhaps have to leave Washington, but the French Government would amply reward him for his success in so promptly and completely fulfilling their desires.

He felt, therefore, assured of ultimate triumph and safe from immediate detection as he stood on the pavement paying the cabman, when a hand gripped his arm and a voice in his ear whispered, "You thief!"

Though his nerves were good, Prongé was powerless to repress a start. He turned to find Robert Graham facing him with a smile on his face, but the spy's *sang froid* had momentarily deserted him.

"What do you mean?" he stammered, quite out of countenance.

"There! your face betrays you," shouted Graham. "I appeal to Fellowes."

"But you speak riddles; what is the joke?" Prongé strove desperately to guess what Graham was talking of.

"You bolted from the club with my cigar case," explained his tormentor.

"Your cigar case? I have not got it."

"Haven't you? Feel in your right-hand pocket."

Prongé obeyed mechanically. There was a cigar case in his overcoat pocket. However did it come there? Then all at once the truth flashed upon him. He was wearing Graham's overcoat; the club waiter who had helped him on with his coat had made a mistake. And Graham was wearing his. The two coats were of similar cut and material, made by the same tailor, and owing to the resemblance in build and height of the two men the difference of fit had been so trifling he had never noticed the servant's error.

"It is your coat I am wearing," he gasped.

"Exactly," laughed Graham, "and I'm wearing yours." He whipped it off as he spoke. "They are as like as two peas, and the stupid fellow at the club mixed them up. Now we'll exchange, if you please."

Exchange! and the stolen designs for the gun, worth a small fortune to him, lying in a pocket of the coat he was himself wearing. Was there ever so luckless a mischance! Prongé stood hopelessly trapped. In the full glare of the street lamps with John Fellowes (his suspicions confirmed by Prongé's obvious embarrassment) watching him with jealous eyes, the simple action of withdrawing the plans ere he divested himself of the overcoat meant his instant detection and arrest.

"Come, exchange is no robbery," quoted Graham, "I'm cold, man; off with my coat."

There was absolutely no help for it; Prongé obeyed, and Graham, receiving it, first politely helped the Frenchman into his own overcoat. Then he donned the one Prongé had doffed, and the substitution was complete.

"Has Monsieur Prongé any property of his own in the coat he was wearing?" asked John dryly, at this juncture.

Prongé hesitated a moment, then saw from his former friend's manner that the game was up. He turned and fled.

"Why, what's come over the fellow?" cried Graham, in innocent astonishment. "Hullo, there is something of his in this pocket. Look here: 'Plans, &c., of New Field Gun.'"

The French Government is now using the services of Monsieur Prongé in a European capital. He is violently anti-American, with a special prejudice against Washington tailors.

THE SONG OF THE BROADWAY RAIN

By Ellison Butler

It's rain, rain, rain,
From the sun's rise till it sets.
And it's rain, rain, rain,
In all shapes and styles of wets.
It's oh, to be a swan,
Or a fish of the humid flood,
For then perhaps we'd none of us kick
At this horrible slush and mud.

"Will it never leave off?" we sigh,
As it comes down fiercer still,
And every drop of it heavy enough
To move or drive a mill.
The gutter's a foaming sea,
The streets are a raging main,
And the plashing torrents in liquid notes
Sing nothing but "Rain, rain, rain."

If Darwin's theory's true
That Nature kindly gives
To man the means to adapt himself
To the needs of where he lives,
If the rain keeps on as of late,
Some day, perchance—who knows?
Just like a duck we may start to look
For webs between our toes.

THE OLDEST ACTIVE THEATRICAL MANAGER

CHARLES MORTON, "THE GRAND OLD MAN" OF THE AMUSEMENT WORLD

By James Gardiner Clarke

London, December 1.

TO be directing a great enterprise at eighty-four, and directing it with the success and the energy which might be expected of a man half that age, is an achievement of which Charles Morton may well be proud. That, however, is what he is doing at the Palace, which owes its extraordinary prestige entirely to his management. Born in Hackney on August 15, 1819, Mr. Morton has, in his lifetime, seen the birth, and growth to its present remarkable virility, of the modern music hall. So great a part has he played in shaping its destinies that he has been called the "Father of the Music Halls," a term at whose propriety no one will be disposed to cavil.

"I can spare you exactly seven minutes"

"In memory of my eightieth birthday"

He was one-and-twenty when he became manager of the St. George's Tavern, in the Belgrave Road, Pimlico. In those days many of the most enterprising tavern-proprietors had what were called "Harmonic Meetings" as additional attractions for the male members of the community, to whom they specially appealed. The "harmony" was contributed, for the most part, by volunteers who were naturally amateurs, and occasionally very excellent amateurs at that. Their efforts were sometimes diversified by the sleight-of-hand tricks of conjurers, who made a point of going from one tavern to another. After a time, Mr. Morton left the St. George's Tavern, and after managing the Crown, at Pentonville Hill, and the India House, in Leadenhall Street, he took the Canterbury Arms, in the Upper Marsh, Lambeth, and there made his first serious effort for the entertainment of the public, in December, 1849. Not only did he improve the "Harmonic Meetings," but he went so far as to add some professional singers, and paid them a salary for their services. The Canterbury Arms had already got a reputation for its occasional "Sing-songs," as they were called, for among its performers, it is said, it had on one occasion included no less eminent a man than the late Sims Reeves.

In time, the audience became so numerous and so regular that Mr. Morton determined to enlarge the accommodation; so he built a hall on the bowling-green which, with four skittle-alleys, was an annex of the Canterbury Arms, and in 1852 he opened the "Canterbury Hall," as he called it.

The enormous success of the Canterbury Hall, from which people were turned away every night, induced Mr. Morton to build a second, which was opened in 1854, while later on, in front of and surrounding the old Canterbury, was erected the Ante-Hall, with billiard and supper rooms and fine art galleries. It was a feat which might be envied even to-day, for the entertainment was never stopped for a single evening. Then came the founding of the Oxford Music Hall, which was opened early in 1861, such famous singers as Mr. Santley and Mlle. Parepa—afterwards Madame Parepa-Rosa—taking part. Its regular company was the same as that which worked at the Canterbury, and so started the idea of an artiste playing at more than one house in the same evening. Soon after, Mr. Morton became the lessee and manager of the North Woolwich Gardens and of the Philharmonic Music Hall.

Among his other theatrical enterprises were a short partnership at the Gaiety with Mr. John Hollingshead, the direction of the Opéra-Comique, the Lyceum, the Royalty, the Duke's, the Alexandra, the Park, Camden Town, the Standard, the Surrey, the Olympic, the old Her Majesty's, the Alhambra, when it was first opened, the Connaught, the Avenue, Drury Lane, and the Empire.

"A new turn and a very good one. I'll give 'em a twelve weeks' engagement"

"How's the booking? Eh? Good"

Whatever he touched succeeded. The reason was not luck, but a clear insight into what was needed by the public. It was, therefore, not surprising that, when he was over seventy, the proprietors of the Tivoli Music Hall asked him to become the manager. He at once placed that popular house on a financially successful basis, as he did the Palace, and as he has done many of the provincial theatres.

One of the reasons of the success of Mr. Morton is that, notwithstanding his advanced age, he keeps up with the times in all matters pertaining to the theatre. In fact, his years of experience have given him a species of prophecy, and made him greatly sought for advice in all the intricate details of financial and artistic theatrical management. That Mr. Morton has enjoyed, through all these years, the fulness of his work and busy life is patent in his robust physical condition, and certain it is that thousands of his friends hope that he may continue for a long time to come. Mr. Morton, by the way, spurns elevators.

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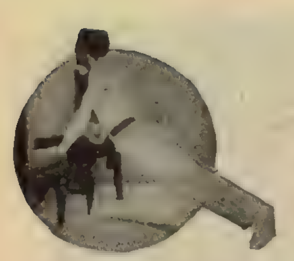
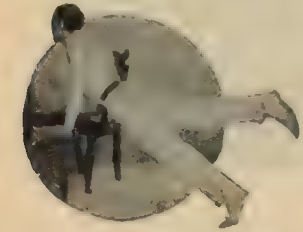
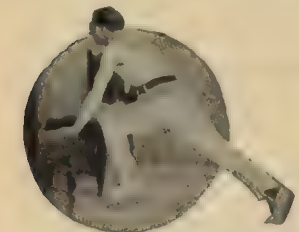


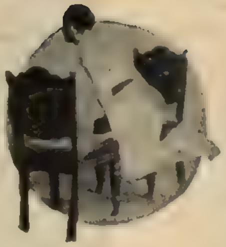
1. Position for front-leaning exercises: The legs fully extended backward in line with the body, which is supported by resting the hands on the seats with the fingers pointing forwards. The chairs should be shoulder-width apart.



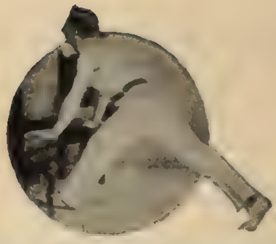
2. Alternately raise each leg as high as possible, returning it again to extension, and keeping the knees and elbow. straight.



3. Bring each leg in turn sharply forward to this position, returning it in one motion.



4. Keeping the heels together, spring forward to this position, then backward to full extension.



5. Step forward between the chairs, and extend again with each leg in turn.

CHAIR GYMNASTICS

EXERCISES WITH TWO CHAIRS WHICH WILL MAKE AND KEEP YOU AS FIT AS A COURSE IN THE MOST EXPENSIVE GYMNASIUM

By A. S. Menteth

Considerable prominence has lately been given by the daily papers to what is termed the "physical degeneration of the race."

As a direct consequence, a very great impetus has been given to physical training; and schools of body-development have sprung into existence all over the country. The idea has been enthusiastically taken up by men of all stations and ages, and both trainers and pupils have derived considerable benefit thereby—the one monetarily, the other physically.

It is not every one who can afford the terms required by most of these establishments; nor is everybody able to make his free hours coincide with the times at which the classes are held. To such persons, therefore, the method of physical training demonstrated by the photographs accompanying this article, should come as a distinct boon, conferring, as it does, all the benefits of an expensive gymnastic course, with none of its disadvantages in the way of fees and fixed hours.

For it is a unique household which cannot supply two solid chairs, and he is no true disciple of "body-development" who cannot rise fifteen minutes earlier, or retire to bed fifteen minutes later, for the sake of devoting such time to the accomplishment of his wishes. And these two stout chairs and daily fifteen minutes are the sole requisites for a course of "domestic gymnastics."

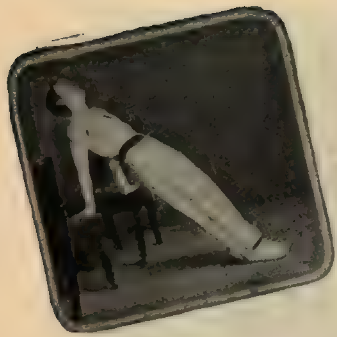
A loose, easy costume should be worn during the performance of the exercises, and each "spell" should be terminated by a thorough rub-down with rough towels.

The most suitable chairs for the purpose are those having deep seats, and with the tops of their backs thick and rounded.

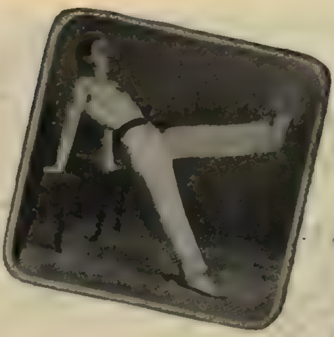
The first attribute will render the "apparatus" absolutely steady; the second will insure against any cutting or rubbing of the palms of the hands.

At first, it is only natural that the exercises will be found rather fatiguing, and for this reason they should be worked up gradually. No benefit can possibly accrue to the man who suddenly calls upon long-neglected muscles to undergo quite unaccustomed labor.

For the first few days, therefore, only a

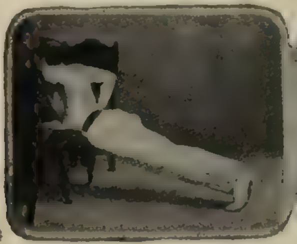


6. Position for back-leaning exercises: The body is extended forwards instead of backwards.

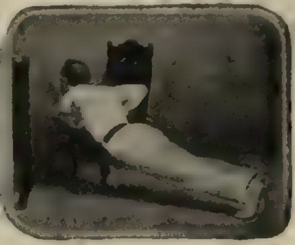


7. Raise each leg in turn as high as possible, then lower slowly. Repeat the motion with knee bent.

portion of the exercises should be attempted and each movement should not be performed more than, say, three or five times. Rapidly the beginner will feel his muscles growing more and more supple, until soon he will be able to perform the whole set of exercises without experiencing any sort of fatigue, and will find himself capable and desirous of increasing the number of times each motion is performed, until he has fixed upon a convenient limit.



8. With the body in front-leaning position, bend the arms slightly, and return.



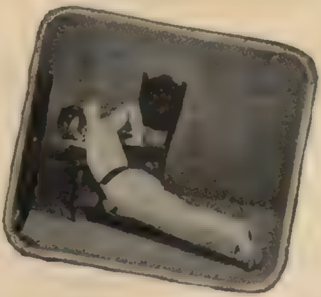
9. As before, but the body is now lowered until the chest is level with the chair.

"Chair gymnastics" call into play every muscle of the body. Under their influence the limbs will harden, the chest expand, and the man who carries out the motions regularly and steadily will soon find himself enjoying an entirely new vigor and health of both mind and body.

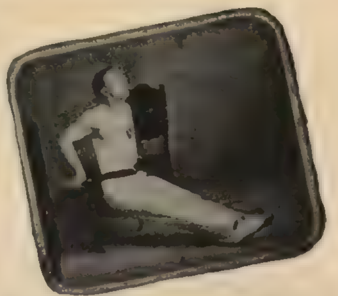
During the performance of each exercise particular attention should be paid to keeping *all* the muscles braced and "set."

There is another essential point which is necessary to take into consideration. It relates to the tension of the mind on the work to be performed. A lackadaisical method is really more harmful than productive of good. The rub-down after the exercise should be with cool water, neither ice-cold nor hot. The bath is absolutely essential, and the exercise were better left undone if the bath does not follow. Practise makes perfect, and all one needs to do is to persevere in these exercises and become "healthy, wealthy, and wise." Thousands have done so to their prolongation of life and their increased health far on into old age.

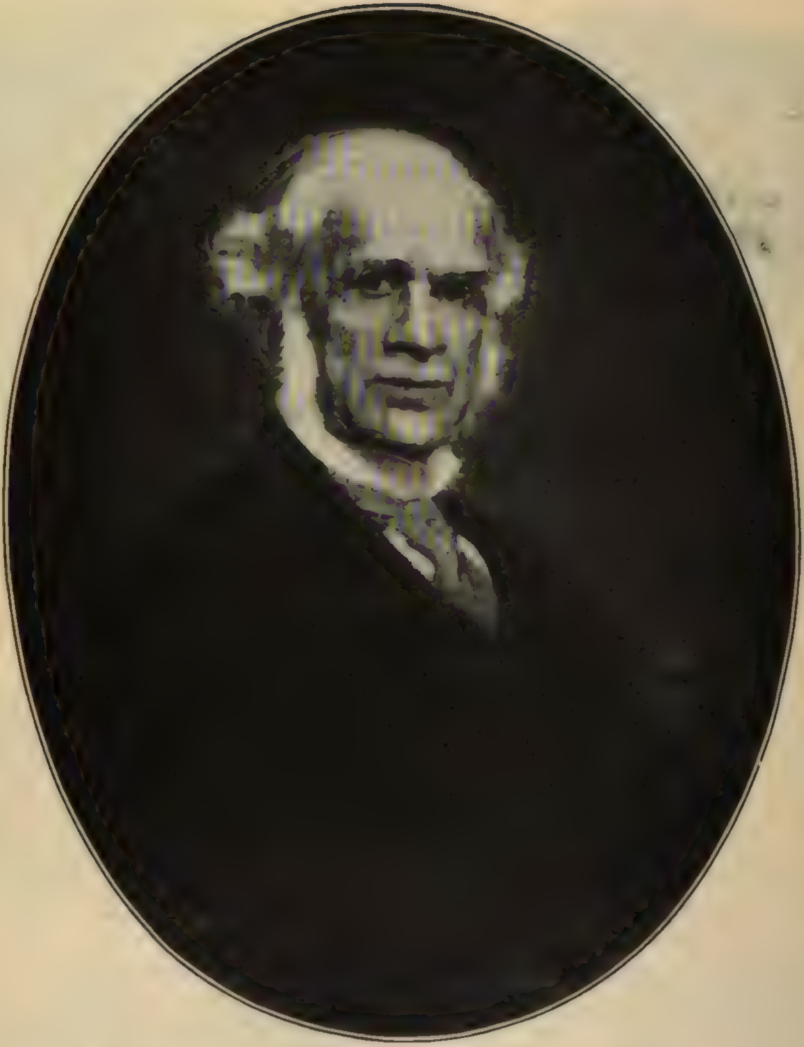
Verily, be sane and you will be happy.



10. Same as Nos. 8 and 9, but the body is now lowered to this position.



11. Showing motions 8, 9, and 10 reversed; the body starting from and returning to the back-leaning position.



Photograph by Edwin S. Bennett, New York

STEPHEN SMITH, ESQ., OF NEW YORK

From an oil painting by Maurice Fromkes

MAURICE FROMKES—PORTRAIT PAINTER

By Silvain R. Pierce, Jr.

THERE have been many young painters who have come from abroad to establish themselves in New York, and make their fame and fortune. They have always been welcomed, and especially those whose work has been of such lasting importance as that, for instance, of Maurice Fromkes, whose art is expressive of the German school of portraiture.

Mr. Fromkes has not been in this country very long, but certainly long enough to become imbued with the American spirit

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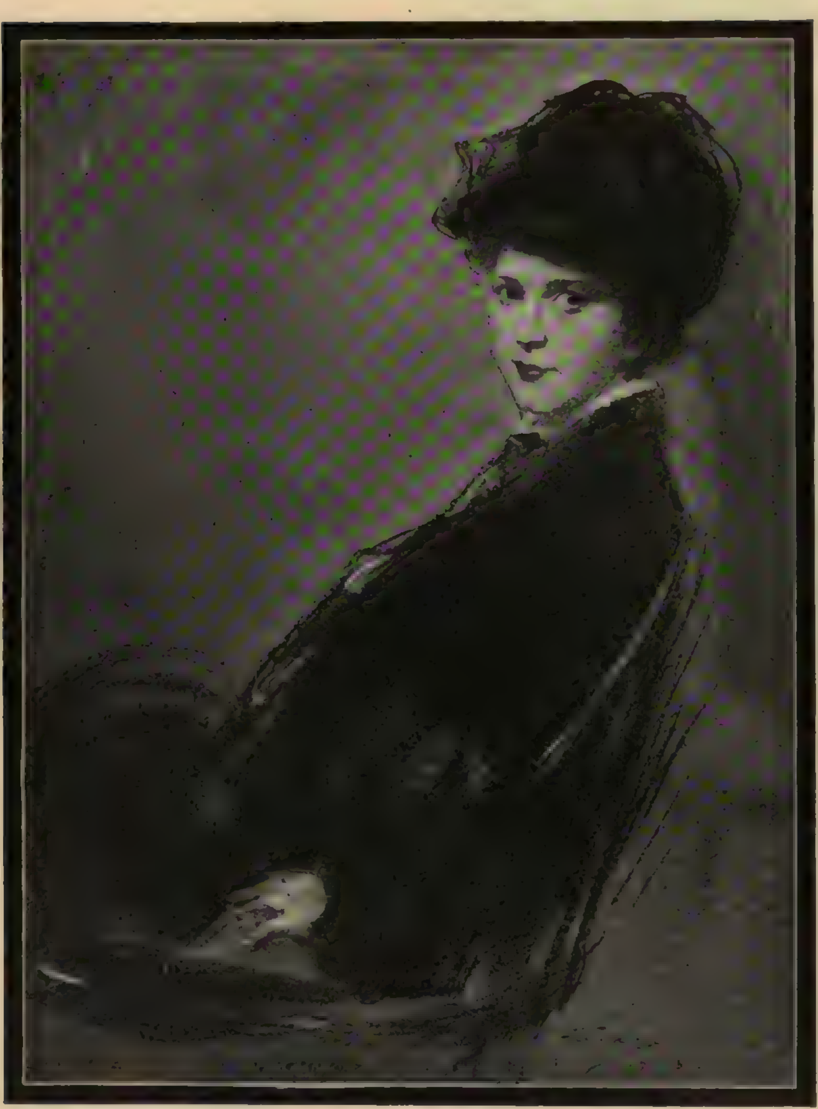

From a crayon sketch by Maurice Fromkes

MISS L——, OF NEW YORK

and order of things. His types of beauty are distinctly American, with nevertheless a Teutonic touch, which shows that he crystallizes his talent through German methods.

Fromkes is more of the school that has made Munzig a favorite with society than of Chartran; but withal he shows the influence of the French masters. He has a wonderful depth of coloring in his portraits, and his feminine types display a charm which is truly patrician and noble. His work is not spectacular or sensational in the least, but founded upon true artistic principles. There is no striving for bizarre effects. He is content to follow out in his own way the art instincts with which he is largely gifted.

In his portraits of young people, Mr. Fromkes is exceptionally happy. He succeeds in doing what is, perhaps, as difficult as anything in this most difficult branch of the arts—he catches the true spirit of youth; his types are the sole embodiment

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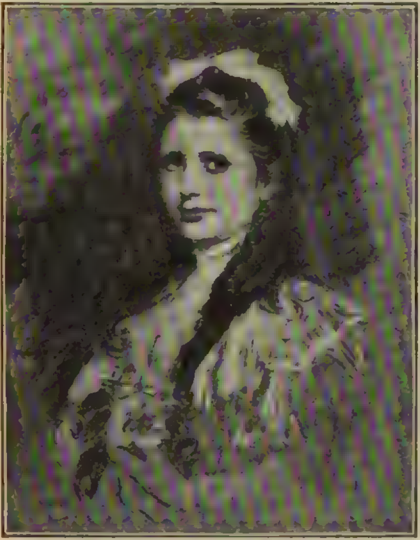
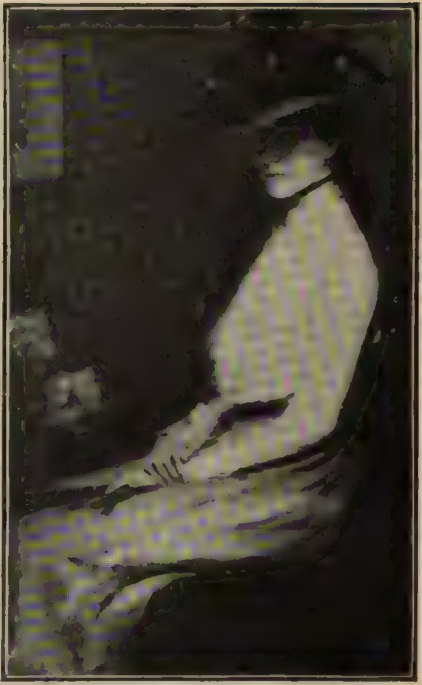
of natural gaiety, bouyancy and hope. If Mr. Fromkes did nothing more than carry out his schemes in child portraiture, he would still be entitled to high recognition.



From a black and white study by Maurice Fromkes

MISS GRACE GREENBAUM, DAUGHTER OF JUSTICE GREENBAUM OF NEW YORK



From an oil study by Maurice Fromkes

MISS B——, OF BROOKLYN

Men who are serious in the pursuit of artistic ideas, and who have the ability to bring out important results, are rare, and should be given every encouragement. We in this country are discovering more and more the advantage of being perpetuated in a manner which represents a higher artistic value than mere photography, however fine that may be, and portraits are multiplying at an astonishing rate. The recent New York portrait exhibition offered a catalogue which read like the Blue Book of Society, showing that the interest in portrait painting was genuine and sustained.

This exhibition in behalf of charity brought to light some excellent examples of modern portraiture. There were gathered from private sources hundreds of examples, all the way from Rembrandt and Rubens, to the moderns both of America and of Europe. There was an excellent opportunity for judging the qualities of the various bidders for fame and fortune in this pleasing province of the limner's domain, and it must be said that the result was most gratifying to American painters. The future of American art in this particular field is more promising to-day than ever.

We are compelled to look to our men of wealth rather than to national subsidy for encouragement in art, and for that reason portraiture ranks so importantly and receives such a spur from many sides. Our art schools are likewise giving great attention to portraiture, and developing men of talent and taste, who will become our future Whistlers, Wests, and Gainsboroughs. Certainly the more men of Mr. Fromkes' rank that we can produce in this country, the better for American art from all standpoints.

As it is, he has undertaken not only contrasting individual types, as far as nationality and temperament go, but he has given them all an individual value. The power of imparting to a portrait that quality which nearest expresses the inner mind of the subject, and the soul-force, as it were, of the person whom he portrays, is a rare talent and one which calls for most serious criticism. No one can be jealous of Mr. Fromke's success. It is worthy of him.

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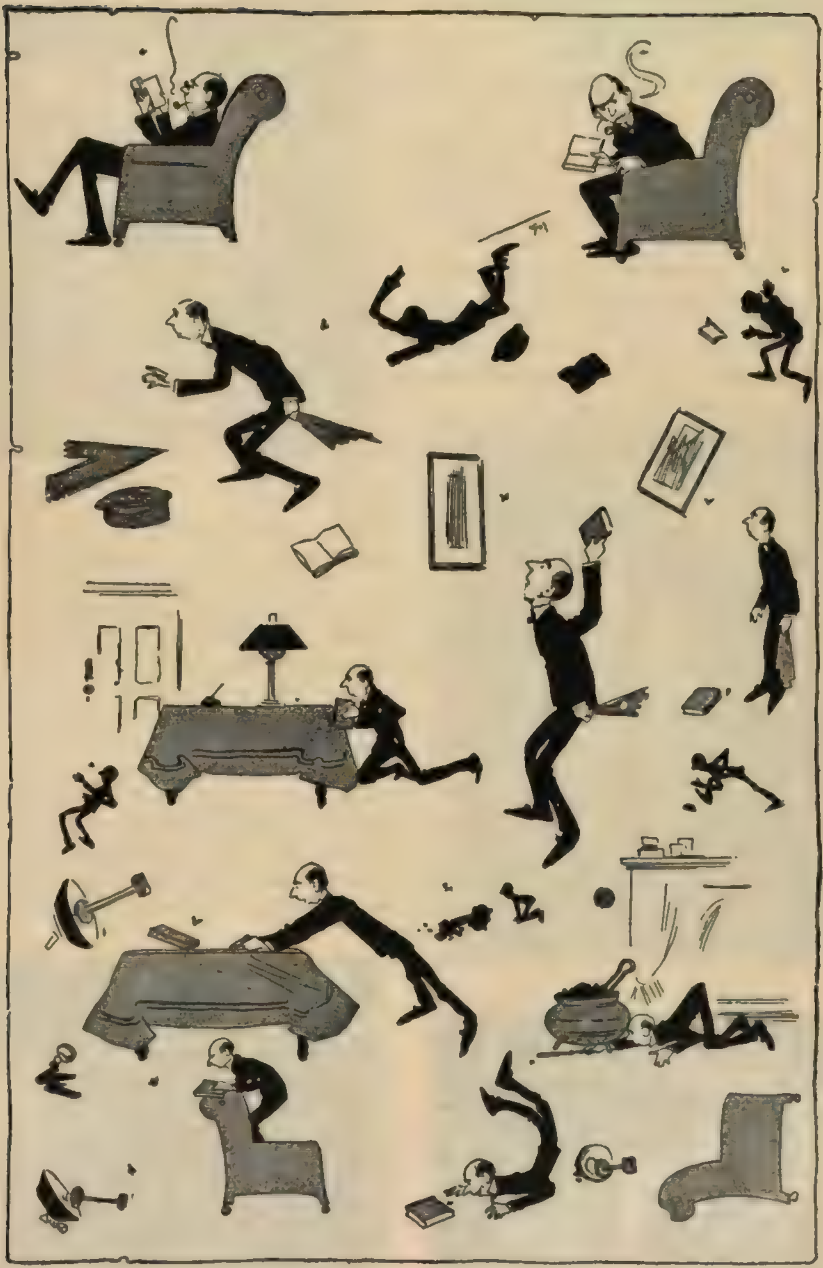

The pictorial story of a careless fly and an angry man

FRANK ABOUT IT

SHE—I wouldn't marry you if you had three times the wealth of my father.

HE—I presume you know that if I had that much money, there would be no necessity for me to marry at all.

THE BRUTE

BIX—Your wife told me she was going to give you a lovely pair of drawing-room portières for a holiday present.

BE—She did. And I gave her a beautiful meerschaum pipe and two boxes of cigars.

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TEASING THE ANIMALS

By James Vance

FEW people know that the business of supplying all kinds of wild animals to zoological gardens, and to traveling and stationary shows, is one that is followed by many men to their profit. The business is, moreover, relieved by certain phases which are not met with in other ordinary pursuits and industries.

We hear a great deal about the Bostocks, the Forepaughs, and the Mains, who are known as "animal kings" and employ skilled men in training and in other capacities. It is sometimes given out that these famous personages have their own lion hunters, and that they send to the uttermost parts of the earth in pursuit of what is rare, colossal, and sensational in the fauna of the tropics and of the regions through the frigid zone. In point of fact, right here in New York we have a clearing house of animals which is the least spectacular and sensational, and yet one of the most widely known among showmen, of any clearing house for animal stock in the western hemisphere.

William Bartels established thirty-eight years ago a sort of agency where the circus men of America could find animals which had been discarded by zoological gardens and of other shows which had gone out of business, and also a station where animals might be trained and cared for during the winter months. This enterprise has now grown to large and interesting proportions. Mr. Bartels has men in his employment who spend their entire lives in the remote parts of the world discovering new species and picking up rare specimens of animals to replace those in our "Zoo's" which cannot survive the climate, and also if possible to import into America something which will create a great sensation. For instance, only last month Mr. Bartels received what might be called a floating menagerie, comprising an entire ship sailing from Calcutta, India, and filled from stem to stern with every variety of the East Indian fauna, from Singalese elephants and Bengal tigers down to the smallest tropical monkeys. These animals were immediately installed at the animal farm on the flats beyond Jersey City, which is the Bartels' winter quarters for hundreds of four-footed beasts. The majority of the importation were contracted for before the consignment arrived in New York, and it might be well

The white badger loves a frolic

The lazy lioness objects to being disturbed

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Calling a wild beast pet names

to state right here that animals which show any especial physical or mental merit are in great demand.

The traveling showmen require animals which display the advantages of health, strength, and possible longevity, because the perils and changes of a circus career are far different from those of the peaceful zoological garden, where the animals remain month after month in perfect quiet. Certain animals, too, are always in demand on account of the skill they display. For instance, camels that have been accustomed to carrying heavy loads over the deserts of Arabia, and elephants that are trained to push great burdens, command a very high price. The driver of many a show wagon hub deep in the mire, with thirty-six horses tugging in vain to free it, calls upon his animal trainer as a last resort to bring his Indian elephant to the rescue. When it is realized that this mammoth's pushing strength is more than four hundred times the drawing strength of the average horse, it will be seen that a trained elephant is a good investment for a showman in times of need.

The men in charge of Bartels' winter quarters are animal-lovers by nature. They cannot resist sometimes a gentle teasing which brings out some peculiar quality of the beast or bird. The dumb creatures seem to enjoy a little frolic to relieve the monotony of their lives, and the most of them, from the roaring lion to the saucy flamingo, take good-naturedly to a little humor. The care-takers call many of these wild animals by pet names, and some of them will come at a mere beck or whistle, performing all sorts of curious antics, such as the public in a regular show piece never sees.

This rare flamingo hated the camera

A live fish makes the sea-lion do tricks

Animals in captivity, particularly when they are not excited or molested in any way, show a different side of their nature from that which they exhibit under trying circumstances. As seen in zoological gar-

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dens and traveling menageries, they appear to be constantly suffering from the effects of excitement and change, and are usually in a temper somewhere between ugliness and exhaustion. In their winter quarters, however, where they have plenty of light, warmth, repose, as well as food suited to their tastes and needs, they display temperaments different from those seen at other times and under other conditions. The care-takers, who are with these animals day and night, sleeping within the confines so as to be prepared for any emergency, learn to know the idiosyncracies of these wild beasts and treat them accordingly.

Animals vary in price, as the drawing power of actors make stage folk vary in wages. An elephant may be worth anywhere from three hundred dollars to as many thousands. A hyena is worth from sixty to two hundred dollars, a camel three hundred or more, and a rare ibex, a hundred. Lions and tigers command a high price if they are strong and healthy. These are always great attractions in any show, and for training purposes are unexcelled, as there is the greatest danger in their care and teaching. One can build up a menagerie for a few thousand dollars, or stock it to the value of half a million. Once in a while the Bartels institution imports something very rare and valuable, like a chimpanzee such as "Esau" or "Consul," capable of being educated to a high point of intelligence. Such animals are special, and worth from five to fifteen thousand dollars.

The hyena barks furiously when coaxed or teased

The refractory ibex revolts

There are concerns which insure animals against the changes of climate and other evils which often carry them off, and the premiums, high as they are, are paid without a murmur. There is usually a reserve stock owned by every important showman, so that in case of railroad accident or other unforeseen calamity, the victim can telegraph for new recruits. Recently a complete show menagerie was wiped out of existence in a railroad wreck in the West, and within five days the entire menagerie was recruited from a reserve stock, and the show went on its way merrily as usual. As a general reserve and open market for such emergencies, the Bartels institution is of great value. Weekly bulletins are sent to all "Zoos" and showmen, giving lists of latest importations, bargains, etc. Some of them read amusingly, as witness the items: "Female python, docile, 12 feet, $110.00, marked down from $160;" "Flamingos, trained, extra, pair $90.00; worth double the money," etc., etc.

Besides being a winter quarters, the Bartels institution is in the nature of an animal hospital. A competent veterinary is always on hand for any accident or need, and gives these valuable possessions his greatest care. Altogether the Bartels winter home for the wild beasts of the world is well worth a visit.

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The New York automobile girl from life

VAGARIES OF AUTOMOBILING

By Adelaide Louise Samson

THE automobile has had a phenomenal career. From a hideous, puffing, ill-smelling machine it has become a thing of beauty and grace, lending itself to every vagary of capricious womankind, satisfying the every fantasy of exacting man, both seeking the excitement of a new sport and fresh emotions.

It competes with the delicious uncertainties of the race-track in its possibilities of success or failure in covering a certain distance in a given length of time. No jockey tugging at the bit of favorite, and beating its frothing flanks within sight of the winning-post, knows a finer thrill than the autoist steering his machine at a breakneck speed in order to make his maiden record. The very sight of the ponderous, glistening monster, so mute and submissive, a thing of wood, steel, and iron,

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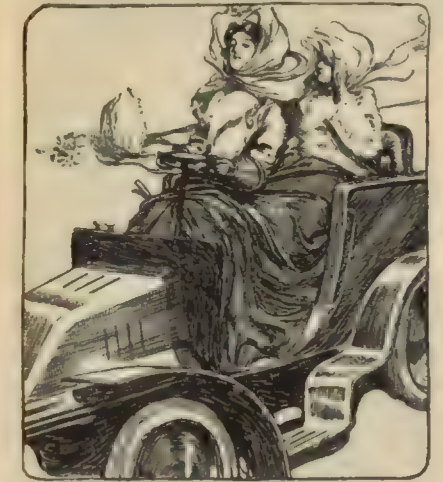
The auto-cycle, or the cycle-auto, is to be a feature of 1904

fashioned by the brain of man, is curiously suggestive of a hidden element that is wicked, ferocious, and vindictive. It is a something that must be conquered. It is an untamed brute that devours its devotees by the score. The amateur who ventures to bridle its wrath with timid, unskilled hands, too often pays for his foolhardiness with his life. The track of the automobile counts as many victims in its wake as that of some untamed beast foraging in search of prey. Yet this savage brute is the plaything of the hour. It is coddled, petted and festooned, as though it were some avenging deity whose wrath is only to be appeased by human sacrifice.



Automobiling makes some girls independent

The automobile girl is without doubt the crowning victory of the automobile fad. She has, so to speak, tamed the monster, and by adapting it to her charming caprices and fitting it for her comfort and pleasure, she has transformed it from a mere conveyance into a vehicle dainty, decorative, and whimsical. The automobile girl arrays herself in gorgeous colors. It was she who created the glorious red, baptized in the name of "automobile red." She flashes through the clouds of dust that follow the flight of her machine, like a streak of vivid lightning. With her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, her crimson draperies afloat, she is the incarnation of the spirit of the machine—the impersonation of the electric forces that are brought into play by the touch of her little hand.

This contrivance is comfortable, if not beautiful

Her vagaries for her beloved monster take many forms, each one a reflex of the vagaries of the eternal feminine. Sometimes she is mounted high in the air on a trap of glistening emerald green with crimson trimmings. She herself is decked in her favorite gown of blood-red. At other times the scheme of color is reversed. Robed in vivid malachite, her machine glows like a ruby, and as it spins over the country roads, enveloped in powdery clouds, the wondering lookers-on imagine some new and extraordinary creature from another planet, with the body of a demon and the face of a winsome woman.

On other occasions the automobile girl, garbed sedately in silver tones with floating

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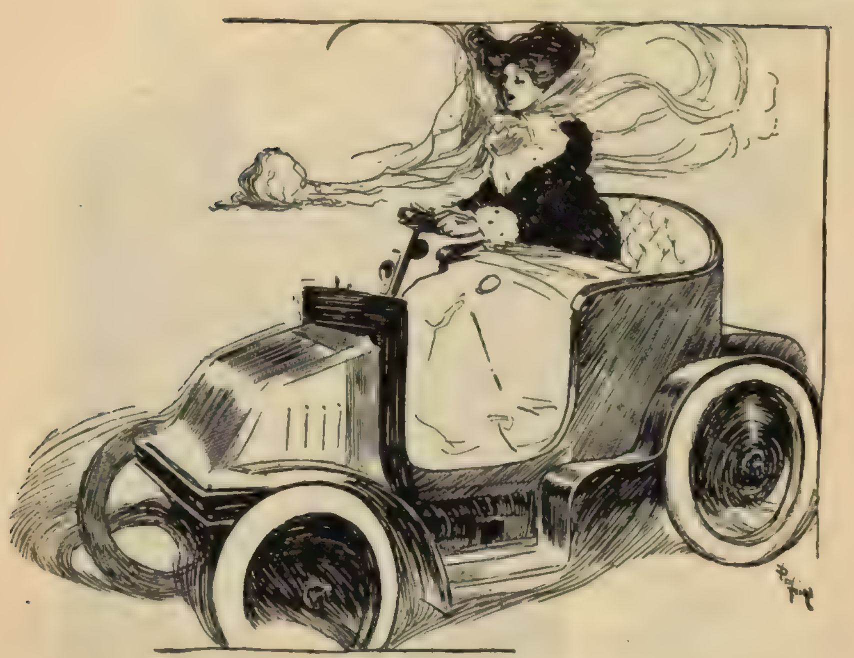

The automobile finds the girl bachelor a willing victim

gauzes the color of the morning mists, sits in state in a satin-tufted nest, and floats over the roads as though the dainty vehicle were a bit of thistledown wafted by a summer zephyr.

More than one automobile girl, who has remained invulnerable to the charges of love, has met her destiny under the combined influences of a perfect machine, a smooth road, the radiance of moonlight, and the music of a manly voice. There is an irresistible fascination in the magnetism of swift motion, in the sense of conquest over a rebel element. It is the triumph of movement over matter, and this triumph gets into the blood like wine. It is intoxicating. One loses the thraldom of the ordinary; the extraordinary alone seems possible; so the young woman who has held herself aloof from the soft allurements of love, is less of a rebel when the ardent wooer at her side, by a touch of the lever, is apparent master of forces that compel her admiration. A girl who admires the autoist who manipulates her machine is, from the point of view of up-to-date pyschology, a woman who has yielded her heart to the master of her fate.

"Man takes his pleasures seriously"

A man takes his pleasures more seriously than a woman. He seldom enters a contest for the mere pleasure of rivalry, but to win its highest prizes and reach the limit of its possibilities. A man does not consider his automobile a fad. It is a possession that has its supreme purposes. It has proven better than his horse—swifter than a locomotive—more enduring than a bicycle. He therefore invents and creates schemes for bringing its resources into further subjection. He has contrived the

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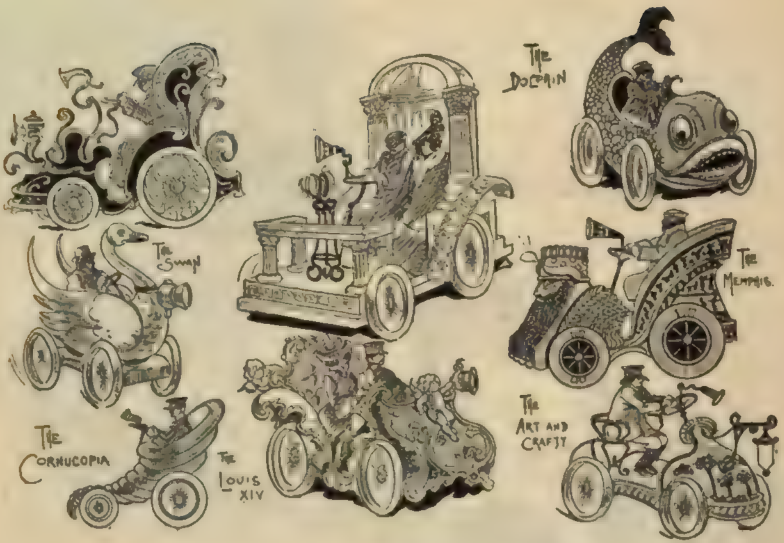

The cartoonist now has something that affords new humor for his pen

autocycle, which combines the lightness and commodity of the old bicycle without the necessity of using his strength in pedaling. He has imagined the autochair, a sort of au-tri-cycle, in which two of a party of three perform a minimum of labor, while the other rests.

It is not so very difficult for eyes to speak love to other eyes, even when dressed like this

The so-called "touring automobile" is the luxury of the few. It is built for those of wealth and an adventurous turn of mind. In one of these costly and steel-girded machines a man may pass with swiftness over any area of territory with a passable road.

The recent competition in Paris, whatever its disasters, proved conclusively the hold the automobile has taken upon the mind of the present generation. It is the final contest between the horse and the machine, and there is no doubt that in the course of another fifty years the steed will be as great a rarity and as much a source of amazement as the pioneer appearance of the puffing, ponderous automobile.

To suit the whim of purchasers the automobile of recent date lends itself to the wildest fantasies, from a gigantic toad to a graceful swan and a lady's slipper, not to mention such trifles as a dragon belching smoke and fire, and a king's throne propelled on wheels.

Speaking from a purely economic standpoint, while at present the automobile fad has been an indulgence of the rich only, there is no doubt that the time is coming speedily when the ordinarily well-to-do and even the workingmen will be seen to use the 'mobile for practical purposes in daily life, just as only the rich could afford a bicycle some years ago.

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Photograph by Otto Sarony, New York

Virginia Earle

Who plays leading rôle in "Sergeant Kitty," the new musical comedy produced by George R. White & Co., the Broadway theatrical managers

STAGE WOMEN WHO FIGURE IN THE NEWS

By Joseph D. Byrne

FEW people realize how much indebted the community is to the women of the theatre for the part the latter take as factors in the news of the day. On the surface it would appear that the publication of pictures of beautiful and clever actresses was the limit of this service.

It requires something more than mere personal charm as reflected in photographs,

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Myrtle McGrain

Who plays the part of *Bobbie Shaftoe* in "Babes in Toyland," at the Majestic

however, to mortgage remembrance upon the mind of the average reader. The work which an actress does dwells in the memory; but there are some of the sisterhood who have become famous because they say things which compel the attention of the reading public, and whose utterances are full of wisdom and common sense.

The most recent instance of this is Miss Ethel Matthews, now playing the part of *Mrs. Vidal* in "Raffles," with Kyrle Bellew. This young Englishwoman is styled "The English Venus," not only because she is a model of physical excellence, but because artists regard her as a thorough type of the Anglo-Saxon athletic girl.

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Another portrait of Miss McGrain

Miss Matthews has come forward with a statement which is of paramount interest from a news standpoint. It was the popular impression that the young woman spent many hours a day in the gymnasium, on the golf links, and in every kind of exercise which would tend to develop her physique.

But Miss Matthews declares with much emphasis that she does nothing of the sort. In fact, she appears to live the simple life of any ordinary young girl who earns her own living at a profession. Her remarks were called forth after she had studied the strenuous efforts of one of her American actress friends, to keep in condition by the violent gymnasium work which is supposed to be necessary.

It seems that the English girl relies solely upon out-door exercise—chiefly walking,

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Photograph by Hall, New York

White Whitterall, *Lysander*, and Florence Rockwell, *Hermia*, and Ida Conquest in leading rôle, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

The Klaw and Erlanger Shakespearian revival in which Nat Goodwin appears in the character of *Bottom*

fresh air, and regular living—to maintain the graceful outlines and curves which have so strongly appealed to the artistic sense of her admirers.

"I watched her reduce her waist line," said Miss Matthews in speaking of her American actress friend. "The proprietor of her gymnasium was a former prize fighter, and for nearly two hours she boxed and lifted great weights and punched bags, and when we started out again she was completely worn out. The air in that little coop of a gymnasium was something terrible. I had a headache for an hour after we left the place. When my friend told me she goes there as regularly as she

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Ethel Matthews

Who does not believe in gymnasium work

does to the theatre, I was not surprised that she had left two engagements during the last three years to go to a hospital."

And Miss Matthews added that she avoids riding in closed street cars as much as possible. Such expression, even though open to argument, proves that a stage woman may be a most interesting figure in the newspaper forum.

When the announcement was made that Virginia Earl was again to appear on a Broadway stage in "Sergeant Kitty," the public felt constrained to pay some attention to it. Not that the average person knew anything about the new piece; but

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Mme. Charlotte Wiehe

In "L'Homme aux Poupees," at the new Frohman Vaudeville Theatre, formerly Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse

for some years Miss Earl has from time to time been in the centre of the stage which embraces "all the world." She is a young woman who has had the honor of being mentioned in cable dispatches on many occasions, which in this country and Europe is a sure mark of distinction. But further than that she has endeared herself to her native public, because she has braved English audiences and won the approval of theatre-goers across the Atlantic, even against such a strong counter-attraction as Edna May. So Miss Earl appeals to our patriotism as having upheld the flag of her country in a foreign land.

In a lesser degree of importance, but with promise of great fulfilment, the young woman who plays the part of *Bobbie Shaftoe* in "Babes in Toyland," and who is a favorite in the studios as Myrtle McGrain, has come in for a fair share of publicity. She has not become noted for any wise psychological opinion or comment upon the problems which vex the theorists in economics; but the public is always glad to hear that she is doing quite well, or to see her handsome face smiling in the columns of a newspaper after it had made several hundred thousand evolutions in a modern press.

The appearance of any actor or actress in one of the great Shakespearian masterpieces nowadays is a certificate of the highest professional rank, and their names are always written clearly in the history of the stage. In this index may be found

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Mme. Charlotte Wiehe

In pantomime at the Vaudeville Theatre

those of Florence Rockwell and Ida Conquest, who supported Nat Goodwin in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the New Amsterdam Theatre. Not only have these young women been flattered with the praise of the contemporary press, but they will be remembered when future generations of critics shall delve into Shakespeariana.

More valuable even than any of those already mentioned as a figurante in the daily newspaper ménu, is Charlotte Wiehe, now the star of Charles Frohman's French players at the Vaudeville Theatre. Apart from her personal artistic success, Miss Wiehe, from being an experiment as an attraction, marks a revival of the popularity of French plays in this country.

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Laura Burt, in "Dante," and her husband, H. B. Stanford in the rôle of painter

This fact was emphasized in the public mind, when it was explained that the clever young woman was only French by professional courtesy, because by birth and blood she is a Dane.

For several years Laura Burt provided material for the dramatic editors in this country as one of the most painstaking actresses of our stage. She was extremely popular both with her comrades of the stage and with audiences which had seen her in melodrama and repertoire. Not so long ago she sailed away to seek rest in the mountains of Wales. Now she has come back to us as a prominent member of Sir Henry Irving's company, and has acquitted herself so well that she is to be reckoned in future as a worthy claimant for stellar honors.

Even if it were not because she is a

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Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Miss DeWinton

In leading character part in "The Man from Blankley's," at the Criterion

stranger among us, bearing the imprint of London success, Miss De Winton, of Charles Hawtrey's company, would be entitled to our esteem for her work in "The Man from Blankley's." It is not an every-day item of news to see a pretty young woman playing a character part in which she has to depend upon art rather than looks for commendation. Yet Miss De Winton has proved equal to the news feature as demanded by a reading public.

Interest in women of the stage is attracted in many ways. Some of the most sensational cases on record are those in which a girl has bounced into popularity in a night from the humble ranks of the chorus. Yet this feat was accomplished by Pearl Guzman, a girl from San Fran-

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Photograph by Hall, New York

Polly Guzman

As *Mrs. Crocker* in "The Prince of Pilsen" Company

cisco, who was in the chorus of "The Prince of Pilsen." With several others Miss Guzman was given a few steps in a fantasia called "The Dance of the Cities." The interpolation was the hit of the opera, and Miss Guzman not only shared in the fame which came to the girls who participated in it, but led the victors in the award of honor.

Surely the young women of the stage have a right to frequent and praiseworthy mention in the press, as factors in the news of the day!

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CHARLES M. SCHWAB, PHILANTHROPIST-MILLIONAIRE

By John Mars

IT is no injustice to Andrew Carnegie to say that his pupil, foster-child of commerce, and friend, has not only vindicated the elder man's claim that this is the golden age of the young man, but that Charles M. Schwab has himself pointed out new paths of usefulness and sources of human happiness which the great ironmaster had not preëmpted.

The more youthful genius of this iron age—yet in the early forties—is in no sense a millionaire-philanthropist, but is wisely and graciously a philanthropist-millionaire. It is the opinion of people who do not think very deeply, that any millionaire can be charitable and prodigal with his wealth; and the old saw, "Put yourself in his place," could not have a better application than in the case of Mr. Schwab.

But to those who have opinions upon men and things worth having, Mr. Schwab has done something which has solved in a great measure a problem which has caused much concern to the college professors, economists, and philosophers who have the earnest well-being of this great country at heart. For the past two decades comparisons have been drawn between the wealthy leisure class of this country and of England; and in fact, the most mooted question has been not "How old is Ann?" but, "What shall we do with our millionaires?"

On the face of things this would appear to be a simple question; but it is one which could only be solved by members of the much-to-be-pitied class themselves. It has been pointed out that self-made men of the older country, after they had acquired a competency in a financial sense, retired from active work and allowed the younger generation to take up the trend of commercial activity. Such superannuated persons it is known have then sought distinction in other fields, and accepted higher ideals, principally in the line of effort to secure titles or parliamentary fame.

At an early age, comparatively—much earlier than in the case of Mr. Carnegie—Mr. Schwab has found himself possessed of the wherewithal to achieve success in almost any zone of his ambition. Russell Sage, one of our best citizens, had the same opportunity at about Mr. Schwab's age.

The young ironmaster could have gone along with his peaceful career, accumulating money and petering out a dry-as-dust existence. But he did not. Denied advantages in his boyhood in the matter of education, he has taken the most practical means to fill the void. There can be no doubt that when Mr. Schwab made his first trip to Europe, it was with the intention of learning many things which he did not know. He came in contact with a great variety of mankind, and studied conditions of the peoples from whom the majority of his employees in the steel mills of his firm had evolved.

It was shortly after his return from his first visit to Europe that Mr. Schwab announced the gift of schools to cities in the vicinity of his mills. He also, recognizing the early religious belief of his workers, gave liberally to funds for the erection and equipment of churches.

And it is to be noted that there were no bounds to his gifts. No particular church or form of belief was singled out for his favor. He has donated money to almost every kind of creed.

In the matter of philanthropy he has gone Mr. Carnegie one better, for he did not wait until the poor had the education to appreciate libraries, but he founded schools; and it may be said to be his weak, or rather strong, point—that he seemed quite as anxious that the young should have the benefits of learning and tuition as he was that they should have higher wages.

Instead of drifting away from his early surroundings, Mr. Schwab has made pronounced efforts to impress upon his employees and former associates that he still

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Charles M. Schwab as he looks to-day

regards their personal friendship and esteem as highly as he does those gentlemen who feel flattered by his company in their luxurious clubs and magnificent residences here and abroad. He goes among his people daily, and except that he is probably better dressed and more considerate than in the old days, those who worked beside him at the furnaces see no difference in the man.

So that, at last, the man whose millions are piling up rapidly, or whose wealth assures him that he need not care for the temporal morrow, has a living example as to what he may do with his leisure. There are thousands of men, leaders in the national life, who would be uplifted and made a thousand times more patriotic by a trip to foreign lands. The pioneers

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of American ideas and civilization at present are armies of soldiers, thoughtful literary travelers, singers and actors. Why should not the millionaire travel and get an education which has been denied him in his youth? The sending of untrained children to foreign schools, and the grand tours of match-making mothers too often result in their absorption of foreign ideals instead of the promulgation of the lofty and independent characteristics of the American people.

Mr. Schwab has had his patriotism intensified by his trips abroad. His prominence in the great world of steel and iron was secured by his technical knowledge; but by travel he has widened his commercial character and learned the greater future of this country in those products. Never before had he been considered as a financial factor by his associates here; but recent developments proved that he had acquired a grasp of the immensity of the possibilities in industrial combination.

The best of men make mistakes; but it is only just to give credit for good intentions to a man whose whole life has been a guarantee that he was fair-minded and desirous of advancing the workers who participated in the upbuilding of his own fortune and the contemporary prosperity of the country.

It is a fine thing to feel that in these days of educational strenuosity, when a college education is as necessary as a common-school training was a decade ago, that such clear-cut men of fine powerful physique and strong mental faculties are to the front holding their own as self-made men, with the up-to-date thoroughbred who has had every facility and advantage in breeding and tuition.

The example is the grandest vindication of the first principle of the declaration of our forefathers that all men are born equal in the sight of Heaven. It is a symbol of hope for the struggling thousands who are now reaching out for the share of opportunity which the Republic guarantees to every one of its children.

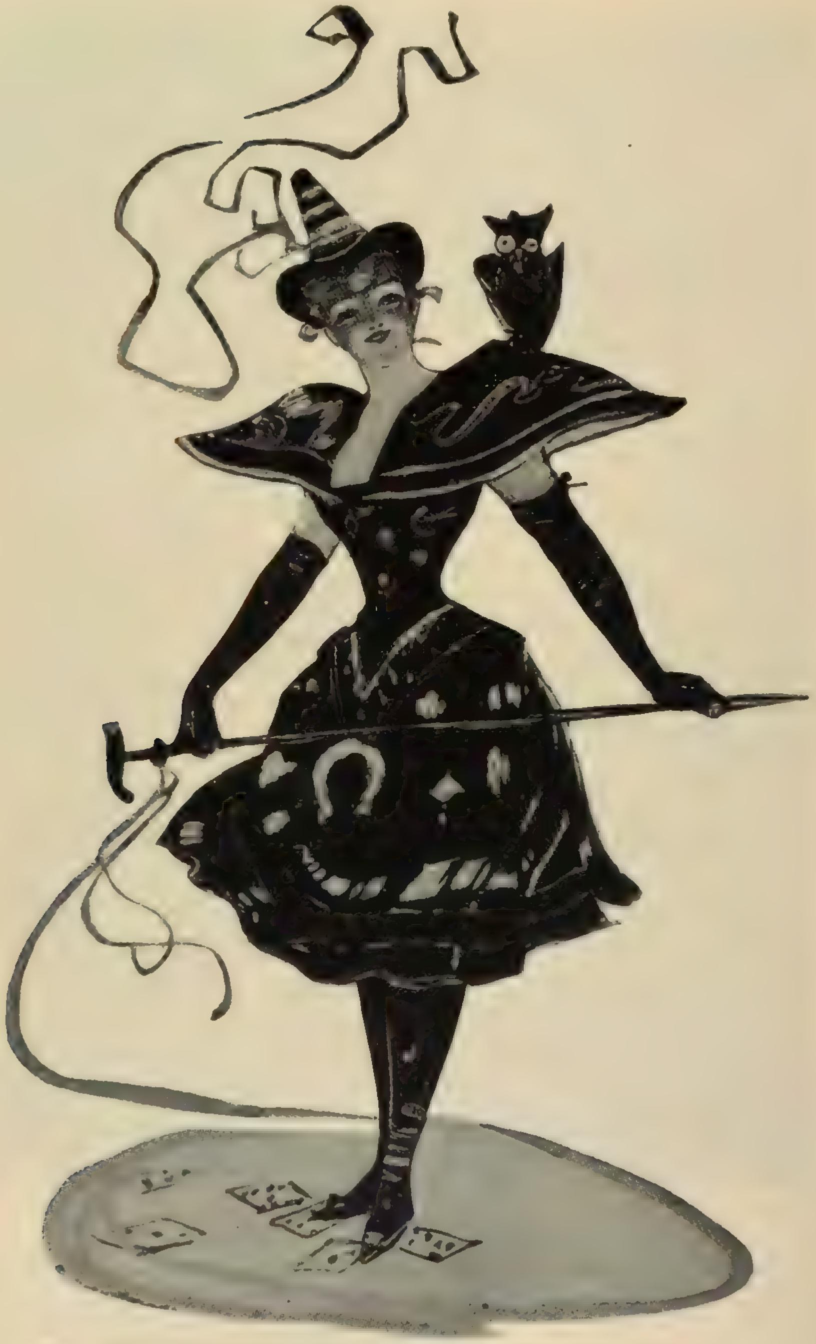
In Mr. Schwab's case the old proverb, "three generations from shirt-sleeves," does not hold good. From his own shirt sleeves he has evolved himself into the cultivated, thoughtful man of less than middle age, who can wear with dignity the bearing of an American gentleman.

SLEIGHING SONG

Oh, she has a witching way with her—
So daintily *debonair!*
Just to sit here in the sleigh with her
Is joy beyond compare.
When the merry bells are ringing
O'er the winding starlit way,
When the frosten breeze is singing
Thro' the trees its crystal lay,
Then I feel like closer clinging
To my happy fiancée;
She's my bright-eyed, red-cheeked, sleighbell
Snow-queen fair.

Oh, the drear white-mantled hills and dales
Fill her with joy, not fears;
Dear old Winter's haunting sighs and wails
Are music in her ears.
And when done with moonlight sleighing,
Homeward then we gaily glide;
And to some sweet nook go straying
By the crackling ingle's side—
Ah, dear Love is always Maying
Tho' the bleak old Winter chide,
For I love her—she's my sleighbell
Snow-queen fair.

J. L. P.



From a drawing by J. P. Dudley

"THE SPIRIT OF BROADWAY"

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RUNNING AWAY FROM GWENDOLEN

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF AN APARTMENT HOUSE

By Edgar Franklin

"SO Cookie the Tenth is—gone?"

Bellinger laid aside his overcoat wearily. His mind executed a retrospective pirouette over the graves of Cookies the First to Ninth, inclusive; it shuddered prophetically before the possibilities of Cookie the Eleventh.

"What was it this time?" he asked, sitting down resignedly to the awesome prospect of dyspepsia-inspired natural flavor canned food. "Acute inflammatory egotism?"

"And drink." Ethel Bellinger sighed.

"Smash anything?" This in the matter-of-fact tone of experience.

"Only our reputation with the other tenants, Howard. Two officers carried her out."

"Humph!" sniffed Mr. Bellinger.

"Why not make an end of it all?" said Ethel, drearily.

"What? Suicide?"

"No—housekeeping. It's so awfully tiresome, this servant nuisance."

"Well?"

"We could live—live in one of the big apartment hotels, you know."

"Ethelinda!" It meant business when that superfluous "inda" was tacked on. Bellinger's paper plumped suddenly, unheeded, into the canned soup. "Haven't we discussed that before?"

"I know, dear, but you don't have the bother. If you could know what it means to be hounding them, day after day, looking after them, planning meals, keeping them going—if you could understand——"

"I do understand—perfectly."

"But you don't realize. You're away all day. Why not get three or four nice rooms in one of the hotels?"

"Because—a hotel is never a home!" Mr. Bellinger asserted solemnly.

"But I could make it so."

"Pardon me, you could not. Not for me, Ethel. Just consider what home—a real home—means to a man. To come home after a hard day to his own little place, to find his own particular dinner waiting——"

"As you did to-night."

"——in his own little dining-room. No free-from-care apartment hotel can compensate for that."

"We could keep Jeanette. She could look after me, you know. She's better at that than at waiting, anyway."

"We will keep Jeanette right here, Ethel. Moreover, consider what life would be if we had children——"

"Don't!"

"——in a hotel. Have you ever studied hotel children?"

"No. Nor have you."

"Perhaps not, but I can conceive pretty accurately what they are—irresponsible little brats, prematurely old and arrogant from contact with obsequious servants——"

"Let's forego that aspect of the case."

"It's only one of them. The others are worse."

"Very well," Ethel said cheerlessly. "Don't wring out that newspaper over the cloth, Howard. Bring Mr. Bellinger another plate, Jeanette."

"If circumstances were different," began Mr. Bellinger, glancing across the table at the pretty, tired face.

"Yes?"

"But they're not." Masculine selfishness very promptly resumed sway.

Cookie the Eleventh seemed delayed in transit. Want advertisements evolved her not, nor would intelligence offices disgorge her. Elusive, phantom-like, Cookie the Eleventh floated along in the future—a dream, beautiful and terrible, but inept at realization.

And the canned soup came and went and the canned *entrées* followed, and the canned plum-pudding and baker's pies performed their divers functions with stony indifference to gastronomic laws; and Bellinger bore it all heroically for the sake of home and murmured not, nor would have had it otherwise. Once in a while a bad table d'hôte dinner at a big price made Mr. Bellinger say things that, while flippant, were pointed.

That is, until the morning of the blue letter.

Bellinger remarked it first, as it lay on the desk in his office, because of the "Personal" scrawled in the corner of the envelope. "Personal" with that peculiar, paretically staggering P struck a familiar chord.

In Bellinger's brain one particular cluster of cells shook off the torpor of ten years' hibernation and portrayed again for him a picture of loveliness—blonde tresses that should have been drab, sweet, innocent eyes for which belladonna and India ink had done their doughtiest, cheek of pink—enamels

Bellinger regarded the letter once again, and gently but firmly thrust the patient stenographe into the chill of the outer offices. After which he locked the door and murmured fearfully:

"What the deuce is it?"

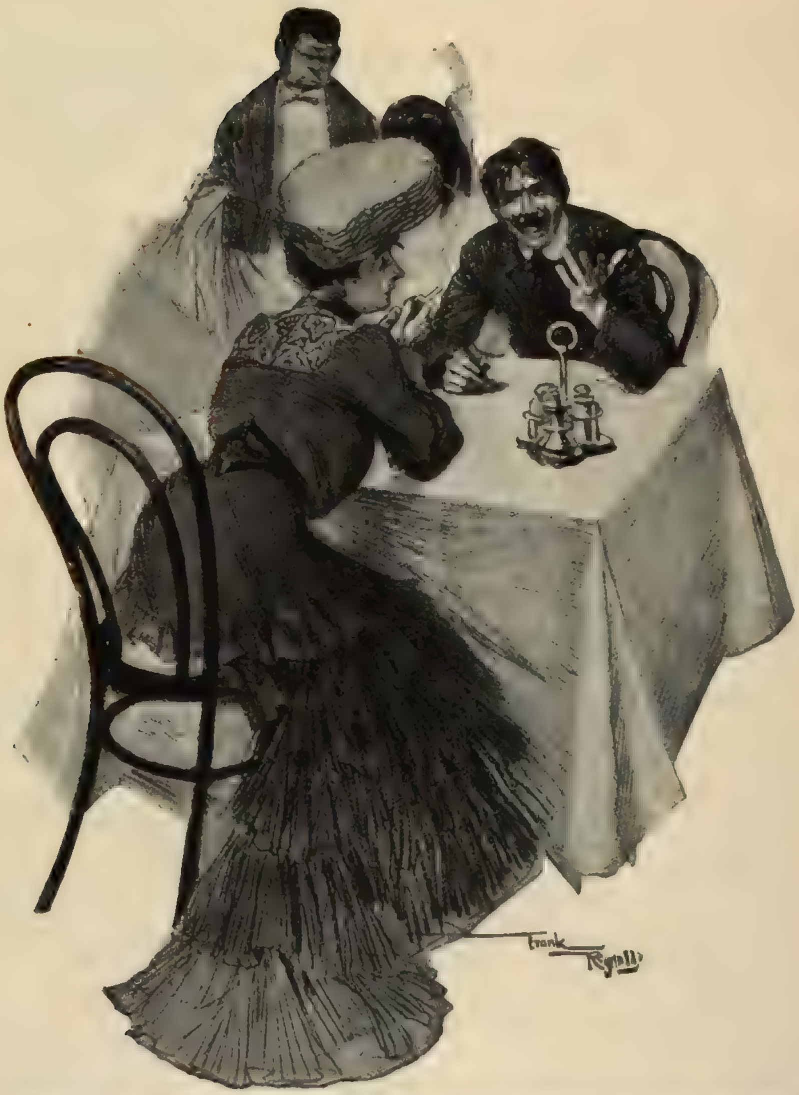
It was:

"My dear old Pidgin-widgin:

"It's no use. The years have not brought the change in me which you—perhaps I, too,—thought they would. I've given up trying to forget. I want to see you again, dear. Did you know that I was married—oh, long ago? He's dreadfully rich and—nice, and we've come to New York to live. But—I want to see you. Found your address in the directory, and how good it was to see that name again! Drop me a line to the General Delivery—and soon, dear.

"GWEN.

"P. S.—Do you remember the paper—all the blue letters I used to write you? I've saved what I had for—well, for just this."



"Once in a while a bad table d'hôte dinner at a big price made Mr. Bellinger say things which, while flippant, were pointed"

"Good morning!" the telephone central remarked just then, on her round of the wires.

"Good God!" ejaculated Mr. Bellinger.

"What was that?"

"That was a prayer."

Mr. Bellinger hung up the receiver and set himself about the disintegration of the cerulean epistle—which went through a process of almost incredible subdivision before he felt warranted in consigning it to the waste-basket. Whereafter he murmured shakily:

"Well, not if I see her first! Lord! If she should turn up here, and Ethel likely to drop in any day she's shopping!"

Evening, however, found much of Mr. Bellinger's nerve-tone restored. Upon calmer consideration, the specter of forgotten Gwendolen lost some of its terror. Even if she did appear in the flesh at the office, ways and means were many by which unpleasantness might be evaded. Bellinger pictured himself bowing her courteously into his sanctum, a maturer Gwendolen, amenable to early-middle-aged reasoning. He formulated several cogent arguments, heard himself advancing them in a soft, soothing tone, pointing out the utter folly of a revival of their defunct and interred affair. Also, he took time at fifteen-minute intervals to express his gratitude toward an Inscrutable Omniscience that had forborne divulgence to Gwendolen of his personal address.

The lady's auto-resurrection at this late date seemed highly inconsiderate, but Bellinger re-

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solved to make the best of it—not to train for bridge-crossing stunts before the structures themselves hove into sight. Meanwhile, the letter should be ignored.

Cookie the Eleventh loitered still by the wayside. Bellinger commented upon it a few days later at breakfast.

"My dear Ethel, other people get cooks—why can't you?"

"I don't know."

"Tried all the offices?"

"Of course."

"Well—why not advertise?"

"I have advertised—in half a dozen papers, Howard."

"Try it again."

"But, my dear boy, what is the use?"

"Ethel, you can get anything you want by advertising for it. Don't you know that? Look at that *Herald* in your hand. I'll wager there isn't a thing you ever heard of that is not advertised in that or some of the other papers this morning. Why, men get wives that way!"

"Do they?" Ethel laughed as she glanced aimlessly up and down the columns. "Maybe Gwen will find her Pidgin-widgin, then."

"Maybe—what?" Mr. Bellinger clutched the arms of his chair.

"'Pidgin-widgin,'" Mrs. Bellinger read, uninterestedly, "'why no answer? Long for you. Whatever consequences, must see you. Gwen.'"

"A-aaaah!" remarked something uncontrollable in Bellinger's throat.

"Why, Howard! What is it? Are you ill? You're so red! Did you choke on something?"

"Yes;" six violent coughs. "Jeanette, where's the toast? Well, why isn't it on the table? This delay is all nonsense—I can't spend the entire morning eating breakfast on the instalment plan. Now, about that modiste's bill, Ethel——"

"Confound Gwendolen!" Mr. Bellinger muttered, as he bought his paper at the foot of the L stairs. "What ails her? Is she trying to drive me into nervous prostration?"

The letter at the office that morning seemed a natural sequence to the advertisement. Mr. Bellinger scented its presence as he neared the desk; it was no surprise to find the blue thing staring up at him, be-personaled as its predecessor in that senseless scrawl. If she must write, why didn't she omit that "personal"? It suggested secrets, scandal, divorce courts, co-respondents, to Mr. Bellinger.

And the plaintive thing itself:

"'Dearest:

"'Didn't my letter reach you? Why haven't you replied? Even a line would have made me so very, very happy—and you know it so well. I inserted a personal for you this morning; did you see it?

"'Once or twice I have thought—just for an instant—that perhaps you are really changed; and then I knew—I knew that your love must be the same. But the instants frighten me so, dear boy. Write and tell me that they need not. Tell me where I may see you. "'GWEN."

"Kind Heaven!" said Mr. Bellinger, reverently and indiscreetly aloud, "send more of those instants—quick! Send 'em along two thousand to the hour if they'll do anything towards scaring her out of—what's that, Miss Conklin? No, I'm not tearing up Herkimer's check. I'm tearing up a—a personal letter."

A week, still Cookie-the-Eleventhless, elapsed.

Bellinger was watchful for the early part of it. He rarely left the office building without first scanning the pavements from the security of the cigar-store, for signs of Gwendolen. He peered searchingly into the faces of the L passengers for Gwendolen in disguise. Toward home he reconnoitered stealthily, for fear of Gwendolen secreted behind a tree.

And then, as Gwendolen became not manifest, Bellinger relaxed a little, indulged in an infrequent sigh of relief as the mails continued free of blue letters, told himself that she had forsaken the quest, and thanked Heaven that she had.

Until:

"'My own dearest darling Pidgin-widgin:

"'Why didn't you tell me? How could I know that you, too, were married? Was the world too cruel for you alone, dear, after all? Why, why didn't you come back to me, sweetheart? It would have been so very much better.

"'But I have so much to tell you! It will be quite a letter, I think—one of the long kind you used to ask for when you were away from Philadelphia, and I used to write to you. First of all, it came about through dear Mr. Griscom. You don't know Mr. Griscom? But you do! They have an apartment on the very same floor with you at 55 West —— St. ('My God!' faltered Mr. Bellinger. 'There *is* somebody by that name living there!') Yes, the very same Griscom. Well, he is a friend of Jerry's—Jeremy Hobbs, my husband—pretty name, isn't it?—and last night he called. Even then, I never should have suspected, but that he quoted you in something you'd said—and I drew it all out very deftly and only mentioned in the most casual way possible that we had met somewhere, years ago.

"'And that is not the best! We dine with the Griscoms—Jerry and I—a week from Friday. Think of it! Jerry says that we must look you up—poor chap! I cannot wait—the days seem so long—either of them—a whole week and another day beside. But when they have passed!

"'You will think it foolish of me, dear, but I must say it: The moments still come when your poor little Gwen feels frightened at the change time may have wrought in you. I know so well that it *cannot* be—and still sometimes I fear. Were you to avoid me, dear, when we come—did I not find you—I fear, sweetheart, that Gwen's last word would have been said. A woman's love is great and wonderful past your understanding—but I have my father's pride. And yet—no, I cannot believe it. I must seek you out and hear it from your own lips. Pride, womanliness—all must be sacrificed to my last effort to see you. And if it fail—if you do not fly to meet me——

"'Ah, darling, how well I understand your silence now. I can see you—almost—yearning, yearning for your Gwen of long ago—but bound to another. And still—are you, dear? Is any claim more utterly compelling than that of a man's first great love—your love for me? Do any earthly ties exist to withstand its sweeping, irresistible force? Could we not leave it all behind—you and I—and flee?—but see how I forget, dear. I have not seen you. Eight days—eight little days—eight terrible, dragging days—and it will be over. I shall see you, see you, see you! "'GWEN."

"Great guns and little pistols!" panted Mr. Bellinger. He strode back and forth, up and down the private office, rocking as he went. "See me, see me, see me! Not by a long shot, she won't! Not if I have to leave the country! I'll go South for a month—what good'll that do? They're living right here in the city. They'll come to Griscom's again. And Ethel—seems to me, Ethel's rather thick with that Griscom woman. And if she does come to their infernal flat, she'll try to see me—there's no manner of doubt about that. Gwen never choked at little trifles like decency and raising a row. Lord! Even if I won't see her, what a devilish time it'll make! She'll come and hammer at the door and insist on having me out—I know her. And if I don't come, she'll wait in the hall—I know devilish well she'll wait. Great Cæsar's ghost! It's a regular nasty problem-play jammed into a New York flat.

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How in thunder am I going to solve the problem? What under the sun shall I do to get out of it?"

The sun offered no suggestions. Neither did the stars, which succeeded the sun ere Mr. Bellinger returned to his apartment.

In a measure, he was more rational. A slight knowledge of materia medica and therapeutics had suggested spiritus frumenti as the indicated drug for his neurotic state; and Mr. Bellinger had administered treatment to the maximum extent that would leave his gait unimpaired.

He was certainly far more self-contained. And after all, the worst was still eight days off. In that space a man might be killed or paralyzed or shanghaied a dozen times over. For the rest, reflected Mr. Bellinger as he fitted the key to his lock, avoiding the Griscom family seemed to be the only precaution.

Ethel advanced for her kiss. Then:

"Howard! You've—been—drinking—whiskey!"

"I—admit it"—after a moment's consideration.

"Why—why did you do it?"

"Dyspepsia," said Mr. Bellinger, firmly.

"You've never been troubled with dyspepsia."

"Yes, I have—lately. It's the *ménage* of canned stuff, I suppose. How's the new cook?"

"I haven't been able to find one to-day, Howard."

"What! Not yet?" An inspiration, weirdly beautiful in its roseate promise, floated into Mr. Bellinger's brain. "Ethel, aren't you ever going to unearth that cook?"

"I don't know, dear," she said disconsolately.

"Tut, tut! What a beastly nuisance!" her spouse exclaimed impatiently. "Why can't you manage things better, Ethel?—other women do."

"Perhaps—perhaps they do—but——"

"Well, well, don't cry about it, child See here, this thing is simply wearing you out. I'll put a stop to it. Do you still wish to try hotel life?"

"O-oh!" Joy radiated from Ethel's being.

"Then we'll do it—now be satisfied. I'll find rooms to-morrow."

"Oh, Howard!"

"But I'm not going to pay another month's rent here, and it's only three days to the first. Can you pack in that time?"

"I think so."

"Only three days!" repeated Bellinger, impressively. "Just three days, remember!"

"I can be ready," said Ethel.

"All right," was the brusque response.

Bellinger's mien was that of unwilling, hard-resisted concession. He carried his overcoat to the rack in the hall and hung it there; and smiled with wan relief at his reflection in the mirror.

"Gwen'll find an empty flat," he murmured happily. "Now, by George! let her father's pride do the rest! And if she tries any more tricks I'll turn it over to the police—I will!"

A moment or two later, he smoothed his hair before the mirror in the bathroom. His smile was less wan and more complacent.

"Say—am I a fox?" Mr. Bellinger inquired in a whisper of the image in the looking-glass.

. . . .

Mr. Bellinger paused in the twilight, before crossing the street, and beamed upon the imposing entrance of the "Alençon," opposite.

It was all over. They were moved—Ethel had 'phoned to that effect about four o'clock. The empty flat lay precisely twenty-two blocks uptown, and with it the Griscoms and the devil's own mess, too, in all probability. Gwen might come now and rap her worst on his door—Bellinger had flitted.

He lapped his chops, metaphorically, and chuckled in a devil-of-a-fellow fashion. The resuscitated romance that could catch Mr. Bellinger would have to be an early-rising romance.

Having satiated his gaze upon the entrance to his haven, Mr. Bellinger crossed and strode in toward the elevator.

A fluffy person had just handed a note to the elevator boy. She called back, as she swished away:

"Now, give it to Mrs. Hobbs personally, Henry."

"Hobbs!" thought Mr. Bellinger, with a little shiver. "That's—um, just a nasty little coincidence."

The car started upward. It should have gone straight to the ninth, Mr. Bellinger's floor, for he was the solitary passenger. Instead, it halted at the eighth story, and the colored youth hurried across to a door.

"Mis' Hobbs," he announced to the maid who answered. "Letter foh her—gotter give it to her herse'f."

Whereupon a large blond lady appeared in the doorway.

Mr. Bellinger's breath left him with a shrill whistle. He clutched the sides of the car; his face turned chalky. Then, involuntarily, he shrank down out of sight, upon the elevator boy's stool.

"Gwen—do—len!" squeaked a whining, almost inaudible little voice in the corner of the elevator car.

MATRIMONIAL RED TAPE

"Florrie, dear," faltered the love-sick youth, "I—I couldn't summon up courage to tell you what was in my heart, and I wrote it. You got my letter, didn't you?"

"Yes, George, I got it."

"And you read it, didn't you?"

"Yes, I read it. In fact, I—I read it over twice."

"And now, Florrie," he said, growing bolder, "I have come to learn my fate."

"The best I can promise you, George," said the blushing daughter of the distinguished president of a Sorosis chapter, withdrawing her hand from the ardent clasp of the infatuated young man, "is that I will advance your petition to a third reading to-morrow."

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THE SYNDICATE COURTSHIP

A SATIRICAL ROMANCE OF BERTIE, EVA AND FOUR OTHERS

By John Worne

"THIS is too much!" said Eva, with flashing eyes. "I have endured a great deal from you, Mr. Pilkinghame, since we became engaged, but you have gone too far!"

Bertie was overcome with humility and repentance. "If you will tell me what I have done wrong," he said, "I will do anything——"

"You can do nothing but leave me at once!"

"Eva," he pleaded, "have you thought what that would mean? What have I done to deserve it?"

"Can you deny," she said, turning upon him fiercely, "that you proposed to Enid Stafford last night?"

"I did not," he said firmly. "She proposed to me—practically."

"Oh!" she replied, in exasperation. "Well, you accepted her, then, if you like to put it in that way."

He protested meekly. "I said I'd be delighted to accept her, provided she could arrange the matter with you. You leave out the most important part."

"And—and you think that—you think that is nothing! You imagine I am going to stand——"

"What was a fellow to do?" he asked, raising his shoulders. "It was the first offer I had had—I was naturally a little nervous—I didn't like to be rude to a lady."

She uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"I don't think I had encouraged her attentions," he said; "that wouldn't be right, would it? No. I assure you, I thought it so sudden—so unexpected. I told her so. So we agreed that it wouldn't be right to do anything without consulting you."

"Well, I give you my full permission to marry her."

"You are very hard upon me. However, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said. He had reached the door. "I think you have forgotten the ring," she said, laying it on the table.

He came back and took it up. He looked at her pathetically, but she had seated herself and taken up a novel. He went out, closed the door, and was gone. Standing in the street, he reflected a moment, wondering what to do to fill up the time before lunch. He finally hailed a hansom and drove to one of his seventeen clubs. In the smoke-room he found the Colonel writing a letter to the *Sun*. The Colonel was the most shocking bore ever known. He had proposed to Eva before her engagement to Bertie, and even that he had done in an insufferably dull way. His favorite occupation was hearing early cuckoos.

Bertie went up to him, and said, in a husky voice, "I congratulate you, sir."

The Colonel looked up. "Ah, good-morning!"

Bertie took his hand and shook it solemnly. "I congratulate you, sir," he repeated.

"Eh?" said the Colonel. "Oh, ah, yes!—that article on 'Cleveland's Fallacies.' Yes, I flatter myself that it has its merits, eh? Now, would you believe it"—he pressed a forefinger between Bertie's ribs—"they weren't going to put it in; fact is, I had quite a difficulty——"

"I didn't mean that, though I entirely agree with what the article said—every word of it," he added firmly, for the Colonel seemed about to speak. "What I meant was—oh, but you *must* know!"

The Colonel shook his head. Bertie looked round, saw that nobody was within hearing, and lowered his voice. "I have just seen Miss Rowen." He stopped. The Colonel was still puzzled. "From what I gathered, she had been reading that article—over your signature."

"I didn't sign it."

"I mean, she had recognized the style at once; one can't help doing that." The Colonel nodded and beamed. "I found her cold toward me; I tried to get an explanation; I soon found that I was in a false position."

Bertie's voice broke. "I felt bound to release her from her engagement," he said. "I—I congratulate you, sir."

"I'm—I'm very sorry for you," gasped the Colonel, decently concealing his blissful rapture. "I—er—I assure you—— But this is most remarkable!"

"No," said Bertie; "never mind me. I ought to have known from the first that my case was hopeless against a man who could write like that upon—upon—er—the subject of that article."

"Bless my soul!" repeated the Colonel, dazed; "I must—I must go home and consider this; this is most important." He tore up the letter he had been writing. "I am much obliged to you—indeed I am! I—er—can't say how sorry I feel for you. I—er——"

"Four o'clock was the time she said she would be at home."

"Four this afternoon! Dear, dear! Good-morning!"

He hurried out with a light step, muttering to himself. Bertie settled down for a few minutes with a paper. It was not long before Bobby Fisher strolled in for his customary after-breakfast light reading. He greeted Bertie cheerily. Bertie looked at him with a cold stare, rose, and walked toward the door.

"Hullo!" said Bobby, with a blank face. "What's happened now? What have I been doing this time?" They were alone in the room. Bertie turned and faced him.

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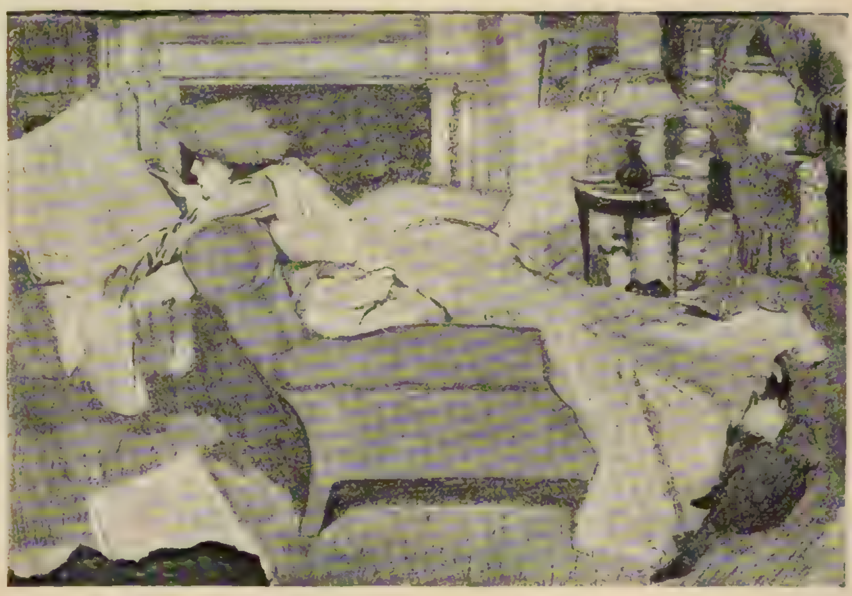

" Reading the *Herald*, somehow feeling that Bertie might after all go to Zanzibar or some other far-off place"

"Do you ask that question of me?" he said indignantly. "And you are the man I used to think of as a friend I could trust!"

Bobby whistled low.

"You'll understand," said Bertie, "that it is quite impossible for our acquaintance to continue."

"Why on earth——?" asked Bobby.

"I leave that to your own conscience."

"But I assure you, on my honor, my dear fellow, I haven't the ghost of a notion what the deuce we're talking about."

"What's the good of pretending like this?" said Bertie.

"If you'd give me a hint," said Bobby; "anything to help me out. I never was clever."

"Well," said Bertie bitterly, "you'll be glad to hear that I'm no longer engaged to Miss Rowen."

"I'm most awfully sorry, old man; but what——?"

"None of your crocodile's tears, please. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I extracted from her the fact that this is just what you and she have been longing for for months past."

"By jove!" said Bobby, his face lighting up. "She said she had been longing——"

"She owed me some explanation for the change in her feelings toward me. I soon found that a visit from somebody was hoped for at four this afternoon, and it didn't take long to find out who that somebody was. And this is your gratitude to the man who saved your life!"

"My dear fellow, I—I can't say how sorry I am for you; but it's the fortune of war, you know. Four o'clock, did you say? Each man for himself, you know, and somebody does the rest." Bobby did not say this exultantly, but in a gentle tone, by way of consolation.

"You may be right," said Bertie sadly, "and I dare say it isn't your fault. Who would have expected her to fall in love with you?"

"It certainly is bad luck, old man," said Bobby. "I shouldn't like it if I were you. Well, I'm off—thanks for telling me!"

"Be punctual!" Bertie called out, as he left the room. He then wandered round looking for men who were acquainted with Eva. He found no more, so he drove off to another club, and there, also, was the cause of much happiness in three bosoms. Percy Fitzpearce was, at first, considerably astonished, but on reflection (looking-glass reflection) he quite understood how it came about. Archie Pawling, though he had not, as a matter of fact, contemplated matrimony for some time yet, saw lying before him an opportunity of getting rid of his creditors which was not likely to occur again; while Phil Bartram had suspected something of the kind long ago. They were all sympathetic and they all determined to be punctual.

Bertie then lunched and debated with himself the advisability of leaving town for a few days.

At half past three it was raining, and Eva decided to stay at home. She was feeling dull, an had been half inclined to find out from Enid Stafford what had really happened in the matter of that proposal of marriage. Perhaps, after all, they didn't mean it seriously. Somehow it seemed rather a small thing to be the cause of a separation forever. She was reading the "sailings" in the *Herald*, somehow feeling that Bertie might after all go to Zanzibar or some other far-off place, when at five minutes to four, John looked in.

"Colonel Davenport is at the door, Miss. Shall I say 'Not at home'?"

"Oh, bother! Yes. No; wait a minute. You haven't opened the door yet?"

"No, Miss."

She thought it well to be polite to the Colonel; he was an old friend of Mr. Rowen.

"You may say we're at home; and go and ask Mrs. Rowen to come quick. And if anybody else does come—I don't suppose anybody will—you can let them in at once."

It was always well to be fortified by numbers against the Colonel. He entered, radiant, but uncertain as to the exact thing to be done. However, a little earnest pressure of the hand was enough to begin with. She didn't return it. But how could she till after he had declared himself? He began on the subject which formed the golden link between them.

"So you admire 'Cleveland's Fallacies'?" he asked modestly.

"Awfully," she murmured; "don't you?"

She resigned herself to fate, and wondered how soon help would arrive. It came sooner than she expected.

John opened the door, and Bobby entered with a rush and a happy smile. But the rush was checked and the smile froze. He shook hands with Eva with a look full of meaning and sympathy, and nodded stiffly to the Colonel. The Colonel glared at him, and gave Eva a glance which was to make her understand that he felt the infliction as much as she did. Bobby sat down, and having come prepared with only one subject of conversation, said nothing for some time. The Colonel proceeded to explain one or two points in "Cleveland's Fallacies," and wondered how long the young ass was likely to stay. It was one of the Colonel's failings that he never realized that things once of great interest become out of date.

John soon admitted in quick succession Percy Fitzpearce, Mr. Archie Pawling, and Mr. Philip Bartram. He was a little surprised to find that each murmured that he was expected. Each entered with a gladsome step and a hopeful countenance, stopped suddenly, and looked round in disgust. Each pressed her hand in sympathy. She wondered much.

Each of them got as far as a fourth cup of tea and sipped it cautiously, with an eye on the cup of his neighbor. Mrs. Rowen started off on the sixteenth subject of conversation, and for the ninety-second time Mr. Fitzpearce said ponderously that it was awfully jolly. Each, whenever he got a chance, looked into Eva's eyes with a look that meant unutterable worlds.

At about twenty past five, Bobby began asking riddles, such as, "If a fish weighs ten pounds and half its own weight what does it weigh?" or "Why is a mouse when it spins?" but they bore it with grim fortitude. Nobody fled. Then came one of those ghostly silences which make one glance instinctively at the clock. At about half-past five, Mr. Pawling, with many "Ha, ha's!" and earnest assurances that he had never laughed so much in his life, told a story, but remembered in the middle that it might not do in a drawing-room, and had to switch off into something with a moral but no meaning. Eva laughed very much; in fact, she felt that, on the slightest provocation, she would scream. She wondered if her parting from Bertie was known and this was the penalty for being disengaged. Poor Bertie! There was a halo round him already.

At about a quarter to six, Bobby saw a chance. The Colonel had rashly turned away for a moment to impress upon Percy Fitzpearce (whose chin was sinking deeper into his collar) the absurdity of the argument that because the Nicaragua Canal——

"I'm as much annoyed about this," said Bobby softly, "as you are."

Eva looked surprised. "Did I look annoyed?"

"No, of course; but it is exasperating that these fellows should choose this particular time to come and do this, you know."

"This particular time?" she asked puzzled.

"What astonishes me," he said, "is the way they can't see that we don't want them." He lowered his voice to a tender whisper. "Bertie has told me all about it."

"Has he?" said Eva, not at all pleased; it was the first time Bertie had been in such a hurry to announce the end.

"Yes, he told me, so it can't be helped now. You must try to forgive him. Poor fellow, he was awfully cut up about it all!"

"It is very good of you to take his part like this!"

"Oh, I can afford to, can't I? One can be generous to the vanquished." He paused, and then went on earnestly, "After what you know I know, is it necessary for me to tell you that——?"

"Well, Miss Rowen, let me recapitulate briefly the last two points I made?" said the Colonel, turning back to her.

She sighed and looked at the clock. She had an uncomfortable feeling that something was happening which she didn't understand, and even the Colonel's arguments were a relief after the mysterious solemnity of Bobby. Oh, where was Bertie? Bertie could have saved her from all this! With something like terror she saw Percy Fitzpearce move himself sideways on to a chair near to her. A message of great import was in his eye, so she devoted all her attention to the Colonel, but heard Percy's voice murmuring, "Confounded nuisance these fellows staying on like this, eh?"

She thought she could answer that. "Yes, isn't it?" she said heartily, and he glowed with satisfaction.

Pawling and Bartram watched this maneuver, and were racking their brains to devise a method of leaving Mrs. Rowen without rudeness and crossing to Eva. Each was sorely grieved to see her thus bored by the others when he knew that all the afternoon the poor girl had been yearning for one word from himself. It occurred to Eva that they were all fishing for an invitation to dinner; but the thing was so unlikely. All the little customary hints, such as "Dear me, how time does fly!" or "Oh, don't go yet!" had long ago been used up, and direct attacks seemed only to confirm the individual attacked in his intention of remaining. And wherever she looked she met eyes fixed upon her with melting tenderness. It was like some hideous nightmare. And the Colonel had only reached his seventh fallacy, with the Philippines still to come. Oh, Bertie, Bertie! Why did you go away?

It was getting on toward six-thirty when John entered and announced Mr. Bertie Pilkinghame. Her heart leaped, and she rose and went toward him. The Colonel and Bobby and Percy Fitzpearce and Mr. Pawling and Mr. Bartram all showed considerable surprise.

Bertie looked round with a grave face. Then he shook hands first with Eva, then with Mrs. Rowen, and then with the heroic five. He had a pleasant word for each. Then he returned to Eva, sat down on a sofa by her side, and, without saying anything, looked solemnly at the Colonel. The astonishment on five faces changed to wrath and disgust, and that in turn gave way to pleasant though grim smiles. With regret they realized that, in a lady's drawing-room, physical violence was out of the question.

"Er—ah—ahem!" said the Colonel, feeling his position acutely. "Bless my soul, how late it is! Dear, dear! How one forgets time! I—I am afraid I must be going now, really."

"Must you really?" said Mrs. Rowen.

"Er—I really must—er— Good-afternoon!"

"Good-night!" said Eva; and the Colonel hurried out, jammed his hat on his head, and slashed at things with his umbrella all the way home.

The same process was repeated four times. But the four did not go straight home. There was a council of war out on the pavement.

"Let's thrash him!" said Pawling savagely.

"Yes," said Bartram, gripping his stick.

"And have it all made public and look bigger fools than we are!" said Fitzpearce.

"If possible," said Bobby; and in mournful silence they dispersed.

"I didn't hear you come," said Eva, when the room was cleared.

"Didn't you?" said Bertie. As a matter of fact he had arrived at four, and sat in the library while John reported how things were going. "I came because I thought that you were about to accept the first proposal you got. In case I'm not too late," he continued, going down gracefully on one knee, "I have the honor to lay at your feet the heart and hand of a most humble, repentant, and devoted slave, trusting that the errors of the past may be but the more convincing proof of the certainty of a blameless future."

"Did you tell all—all—those people to come here?"

"I told them our engagement was over."

"Well," she said, shuddering, "you must never do such a thing again."

"Darling, I never will!"

The wounds in four bosoms healed with time, but the Colonel *never spoke to Bertie again.*

And in after years, when people heard that this was so, they came to Bertie and said wistfully, "Tell us, oh, tell us how you managed it!"

Fini of all but Mr. Pilkinghame

THE DAISY AND THE COGNAC

By Burton J. Price

It was ten o'clock at the *café*. The babel of French and English that had filled the place an hour earlier had subsided into a low murmur.

At the table in the corner, where the cool air floated in through the open window, sat a man with a strong, clear-cut face and a girl whose charm lay in a certain radiant frankness of expression.

Brie cheese, toast biscuits, and black coffee testified that the end of dinner had been reached, but they made no movement to go. A row of palms gave their table the advantage of seclusion, and they felt no hurry to bring their cozy dinner to a close.

The man, Dan Trevor, reached for a match and lighted another cigar, while the girl watched him with a half-sensuous appreciation of his fine outlines, strength, and grace. For she was an artist to her finger-tips, and strength and beauty in a man were like wine to her soul.

"If you look at me in that way," he threatened, with a long, steady glance, before which her own fell and little waves of pink swept across her cheeks, "I shall not pretend to keep the law."

He leaned forward on his strong arms and kissed her

Then he continued pleadingly, but with a certain masterfulness which made her a little afraid of him—"Tell me, when shall we——"

He stopped awkwardly—he could not say "be married" so long as a certain other woman chose to hold him. Then he continued, in an embarrassed manner:

"That is—how soon can we—go away?"

The girl winced visibly. They had decided to have the courage of their convictions, since there was no other way, but it was difficult to grow accustomed to the verbal finesse which this necessitated.

The thing had been decided that afternoon. It had come about quickly and unexpectedly, as the decisions which change the whole course of our lives sometimes do. It had been born of the vastness and loneliness of the sea, which made human action and opinion seem utterly pointless.

The noble and despairing cry of the Princess Flavia, "If love were all!" suddenly rang in the girl's ears with startling distinctness, and almost without knowing it the passionate protest of her own heart had answered—"Love is all!"

In a moment Trevor's strong arms were around her, and Heaven and earth and life and joy and goodness and badness were in the eyes which looked into hers so compellingly and in the fiercely tender kisses which fell upon her face.

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At the station up in Westchester where they had changed trains on their way back to the city, Trevor had caught sight of a great starry daisy growing in a grassy field opposite, and had gathered it for her at the risk of losing the train. From the clump of trees on the opposite side of the field the slim, white spire of a church arose. There was something about the simple country scene that fixed the girl's attention with strange intensity.

Perhaps it was this little scene that gave her a distaste for the cognac which the waiter placed before her at dinner and which she had pushed aside with a tinge of disgust. She used to feel that way two years before, when she had newly come to the city to study.

With a little sigh she finished her coffee and laid her napkin on the table. At that moment her eye fell on the daisy in her belt, and she took it out and looked at it thoughtfully. A curious, disturbed expression spread over her face.

"Dan," she said whimsically, as she took in the incongruity between the daisy and the cognac, "how do you suppose cognac would affect a daisy?"

It was a light speech, but the glimmer of earnestness boded ill for their plans.

"The old Puritanical spirit," thought Trevor to himself; but he answered, laughingly—

"The effect would be incalculable, I fancy."

"We shall see," she replied, nipping off the stem and placing the faded flower in the glass.

At first it seemed to show signs of reviving, then drooped lower and lower. She watched it as if fascinated for a moment, and then stared dreamily out of the window.

A quick, strong feeling of revulsion seized her. What madness had possessed her? She looked at the daisy, which hung limp over the edge of the glass, as if she had found in it a lesson. The grotesque, black figures with which the walls were frescoed and gave the place its name, seemed to leer at her fiendishly.

Out there, alone with the sky, it had seemed so different, so right that they should become a law unto themselves. But here the old standards were re-established. Trevor was watching her keenly, and he knew before she spoke what was coming.

"You see it, don't you, dear?" she said at last, her voice full of tender misery. "It's a sort of allegory to me. The cognac stands for the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the daisy for honor. We were all wrong. Honor is more than happiness; or, rather, there could be no happiness for us without it. She is your wife—" the words seemed to choke her—"and I—I should be—like the daisy," and she touched the dead flower pityingly.

"And the music throbbed as if in sympathy with him"

Trevor did not speak, but his white, compressed nostrils and the suffering in his eyes were more eloquent than words.

"You see it, don't you, dear?" she repeated, and her voice sounded like a wail. "At first we should be swept far away from the world and its censure by our love, but a day would surely come when the horror of it would swallow me up like the dark waters. We are not strong enough to defy the world. And we should quarrel, and perhaps I might even feel bitter toward you for allowing me to do this thing, and you would look disdainfully at the woman who had dragged her womanhood in the dust."

She finished speaking with a dry little sob.

"To be cast out of Paradise like this!" came bitterly from between Trevor's closed teeth. And the music throbbed as if in sympathy with him.

Then, as he looked at her white, drawn face, the better man in him conquered. A strange tenderness welled up in his heart and a wave of thankfulness swept over him that they had been saved from themselves and from each other.

"Come, little girl," he said, "I will put you in a cab and send you home."

And his touch, as he helped her on with her wrap, was a caress.

They went out very silently.

"Queer place for a daisy," soliloquized François, as he cleared away the *débris* from the corner table a few minutes later; "*mais c'est souvent comme ça.*"

LITTLE ANSWERS

Xena.—Madam, I never argue with your delightful sex. A man who knows himself to be in the wrong generally tries to end the conversation; whereas, a woman—is never in the wrong.

Flodden.—I look upon the subject from quite a different standpoint and always maintain that a man is as young as he works; a woman as old as she feels.

Zoto.—It does not follow that because you have had experience it must necessarily have done you good. Some men become sadder without becoming any wiser.

Mona.—I am not very well up on such topics, but I have always understood that a chaperon is a young woman who always takes a girl along for the looks of the thing.

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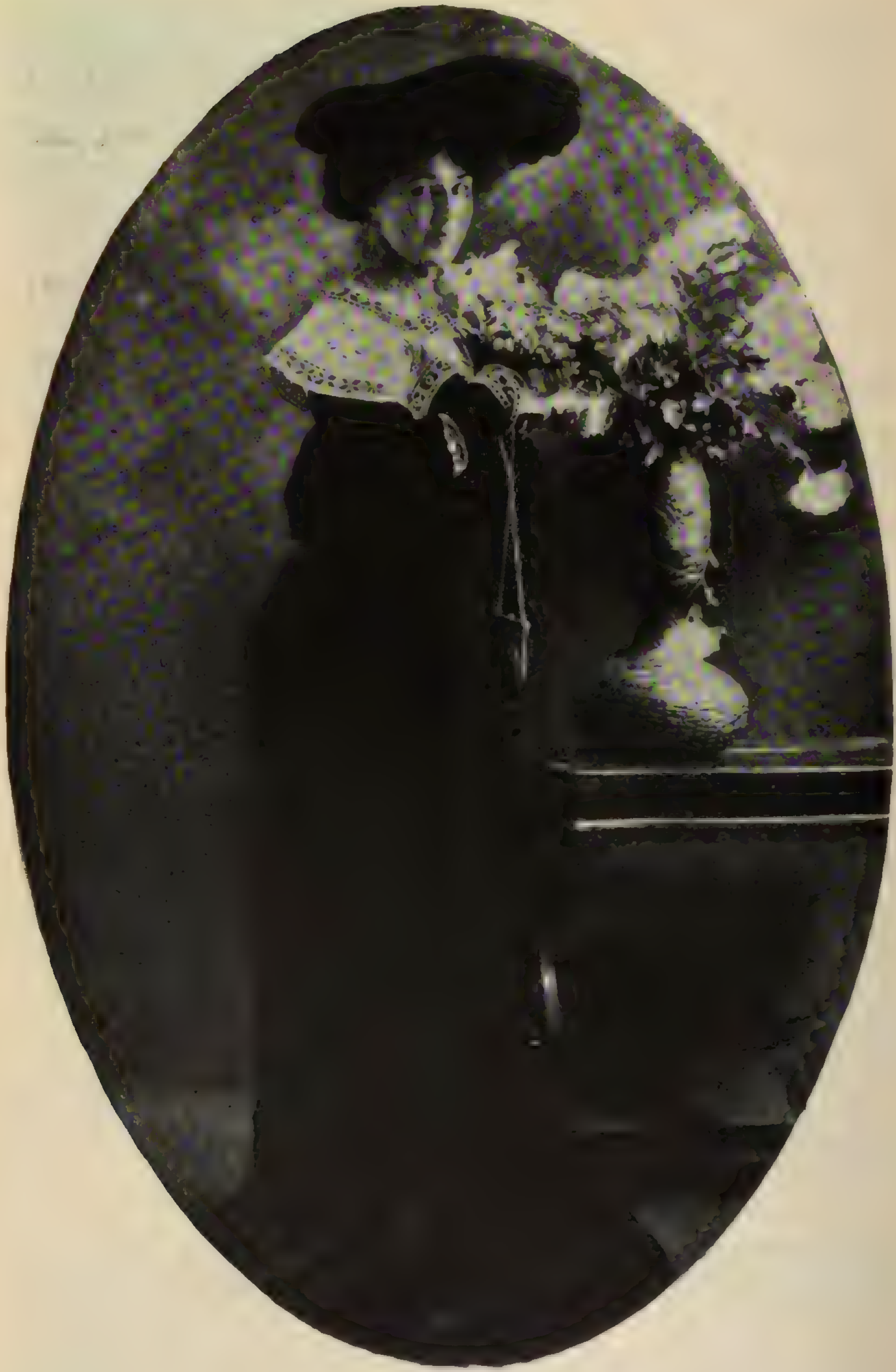

Drina De Wolfe

One of the beauties of the American stage who has been giving a clever character sketch of a servant in "A Clean Slate"

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From photograph by Tonnele, New York

Paula Edwardes

In the title rôle of *Winsome Winnie.* During her initial starring tour Miss Edwardes has made one of the season's greatest successes

THE STAGE OF THE MONTH

By Roland Burke Hennessy

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

WHEN Forbes Robertson recently came to America to play, England lost one of her very best actors. She had lost him once before in the same way, but that was years ago when Mr. Robertson had not won the reputation of being the finest *Romeo* in England. And for this *Romeo* what a wonderful *Juliet* there was in Mrs. Patrick Campbell—wonderfully insolent in its slovenliness! But let's to Mr. Robertson.

"The Light That Failed" does not follow the book in that it ends with the marriage of *Maisie* and *Dick*. The dramatization is good enough, but even if it were worse, the acting of Mr. Robertson as *Dick* would make it an interesting performance. *Dick* in the hands of this classic-featured Englishman is a living, breathing man of human impulses, and is a man of flesh and blood whose light is shut out, but who, to the last, is a man. A more compelling and pathetic figure it would be hard to imagine, just as it is difficult to conceive so heartless a little jade as *Maisie*.

Kipling has never understood women, and perhaps never will, though he writes interestingly about them. His women have more bone and blood than those of Thackeray, but they are quite as impossible. *Maisie*, who is the very apotheosis of the egotist, has fairly to be dragged back to

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Marion Ivell

One of the principals in Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company. Miss Ivell has been with Colonel Savage for some seasons

Dick in the last act. No wonder the Girl with the Red Hair, who loves Dick honestly and openly, cries out against the injustice of it all. Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Robertson), plays *Maisie* prettily, thereby changing the Kipling picture. Miss Elliott has improved remarkably as an actress since those days when we saw her in "An American Citizen." Then she was merely a very tall and very slim girl.

ARTHUR BYRON IN "MAJOR ANDRÉ"

IT is too bad that Arthur Byron should have chosen such a lugubrious play as "Major André" for his starring tour. Mr. Byron has never done better or more brilliant work during his stage career than he did as the unfortunate English officer who paid the forfeit of his life for doing what he considered to be his duty. But the

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From a photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York
Isabelle Irving
As she appears in "The Crisis"

play itself was too somber; from the second act straight through to the final curtain there was a crescendo of grief and woe, and the last three scenes are the very acme of poignancy.

Clyde Fitch has made a sympathetic figure of *André*. He has treated him as a prisoner of war, and not a spy; he has taken Washington's estimate of him as a soldier and a man, and evolved a drama at once stirring and picturesque. Mr. Byron, who recently did such excellent work in the support of Maxine Elliott, has become a player of assured method, definite aims and ambitions, and with each successive rôle strikes more closely the mark of high, artistic endeavor. His *André* was a lovable, manly soldier, with a light tongue for repartee, glowing eyes for love, and a stanch heart for troublous times. Few finer things have been done on the American stage than his farewell to *Barbara*, who appears to him the night before his execution.

Mr. Byron surely has arrived. But perhaps the play has not. At any rate, it was withdrawn soon after production, notwithstanding Mr. Byron's personal views.

THE RETURN OF MAUDE ADAMS

NEW YORKERS are called fickle; they are accused of being cold-blooded and not at all loyal to their stage favorites. I have always contended that this is a libelous fallacy. My view of the case could not be better proven than by the tremendous reception accorded Miss Maude Adams when she made her re-entry to the metropolitan stage in "The Pretty Sister of José." It was to be expected that Miss Adams, who had for many seasons been the favorite actress of a discriminating public, should, after a two years' rest, be welcomed back with heartiness by her old-time admirers. On the other hand it was difficult to believe that any player should so have touched the heart-strings of theatre-goers

by Google

Ada Lewis

The clever young American actress who has been appearing in "The Darling of the Gods," under the management of David Belasco

that they should receive her with that acclaim and unusual enthusiasm which are seldom given to the player who is merely successful. It has been my good fortune to be present at many memorable first-nights in New York, but I am free to admit that I cannot remember another night quite similar to the one on which Maude Adams came to the Empire Theatre and was taken once more to the hearts of her subjects. It was a night that proved beyond all manner of doubt that New Yorkers not only are not fickle, but that they have good memories, and a regard for Auld Lang Syne that is not to be questioned.

"The Little Sister of José" is a dramatization of the story by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Miss Adams appears as *Pepita*, a Spanish country girl who goes to Madrid and falls in love with *Sebastiano*, a bull-fighter. After declaring that she will never love because her mother was ill-used by the man she adored, *Pepita* permits *Sebastiano* to go away. He returns to Madrid and is received as a victorious warrior. He thinks, however, that *Pepita* does not love him, and he enters the ring only to be gored. In his sick-room where he lies dying she kneels before a statue of the Virgin and offers to sacrifice herself for a thousand years in

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Georgia Baron

A pretty member of the "Babes in Toyland" Company at the Majestic Theatre, New York

purgatory if his life be spared. The curtain descends as he awakes from his death sleep, turns weakly on his couch and calls for *Pepita*.

Miss Adams as *Pepita* makes a fascinating figure in the first act, where, happy as a bird, she begins her life in Madrid in the cottage with her brother, the good-hearted *José*. Then comes the shadow—her love for *Sebastiano*, and her fear to acknowledge it, and finally her regeneration in love in the last act, where she clings to the soul of her lover, and brings it back from the brink of the grave.

Miss Adams has lost none of the elfishness that has charmed us ever since she appeared in "The Masked Ball." And to this is added a newer spark of womanliness that is neither girlish nor matronly—a touch that can come only to a woman who has suffered.

FAY DAVIS IN "LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER"

THE New York critics are berating "Lady Rose's Daughter" because of its talkiness. What would they have of a dramatization of a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward? Is there to-day before the public a writer who deals in more words, whose novels are longer, whose dialogues are more diffuse, or who uses more words in describing a situation than Mrs. Ward? Name one if you can. "Lady Rose's Daughter" is not by any means a strong play. One feels that an ax well used could do deserved damage to whole paragraphs of conversation. The piece, however, serves to bring out as a star a young woman who sooner or later is bound to become a tremendous favorite with American audiences. Fay Davis, who first attracted our attention as the chief sup-

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port of William Faversham, is a true comedienne of definite methods.

In the strongest scenes of "Lady Rose's Daughter" she lacks some of the intensity which properly belongs to *Julie Le Breton*, the heroine. This *Julie* of Mrs. Ward's is an exceedingly captious, high-strung, and often overbearing young woman to whom the glint of the sun means living, and not merely life, and whose intensity is equaled only by her egotism. Miss Davis does not make *Julie* all these things; in fact, she falls far short in the strongest scenes. Miss Davis is first of all a comedienne, and her lighter scenes, therefore, in which delicacy, flippant raillery and the lighter emotions are depicted, are naturally her best.

One notable thing about the production of "Lady Rose's Daughter" is that the poster and general advertising are the most attractive of the season in the metropolis. The posters are from the original drawings by Christy. They are beautiful and colorful in the extreme.

Grace Cameron

A pretty and clever American actress who made a hit in "The Tenderfoot" on the road

FRITZI SCHEFF IN "BABETTE"

PADEREWSKI once applied to Fritzi Scheff the title of "the little devil," principally, no doubt, because she has a will of her own and is not afraid to exercise it at her own sweet discretion. At any rate it has clung to her, and when she came to New York to appear in "Babette," the town remembered that she was Paderewski's "little devil," and thus there was an addition to the interest which a new star would naturally create.

Miss Cameron again

Babette offers to Miss Scheff many opportunities which were not hers in grand opera; not that this question of suitability means anything to the fiery little singer. She is quite able and willing to make the part fit her own personality rather than to change the methods which have given her such a vogue in New York for the past few seasons. "Babette" is described as a new romantic comic opera by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. It is more nearly a comic opera as we knew it in the palmy days of laudable ambition in that direction than anything seen in New York this season, with the possible exception of "Red Feather."

"Babette" is a village letter-writer in her native place, who runs the gamut of sartorial decoration from soldier's uniform to court dress. With all her training as a grand-opera singer, Miss Scheff is essentially a comic-opera prima-donna comedienne. There is an airy grace, an almost flippant manner and a roguish archness about all she says and does that make her a winning figure as *Babette*. Then, too, she has of course a voice that has been finely trained, and an almost unimpeachable method; but over and above all things she has humor. No man on the comic-opera stage to-day can, without obvious effort, get fuller value out of a line or situation than can this same Miss Scheff.

As produced at the Broadway Theatre "Babette" has been one of the season's unquestioned successes. The music is away above the average, and in fact it in several places verges on grand

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opera. It has some lovely melodies that make it a treat for those who are tired of barrel-organ symphonies.

JAMES K. HACKETT IN "JOHN ERMINE"

MR. JAMES K. HACKETT, still very good looking, youthful, virile, and unimpassioned, made his appearance as *John Ermine* at the Manhattan Theatre. Mr. Hackett was very handsome in his border clothes, and the piece had all the trimmings and unmistakable ear-marks of a lurid melodrama. Thus, the combination did not suit Broadway.

Miss Cameron also

CHARLOTTE WIEHE AT THE VAUDEVILLE

A GOOD many folk were inclined to question the judgment of Charles Frohman in bringing from Paris Charlotte Wiehe and her French company. Whether or not this organization at the Vaudeville has been a big money success is not the question. Mr. Frohman is aware of the fact that a production of this class—appealing as it does to a limited number of theatres goers—is never likely to bring in big financial returns. At any rate, it is pleasing and encouraging to note that since Madame Wiehe's first appearance there the Vaudeville has been well filled, not only with good-sized audiences, with a marked Continental flavor, but also with the most discriminating theatre-goers in the metropolis. It is natural that Madame Wiehe should appeal to her mixed audiences in her pantomimes to a greater extent than in the spoken pieces. On the other hand, "Tic a Tic," a delightful one-act comedy and "Columbine," a one-act drama of much strength and depth of feeling, have been two of her greatest hits at the Vaudeville.

GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD IN "RED FEATHER"

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR., is rapidly gaining the reputation of being a lavish producer of the lighter form of theatrical entertainment. Nothing finer than "Red Feather," from a scenic viewpoint, has ever been produced in New York, not even by the always-conscientious

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David Belasco. "Red Feather" was produced for the purpose of exploiting Miss Van Studdiford as a star. Mr. De Koven, who wrote the music, thinks it is his best effort since "Robin Hood." Whether this is so or not, is entirely a matter of opinion; but one thing is certain: "Red Feather" is not replete with the banal, foolish, and utterly valueless music which has characterized many so called musical productions of recent years. Mr. De Koven has shown a fine regard for the ethics of his craft, and a desire to outdo his efforts of recent years. Both these things he has done, without a doubt. He gives credit for much of his success to the libretto of "Red Feather," to Messrs. Klein and Cook, and, in fact, acknowledges that the latter has given him the most charming lyrics it has yet been his fortune to read.

Lillian Coleman

The prima donna of "The Rogers Brothers in London"

Rosella Knott, soon to star

Miss Van Studdiford is a tall, cold, unimpassioned woman with a handsome stage presence and a beautiful voice. She acts with discretion;

Bessie Wynn

One of the fascinations of "Babes in Toyland"

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Rosario Guerrero

The French dancer who recently made her début in "The Red Feather," in support of Grace Van Studdiford

in fact, she displays altogether too much of this quality. If she would only forget the dignity that belongs to a high-class prima donna and remember that some of our best prima donnas to-day are on the ingénue order, she would come very much nearer the mark as chief singer in a comic opera. Miss Van Studdiford, like her sister singer Fritzi Scheff, has been in grand opera, although her recent successes have been in comic opera.

Mr. Ziegfeld has given "Red Feather" a splendid production. On every hand are evidences of generous, one could almost say prodigal, expenditure of money, and all to good purpose. Mr. Ziegfeld did not merely spend money—he spent it lavishly and sensibly.

WILLIAM GILLETTE IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

FROM *Sherlock Holmes* to the *Crichton* of the first act of the J. M. Barrie play is a far cry. The Doyle master of cunning is amazingly different from the calm, palm-rubbing, docile, low-voiced butler of the *Earl of Loam's* house-

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Eugenie Thais Lawton

A beauty of the stage in an artistic studio pose by Stanford

hold. *Crichton*, the son of a butler and a lady's maid, thoroughly believes in class distinction. Consequently, when his master, who is a preacher of equality, lays aside one day a month when all his "help" shall be received by his family as their equals in the parlor, *Crichton* is very unhappy.

The ***Earl of Loam*** with all the little Loams (the latter really being great big girls), with the racial prejudices and engrafted conventions of the English nobility, go off on a yachting trip and take *Crichton* with them. They are wrecked. It is here that *Crichton* becomes admirable. By force of circumstances, by the very fact that he is the best man in the party, and for the one and all-

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Drina De Wolf

The actress who disguises her beauty by appearing as a slavey in "A Clean Slate," the play in which Jessie Millward has been starring

important reason that he knows the right thing to do at the right time, he becomes the acknowledged leader. This is in Act II.

In the following act we find *Crichton* at the end of three years practically the monarch of the island. The noble daughters of a noble *Earl* quarrel as to which shall have precedence in waiting upon him at table. The *Earl* himself is a mere subject of his former butler. There is none to dispute his sway. He asks *Polly*, otherwise known as *Lady Mary*, to let the young curate who has been shipwrecked with them, make them man and wife. She consents. She is to be Queen on the island which they may never leave.

Then a sound of a gun's boom is heard. A ship is in sight. Through a contrivance of the admirable *Crichton*, who is also exceedingly resourceful, fires are started along the beach, and the boat's crew sees the signal of distress. They are all happy save *Crichton*, and, perhaps, Polly. He wants to play the game fairly, he says; if they go back to England he must go as *Crichton*

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Kyrle Bellew

As he appears in "Raffles," the dramatization of the Hornung story

the butler. The curtain descends as he answers a question from *Polly*, "Yes, my lady," with the old-time rubbing of the palms. He is the butler again.

The last act shows *The Earl of Loam* and his family back in their old London home. *Crichton* is there; he is the butler. Every one has resumed his or her old-time relative position. The *Loams* have become patrician again. *Crichton* is their butler only. *Lady Mary*, alias *Polly*, is to marry the man who waited for her during all those years she was on the island. *Crichton* gives his notice. Only once does *Lady Mary* soften. They are alone; she thanks *Crichton* for having refused to deny the lies in a book written by the only man who made an ass of himself when they were shipwrecked. She thanks him honestly and sincerely—but she thanks him as the butler. Then, with a flying leap, she jumps over a couch, and turns and smiles at him as she passes through the door. It is the last reminder that he will ever have that she was once to be his Queen of the Island. And the curtain descends as *Crichton*, the butler, closes the door behind her.

It is impossible in the telling to give any idea of the fantastic, whimsical comedy that runs through the entire piece, and yet it is a fine, consistent satire from every standpoint. It is as great an exemplification of the gospel of the caste that holds England in a firm grip as has ever been given to literature of the stage.

Before the piece was produced there was one question that seemed to make possible the failure of "The Admirable Crichton," notwithstanding its eminently successful run in England. How would American audiences accept the English butler and his manners and his beliefs and his instilled veneration for those above him? Would or could Americans understand the social system that made possible the humor and the cleverness of the Barrie play? This question was plainly answered when "The Admirable Crichton" was produced at the New Lyceum Theatre in New York. The whole town began to laugh at it immediately, and has kept it up ever since.

Mr. Gillette's well-known method of repression serves him well in the Barrie play. As *Crichton* he is all obsequiousness. Please do not confound this with servility, for is he not *Crichton* the butler, occupying the highest position in the household? Servility is for the lower order of servant. His very voice rings out not gladsomely, but with calmness and good behavior, the excellence of being in the service of a peer of England.

Later as the Governor of the Island he is still repressed, though a leader now. There are still class distinctions; he is above them all because he is their leader. The others are his servants because they can do nothing better. Then back in England in the last act we find him *Crichton* the butler, and nothing more.

A book of the play would be a treatise on the gentle art of knowing your place in England.

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "COUSIN KATE"

THOSE who have a smattering of theatrical knowledge will tell you that Ethel Barrymore is a star because Charles Frohman made her one. Also that she owes her rise to the fact that she is the daughter of Georgia Drew Barrymore and Maurice Barrymore, and the niece of John Drew. All this is utter rot, when we get away from the point that Mr. Frohman

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From a photograph by Byron, N. Y.

The housemaids in "Peggy from Paris"

gave Miss Barrymore a chance, of which she took advantage to the fullest extent. Miss Barrymore in "Cousin Kate" at the New Hudson Theatre proves beyond all manner of doubt that there is something in blood. That she has some of the talent of one side of the house and the beauty of the other there is no gainsaying.

"Cousin Kate" is the merest trifle of a play. It is hardly a play at all; in fact, it is merely the stringing together of dialogue that is not clever and scenes that are not brilliant. It is pretty—nothing else. And yet the charm of Miss Barrymore's personality makes it an interesting performance. This slight figure of a girl, with the soft voice and the purring manner and great, large doe-like eyes, makes us wonder what there is about her that clutches and holds. Perhaps it is cleverness only; perhaps it is the shining out of something closely akin to genius; perhaps it is none of these things. At any rate we are clutched and held—and that is my point.

Mr. Bruce McRae is rapidly becoming one of the best leading men on the American stage. His delightful brogue in "Cousin Kate" is worth going to Dublin to hear. Besides, as I have intimated, he can really act.

The toy soldiers' march, from "Babes in Toyland" at the Majestic theatre, New York—this is one of the strongest spectacular choruses seen in recent years in the metropolis

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GEORGE ADE AND THE LEGITIMATE

GEORGE ADE in "The Country Chairman" makes his initial bow to the public as the author of a serious drama. It is said the scenes and characters are almost photographic impressions of a certain Western town, and dire will the consequences be if the quaint old village folk recognize themselves as George Ade sees them. Ade is a modest, well-poised young man who deserves all the good things that are coming to him. "The Sultan of Sulu" was a deserved triumph. A rather amusing episode took place at the time when the "Wizard of Oz" and the "Sultan of Sulu" were both making theatrical history for themselves by "standing room only." An enthusiastic young woman, an ardent admirer of George Ade's fables, was presented, at her earnest solicitation, to the none too willing Western author. "I am so pleased to meet you, Mr. Ade," she gushed. "I do think your new opera is just perfectly splendid. "Why, we girls have not missed a matinée of your 'Wizard of Oz' since it started!"

Mr. Ade has a keen sense of the humorous, but no one has yet discovered how much he enjoyed this little joke against himself.

CECIL SPOONER IN A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

CECIL SPOONER made her first appearance as the leading comedienne in the big musical extravaganza of Klaw and Erlanger. Miss Spooner is on record as having starred in her babyhood. She made her New York début last June at Daly's Theatre in "When Peggy Rides to Town," and fully justified the reputation she had won by years of admirable stock work under her mother's management.

The Spooners, mother, son and two daughters, Edna May and Cecil, are exceedingly interesting in their present and past work. Mrs. Spooner manages the Bijou Theatre in Brooklyn, and the two girls alternate as leading lady in the weekly change of répertoire. Miss Cecil's fine showing as a comedienne during her New York début, her dash as a manipulator of the foils, her jauntiness as a male impersonator, led to her engagement by Klaw and Erlanger.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN AND "KITTY BELLAIR"

HENRIETTA CROSMAN, after a long and tempestuous voyage upon the ocean of dramatic venture, has finally entered the harbor of David Belasco's managerial protection. For the past three years Henrietta Crosman has reaped triumph after triumph. All that she has touched has turned to gold. It seems incredible, but it is a fact that "Nell Gwynn" was put upon the stage with a pitiful backing of five hundred dollars. The actress was in desperate straits for a New York opening, and had ventured her all upon its success or failure. When she realized that the long-delayed success was assured, she fainted. Years before she won a similar triumph in this city in "Gloriana." She played the rôle for three nights, was taken with a sudden illness, and was forthwith forgotten. She disappeared from the theatrical firmament of New York, and for ten years fought her way inch by inch against great odds. "Nell Gwynn" was her opportunity, and now David Belasco counts her as one of his stars.

JOHN DREW AND THE MONKEY STORY

JOHN DREW is the soul of dignity, and represents in his person and bearing the aristocracy of the stage. This unconscious dignity characterized him as a lad, and was the source of much teasing on the part of his merry, mischief-loving sister, Georgie Drew Barrymore, the mother of Ethel Barrymore.

Georgie Drew had acquired a reputation among her intimate friends by her clever, mirth-provoking imitation of a monkey cracking and munching nuts, and when her chosen circle wanted a genuine relaxation they would call upon the ever-willing Georgie to "play the monkey." On a certain occasion she announced the approaching visit of her brother John, and then added in a spirit of girlish mischief, "When John comes, don't fail to ask him to play the monkey. He does it much better than poor me!" John arrived in due time, enveloped in his usual sedate hauteur. Imagine his horror when, surrounded by his sister's friends, he was urgently pleaded with to "play the monkey and munch nuts!" Georgie Drew Barrymore never told the rest of this story.

FRITZI SCHEFF AND GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD

IT is interesting to note that two members of two grand opera companies, respectively, the Maurice Grau forces and those of the old English Grand Opera, under Henry W. Savage, are appearing with more than ordinary success as stars in two light operas, the work of American composers.

Grace van Studdiford has a charming personality and an equally charming voice.

Fritzi Scheff sings the title rôle in "Babette." Miss Scheff occupied a position of comparatively little importance among the stellar luminaries of the Grau Opera Company. The fact that she was able to assert her claims as an artist of more than ordinary talent and individuality redounds to her credit.

Grace van Studdiford was one of the leading prima donnas of that interesting experiment at the Metropolitan Opera House—grand opera in English—inaugurated by Henry W. Savage, and now carried on in London with success.

NEW YORK AND THE FRENCH DRAMA

THE continued success of Madame Wiehe with her French company assures the continuance of the French drama given in the French language as a feature of New York's theatrical season.

The exquisite art of the small band of foreign players who have brought a tardy prosperity to the tiny play-house in Forty-fifth street, is bound to have a beneficial influence upon dramatic art in general in this country.

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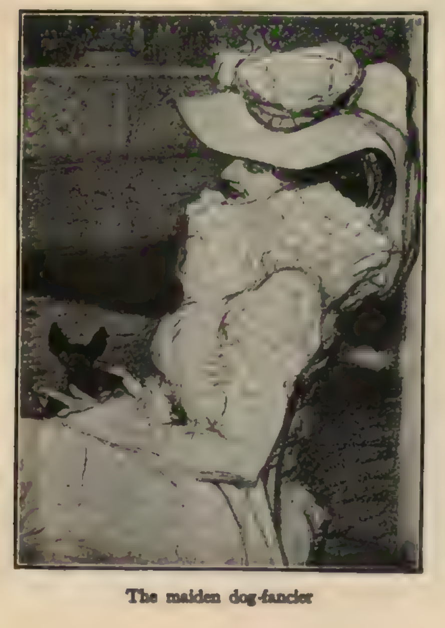
QUEER NEW YORK TYPES

By Myron Hasbrook

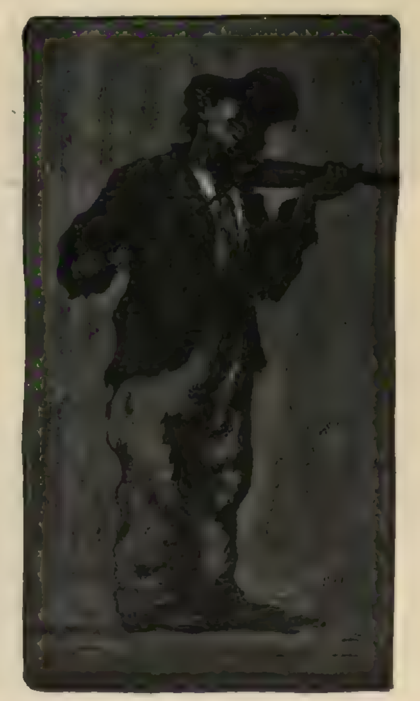
EVERY great seaport, receiving its complement of population from the four quarters of the great globe, counts among its inhabitants hundreds and sometimes thousands of weird and strange types out of which novelists choose their so-called local characters and painters cull their picturesque examples. New York is particularly plentiful in these features of the avenues and alleys, and perhaps more so than any other metropolis of the world.

New York draws its population from every clime and quarter. It takes from every nation a handful or a whole colony—in some cases sufficient in numbers to populate an entire city or province of a foreign domain. The Russian colony in the depths of the great East Side, for instance, numbers as many souls as many a prosperous city on the Volga, and the average Rhine *stadt* does not hold as many Teutons as are gathered within the district of which Third Street is the Broadway and Tompkins Square is its Central Park. And so through all the various colonies of town. New York is rich in contrasts, and it is a matter of small wonder that out of so many peoples should stand in bold relief strange specimens of humanity such as playwrights choose to offer to the delight of theatre folk on the stage, and songsters to sing about in sentiment, dialect, humor or pathos.

A few years ago the novelist was cosmopolitan in his tastes—took certain examples which he believed represented New York. They were concrete characters, expressive of the metropolitan spirit. To-day all that is changed. We have a novelist, a poet, a playwright, and a painter for the queer and interesting people of every district. The Russian Jews have their exponent in Cahan as a poet and Bruno Lessing in fiction. The Germans have a troubadour in every *wein-stube* and a Schopenhauer in every tenement. The Chatham Square district has its Townsend, and innumerable followers of the Chuck Conner's theme and situation; Chinatown its accurate annotators, and "Little Syria" its Duncans and Abu Khalils. Magazines which are of New York, by New York, and for New York, finding in its wonderful variegation of human types a constituency, are always on the lookout for some new exponent of a foreign quarter, whether in story, like Otono Watana, novelist to the Japanese, Paul Dunbar, laureate of Thompson Street, or Harrigan, dramatist to the Hibernians. The newspapers, too, have taken seriously the attempts of a new generation of reporters, special writers and artists to disclose to the public new phases of obscure district life, and to serve up delectably the pathos, humor, and the inner truth of some struggling handful of human im-



The maiden dog-fancier



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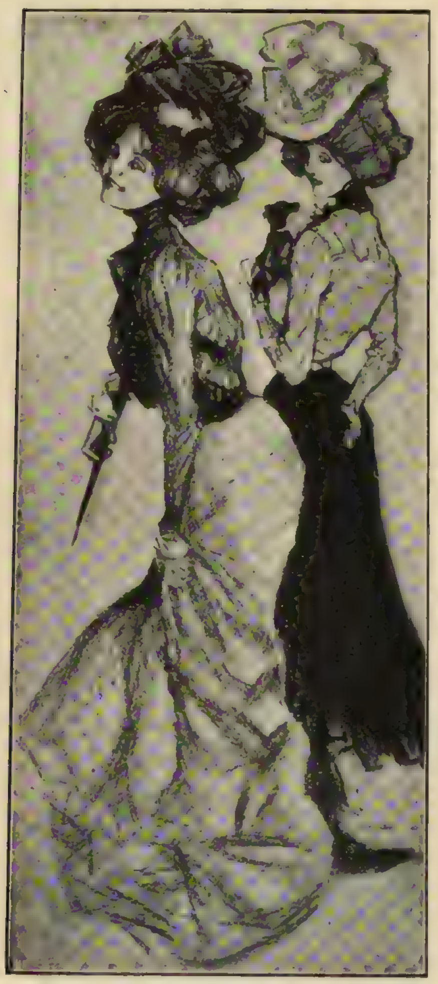
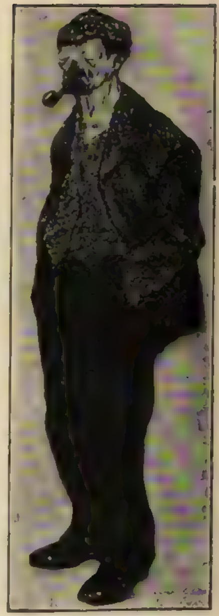


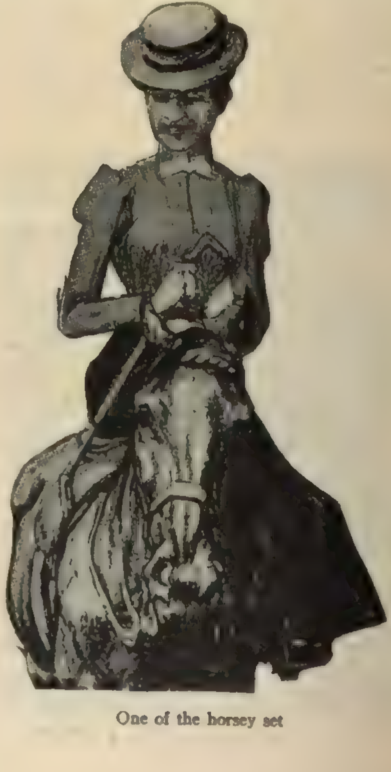
On Fifth Avenue

portations from remote shores for queer and interesting illustrations of varying moods of thought, feeling, and action, from the phlegmatic, pessimistic, and philosophically frugal member of the north of Europe to the hot-tempered, mercurial, art-loving dreamer of the trans-Alpine suns; and from the land of chopsticks and fan-tan to the green isle of St. Patrick.

And not only do the so-called slums—fast disappearing as such, however—abound in the eccentric and the marvelous in human form. The avenues have their oddities, the hotel corridors have their perpetual chair-warmers, the Rialtos their pavement trotters, and the libraries their year-round sojourners who have come to regard these great public institutions as their private property. One who is familiar with Fifth Avenue knows that day after day at certain hours, as regularly as the sun rises and sets, certain queer people, attracting especial attention on account of oddities of dress or deportment, are to be seen passing along the grand way with a gleam in the eye which expresses proprietary rights exceeding that of the common herd. The corridors of our great hotels, too—the Waldorf-Astoria, Fifth Avenue and scores of older and less pretentious hotels on Broadway—are frequented day after day at certain fixed hours by corridor types who swagger through the grand halls and fling themselves into their favorite armchairs with the air of genuine at-homeness indicative of hereditary dominion, at least in imagination. Certain corners of Broadway, between Thirty-fifth street and Forty-second, serve as a Congress of the stage, and the policeman who would dare request a bevy of divine-right Thespians to "move on," would proclaim himself unaccountably green, and bring down upon him a storm of protests as if he had hap-



The walking delegate



One of the horsey set

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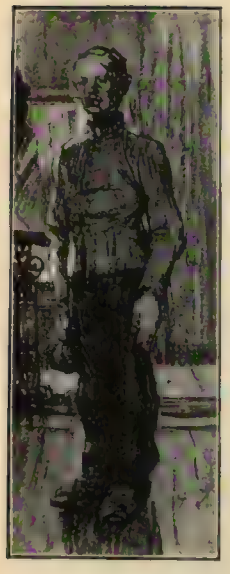
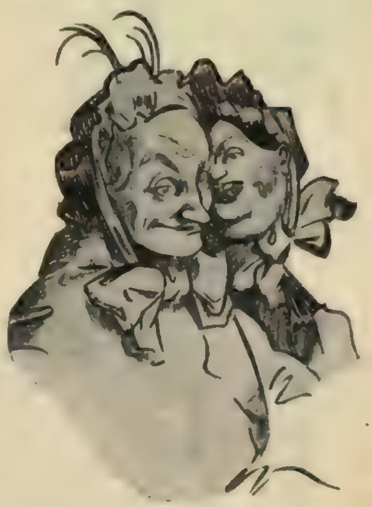


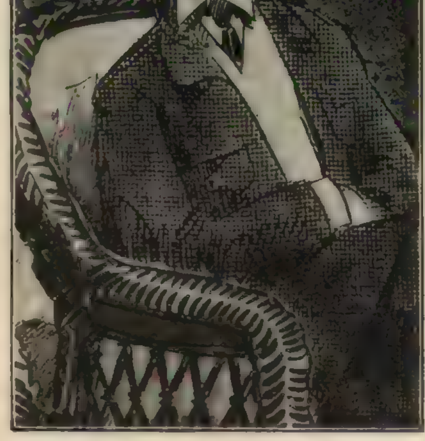
The new bell-boy

pened across the threshold of the Millionaires' Club bent upon cleaning out the place.

Of course the cafés and saloons of the metropolis develop hundreds of varieties of the genus oddity. The café is at once a club-house, forum, newspaper, and debating society to thousands of habitués who are ready of wit and keenly alive to every passing sensation, and who have, moreover, an unconquerable love for the cup that cheers and also inebriates. These are the Sargosso seas of the great ocean of metropolitan life, with thousands on the crests of the waves and millions hopelessly in the troughs below. Where home life is so little and avenue life so much as it is in New York; where there are hundreds of thousands of bachelors who are too poor or too indolent to marry and assume the duties of the Benedict and the father of a family; where rents are so exorbitant that respectability on a small income at a good address is one of the crowning problems of the times—the café, corridor and foyer must take a vast contingency who cannot afford clubs, nor expensive quarters, nor the ease which metropolitans think is their due. "Millions for luxuries, but confound the necessities!" is a metropolitan adage written in the face of every constant wooer of the goddess of Broadway and Fifth Avenue; so it is no wonder that these streets furnish, too, their contingency of the queer and the extraordinary of either sex; and where outward show is so much, one's home and surroundings as well as trade and diet are not perceptible from one's attire or deportment. Elegant driftwood upon the "tide in the affairs of men," these inveterate souls regard life from a plane of superior assumption, content to rub elbows with the mighty, to be seen at all functions where much may be enjoyed without money or price, and where by an exercise of ingenuity, by a grand manner and the pose of being one to the manner born, the worldling may enjoy privileges and prerogatives which cost others less diplomatic much money to buy. Below Fourteenth Street these who live on the wits and labor of others are called "panhandlers." Along the marble way they are known as members of the Society of Elegant Ease.



An East Side confidence



Dear Old London at the Waldorf-Astoria

And so it goes. Nowhere on earth, perhaps, are the extremes of wealth and poverty, favor and ill-favor, brains and ignorance thrown upon the great moving-picture screen so contrastingly as in New York, the city of the strenuous. Is it no matter of remark, then, that there should abound in its human jungles all sorts and conditions of the queer species, and that even a thousand policemen guarding our chief executive, as recently occurred here, were not sufficient to save the President from the insolence of the crank? Is it a wonder, either, that artists, poets, novelists flock to the metropolis from everywhere and find here material for the weird, the picturesque, and the thrilling? Truly, New York is the wonder-city.

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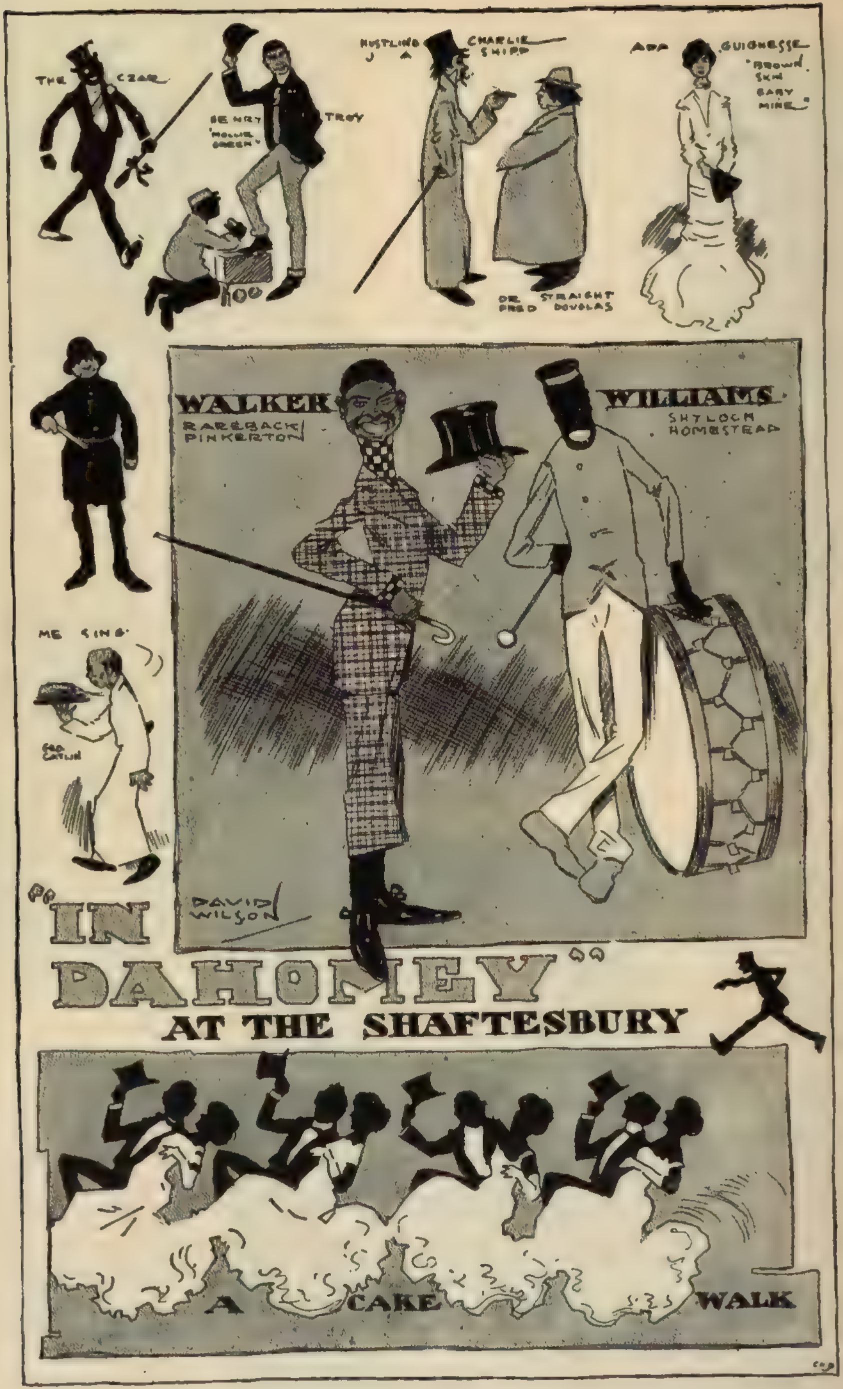
THE CZAR
HENRY TROY
"MOLLIE GREEN"
100
HUSTLING J A CHARLIE SHIPP
DR STRAIGHT FRED DOUGLAS
ADA GUIGNESSE
"BROWN SKIN BABY MINE"
WALKER
RAREBACK PINKERTON
WILLIAMS
SHYLOCK HOMESTEAD
ME SING
GEO CATLIN
DAVID WILSON
"IN DAHOMEY"
AT THE SHAFTESBURY
A CAKE WALK

From a pen and ink illustration by David Wilson

AS THEY SEE WILLIAMS AND WALKER IN LONDON

This team of American Africans are appearing with their company at a swell London theatre

JANUARY NUMBER OF
BROADWAY MAGAZINE

Vol. XII JANUARY, 1904 No. 4

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SHOULD women in marrying promise to honor and obey? That's a question that has racked the brains of many a wise man, since life took on form and convention. This seems hardly a fit time in which to raise this momentous question, in view of the fact that women have been complaining of late years that there are not enough men to go around. Why, then, quibble about a mere phrase, when the whole basic principle of the matter—man himself—is in such an unsettled condition as a commodity in the matrimonial market?

A RECENT London visitor to New York proffered the information that metropolitan dwellers were gradually becoming insane. He further contended that in the next twenty years there would be an alarming increase in locomotor ataxia. He based these rather lurid assertions on the fact that the sky-scrapers were becoming taller and the people were moving faster. This theory is more sensational than consistent with the facts. New York may be going higher up into the air than ever before, but this means more air, more light, and all that these things imply. It is almost foolish to state that the more crowded a city becomes, the faster the city moves. Certainly the faster the crowd, the slower the movements of individuals. New York is moving well up into the air. But this is not a sudden evolution. It began gradually twenty-five years ago, and reached its greatest stage of progress in the past decade. BROADWAY MAGAZINE firmly believes that New York is very well able to take care of itself. At any rate, New Yorkers are not terribly afraid of locomotor ataxia, or any other dread thing, after their experience with the open subway.

A FINAL reminder: Don't turn away from this page without going right back to the first column and cutting out the subscription blank, and sending it to this office with one dollar. If you do not want to mutilate your copy of BROADWAY MAGAZINE, you can send your dollar with a careful mention of the offer on this page. Please note, however, that this offer is not open after February 1, 1904.

JUDITH BEROLDE

An emotional actress of the American stage and wife of Edward Marshall, the well-known journalist and war correspondent

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT

Stern Father—But as you have no income how do you expect to get along if you marry my daughter?

Suitor—That's not the point, sir. What's worrying me is how I'm to get along if I don't marry her

ALL THE ESSENTIALS

May—Was she happily married?

Daisy—Very! Why, her trousseau alone cost over a thousand dollars!

FLATTERING

She—I suppose if a pretty girl came along you wouldn't care anything more about me?

He—Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right.

SERIOUS BUSINESS

Dora—He proposed to her for fun.

Will—Well?

Dora—His ideas of humor have materially changed since then.

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Photograph by White, New York

GERTRUDE BANETTE, SOPRANO

Miss Banette made her first hit in "A Chinese Honeymoon." She has since assumed other rôles with marked success. Miss Banette is not only a woman of beauty and training, but she has natural talent, and a voice of great quality

NEEDED

Jabberly—I'm going to tell you a hair-raising story.

Baldy—If you can I'll give you fifty dollars.

EXCUSED WITH THANKS

Mistress—We're going to give a dance on Friday, Jane, and I want you to do all you can to help us.

Jane—Well, mum, I'm afraid I ain't much good at that sort of thing. I only know a hand-organ jig and the cake-walk.

KEEP IT DARK

Bobby Henpecked—Papa, what is a bachelor?

Papa Henpecked—A bachelor, my son, is a man to be envied, but don't tell your mother that I said so.

SOUR GRAPES

Mrs. Hinton (recently married)—Did you know my husband was very ill?

Miss Carrington—I supposed he must be, my dear. Before he married you he told me I had broken his heart.

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Photograph by White, New York

MILDRED HOLLAND IN "THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE"

As the picture would indicate, Miss Holland has a very striking countenance capable of expressing various human passions and sentiments. In her rôle in "The Power Behind the Throne," she found full scope for her emotional nature, and one of the chief causes of the success of this play

HE WAS IT

Husband (angrily)—The fools aren't all dead yet.

Wife (sweetly)—I'm glad of it, dear; I never did look well in black!

WHICH?

Shall I fight on in battle for Thespian glory,
Through toil, disappointment and sorrow unknown,
Or "darling" that old millionaire, bent and hoary
Who'll take me to Paris and love me alone?

TOO SMART

"Hi! where did yez get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man, who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trousers on.

"I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply.

"Then be me sowl," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

WINTER

For a week he idly wandered;
Now through dreary months he saves,
Just to make up what he squandered
By the sad sea waves.

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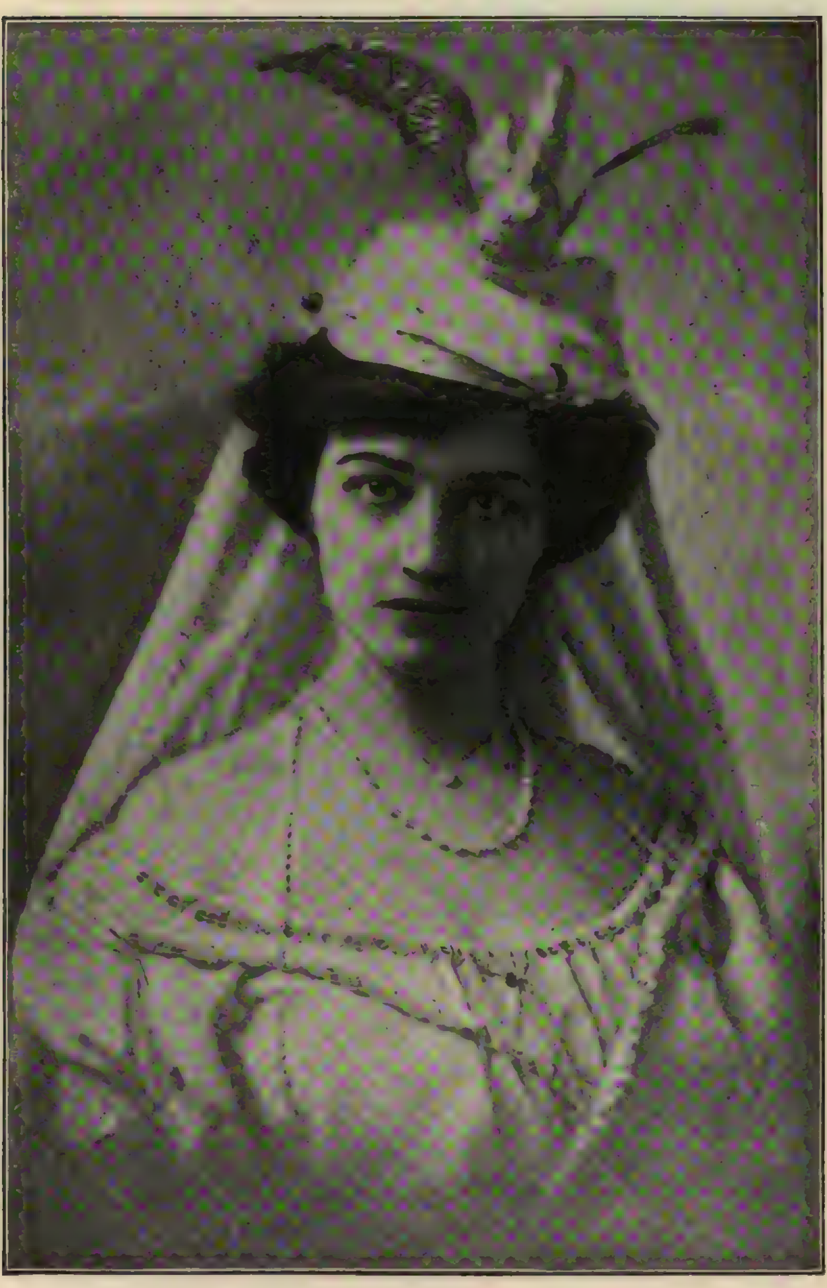

Photograph by Otto Sarony, New York

PAULINE FREDERICK, IN "A PRINCESS OF KENSINGTON"

Miss Frederick is a Boston girl who has had the advantage of the culture of the "Athens of America," and has made the best use of it. She has an exquisite voice, and the manner and bearing of a real princess. It is understood that she has a still more ambitious part in a new production in prospect. "The Princess of Kensington" has made a successful tour of the country, following its metropolitan bid for favor

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Photograph by Stars, Paris

MISS NATALIE WALDE, A NEW PARISIAN BEAUTY

Miss Walde made her début at the Comedie Francais, and immediately became the rage. She is a Viennese girl, and has acquired the bull-dog habit, as this illustration of Beauty and the Beast would indicate. It is said that Miss Walde is contemplating the acceptance of a contract which will bring her before American audiences soon

SAD CONFESSIONS

SHE—How romantic! So she's a woman who has loved and lost?

HE—Yes; she married a fellow who spent all her money.

A VALUABLE MAID

CALLER—Are you quite sure Miss Chilliwun is not in?

MAID—Positive. She gave me your photograph to make doubly sure.

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ART IN

1904

"MISS CHRYSANTHEMUM"
From a study by Tonnelé, New York

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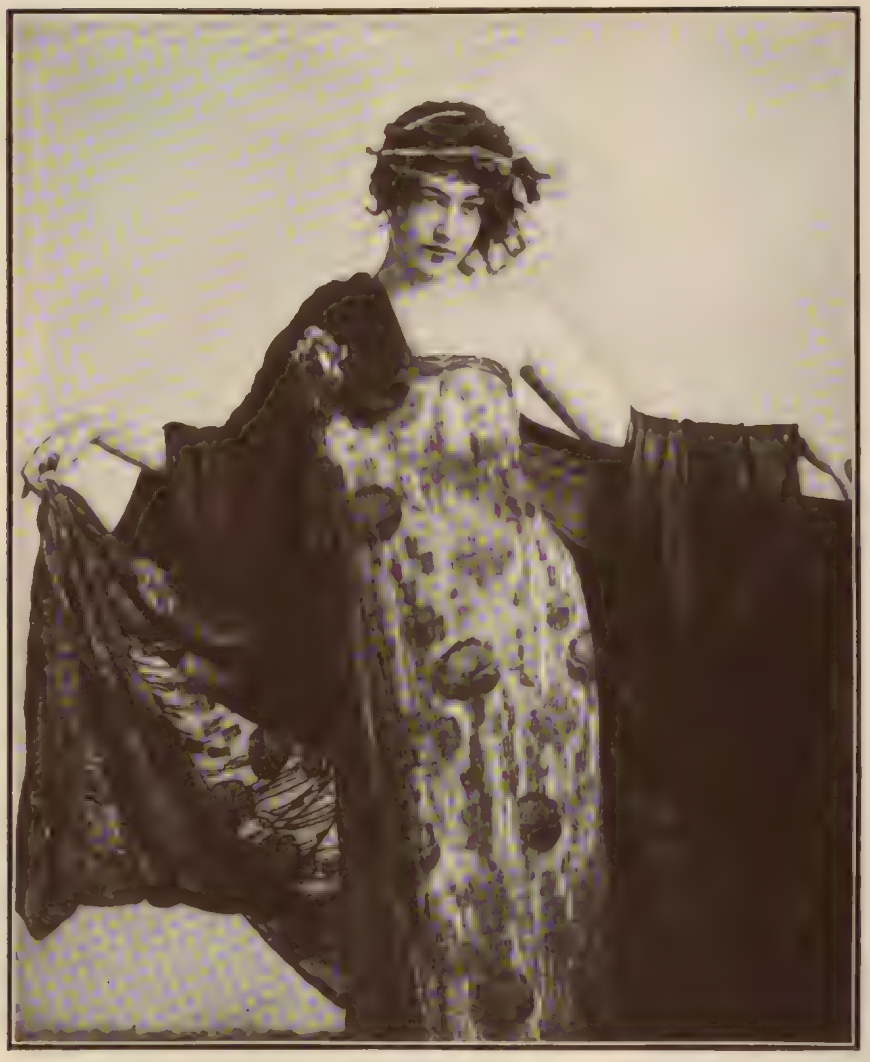

"CERISE"

From an art study by Tonnelé, New York

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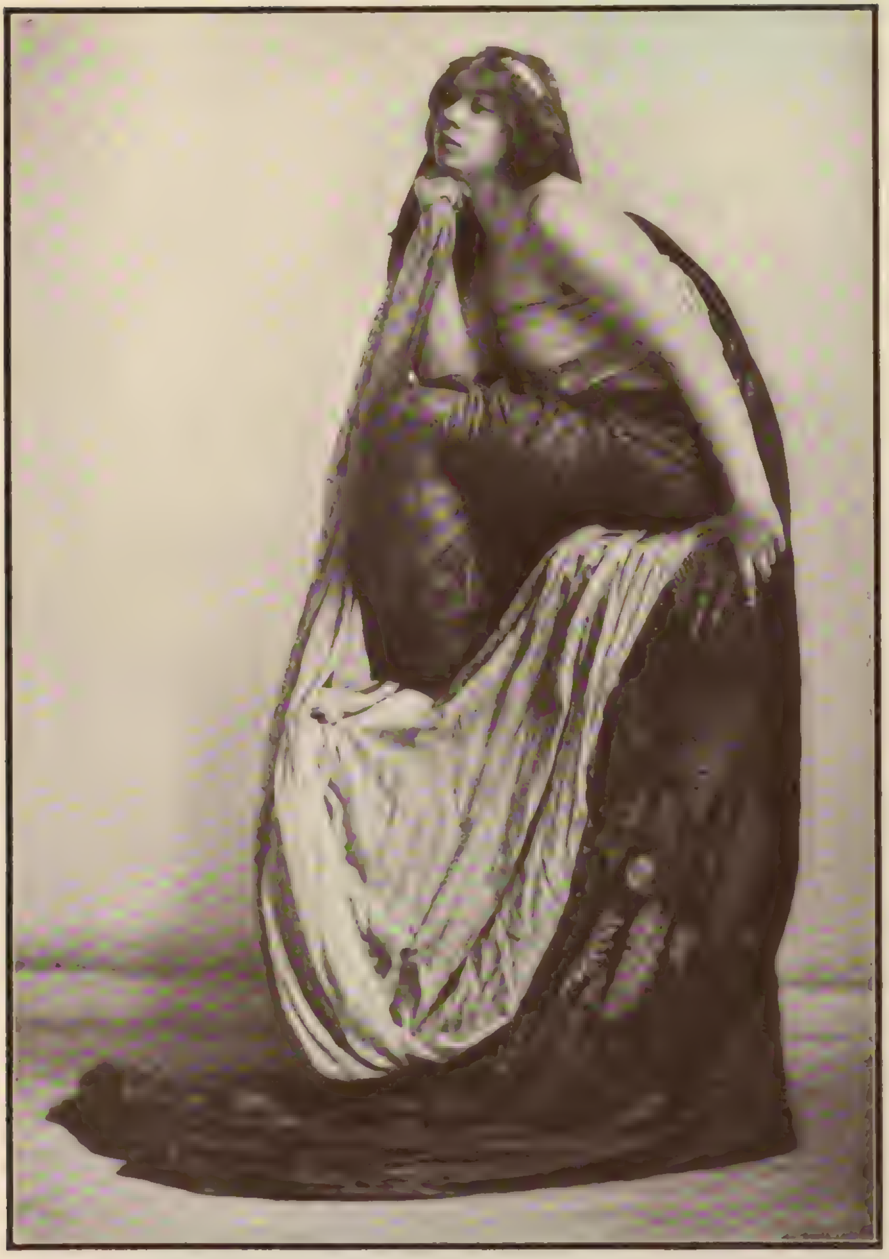

"THE WATCHER"

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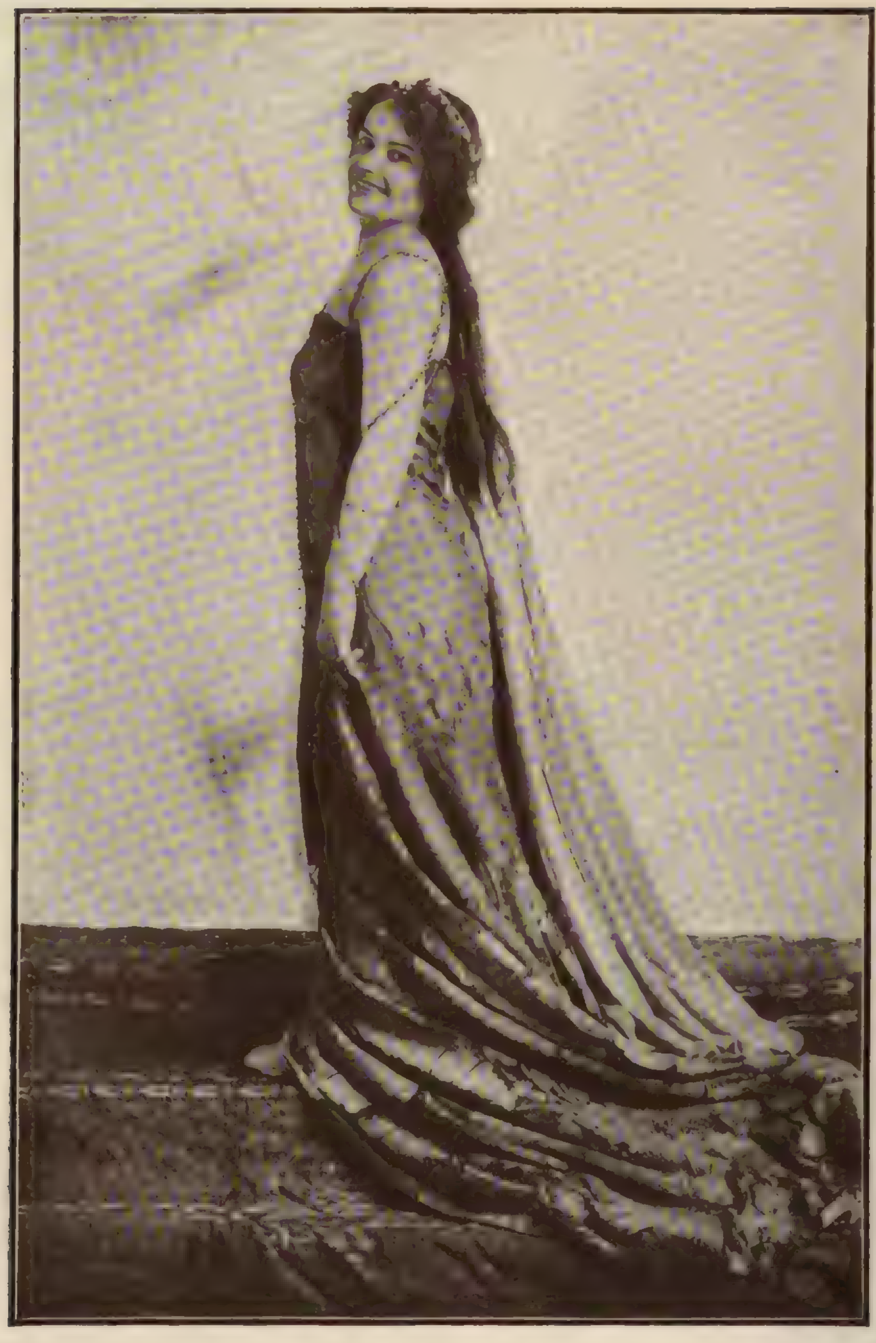

"WHEN A GIRL SMILES"
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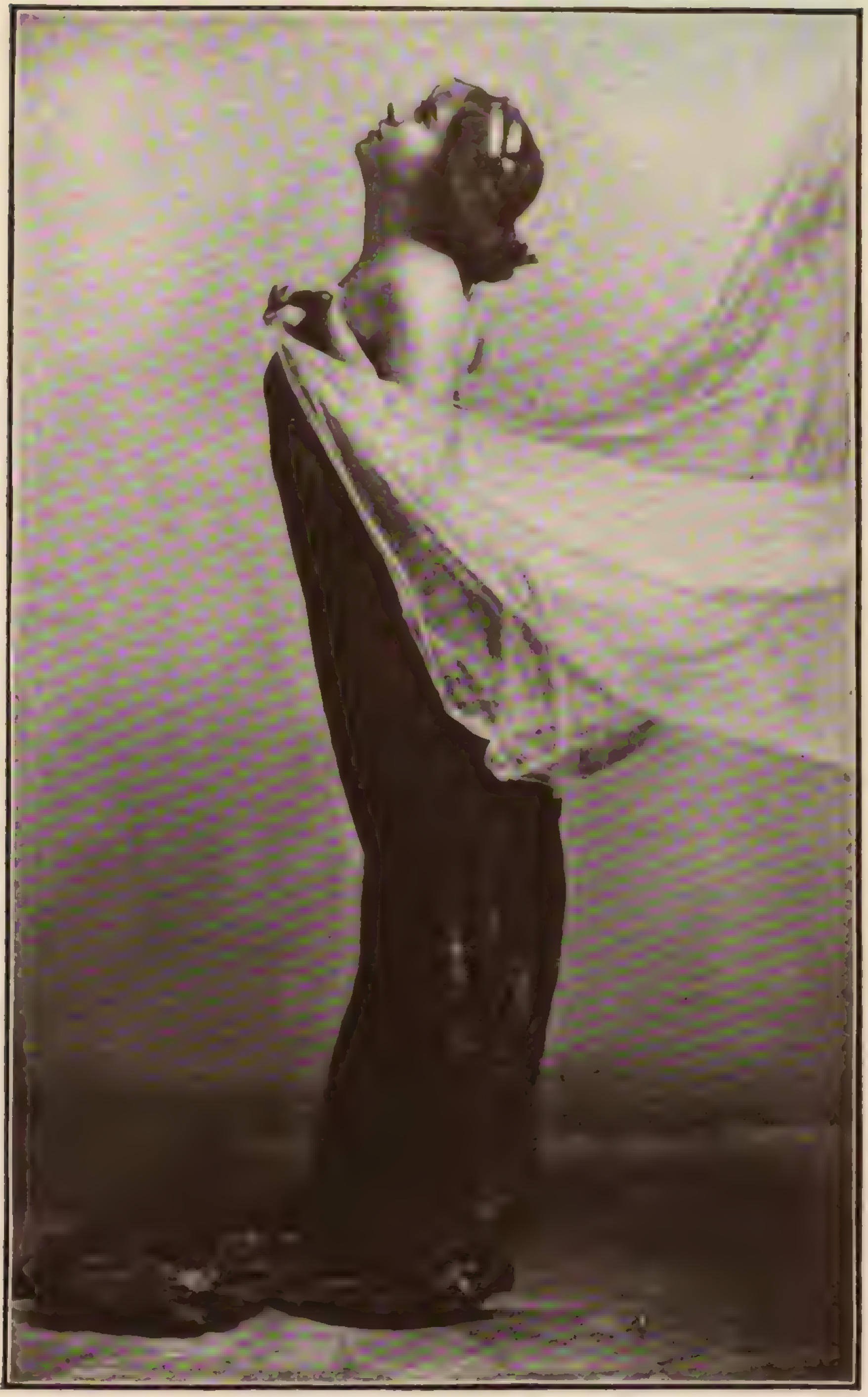

"WITH WINGS OF EARTH"
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"MY LADY BESS"

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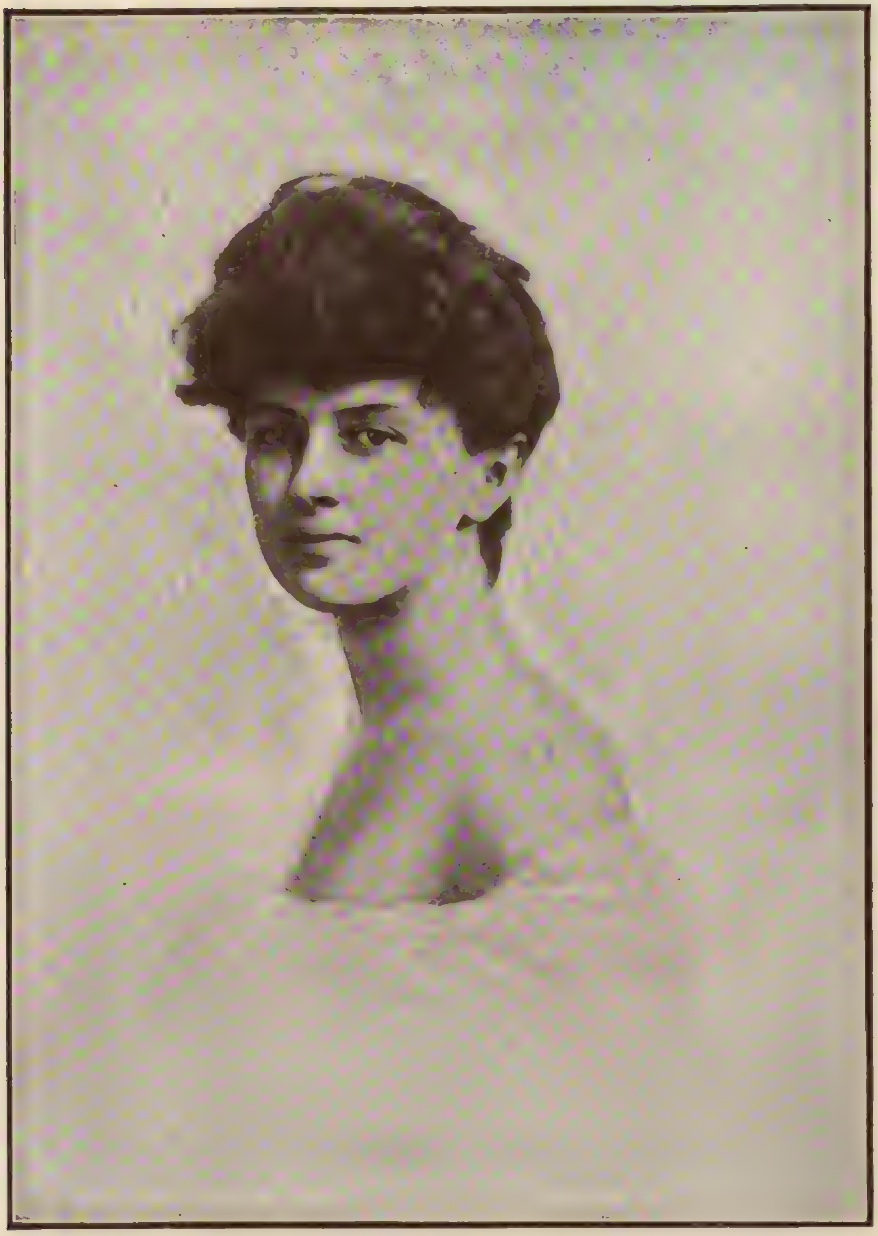

"MISS INNOCENCE"

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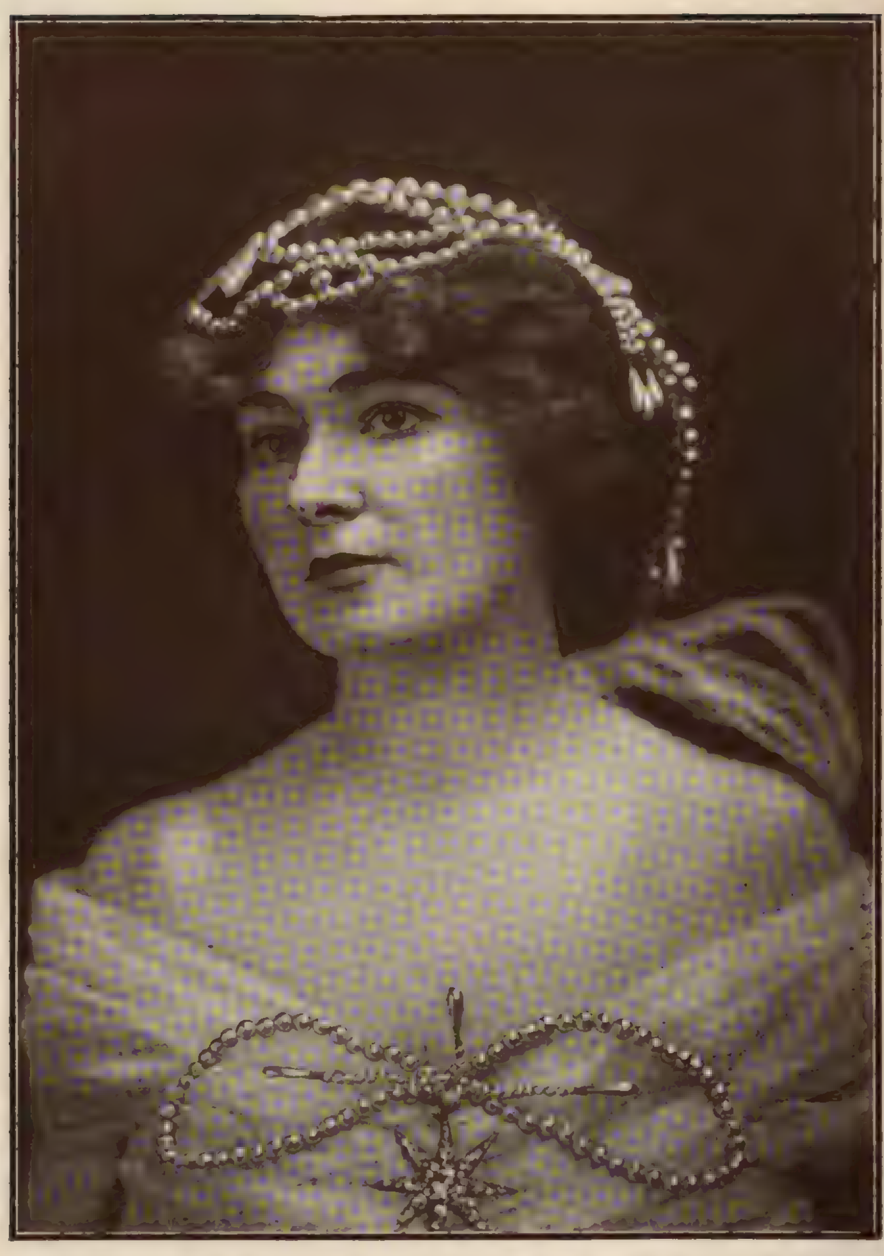

"QUEEN OF BRILLIANTS"

From a study by Tonnelé, New York

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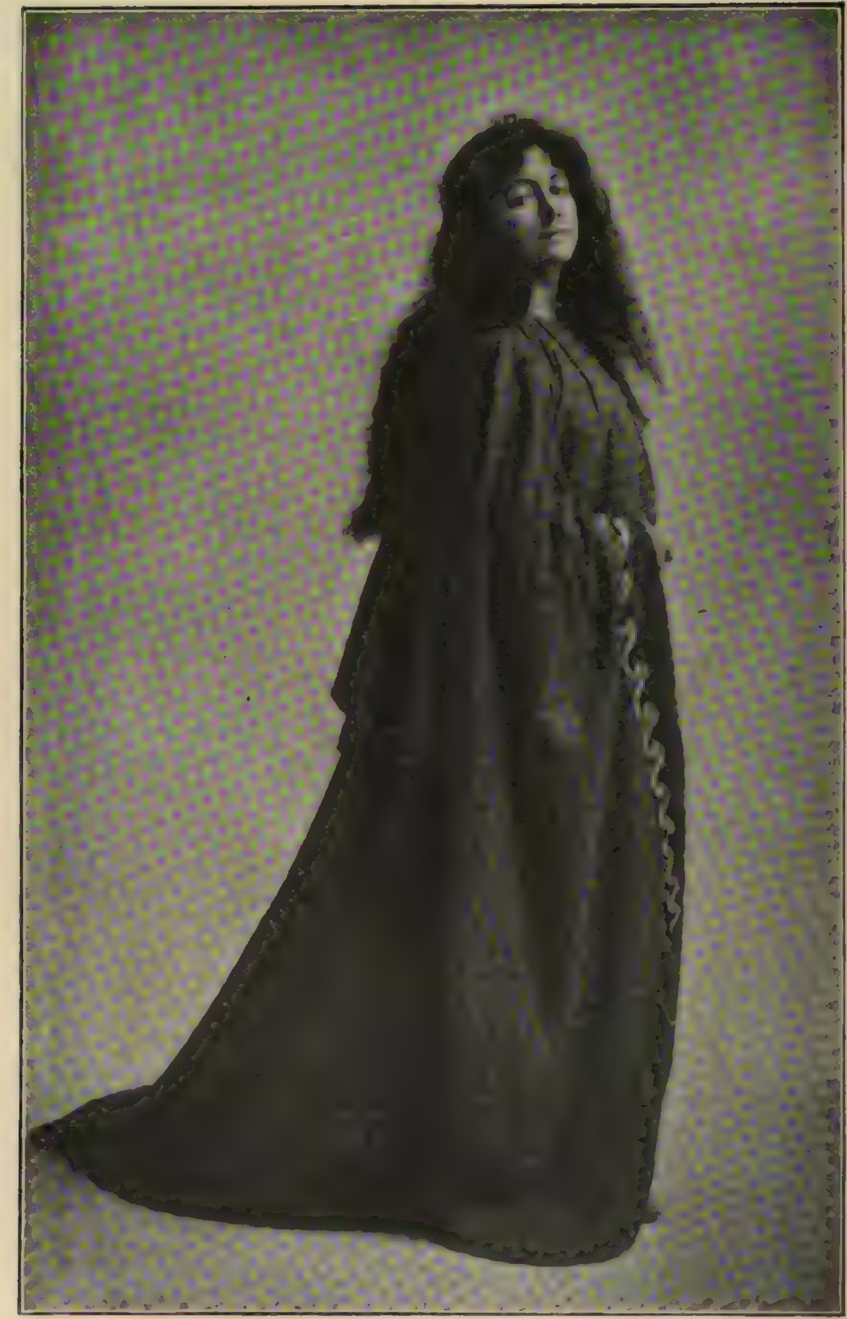

"REGENERATION"

From an art study of Miss Cissie Loftus by the Otto Sarony Company, New York
(See article "Studies in Facial Expression," page 393)

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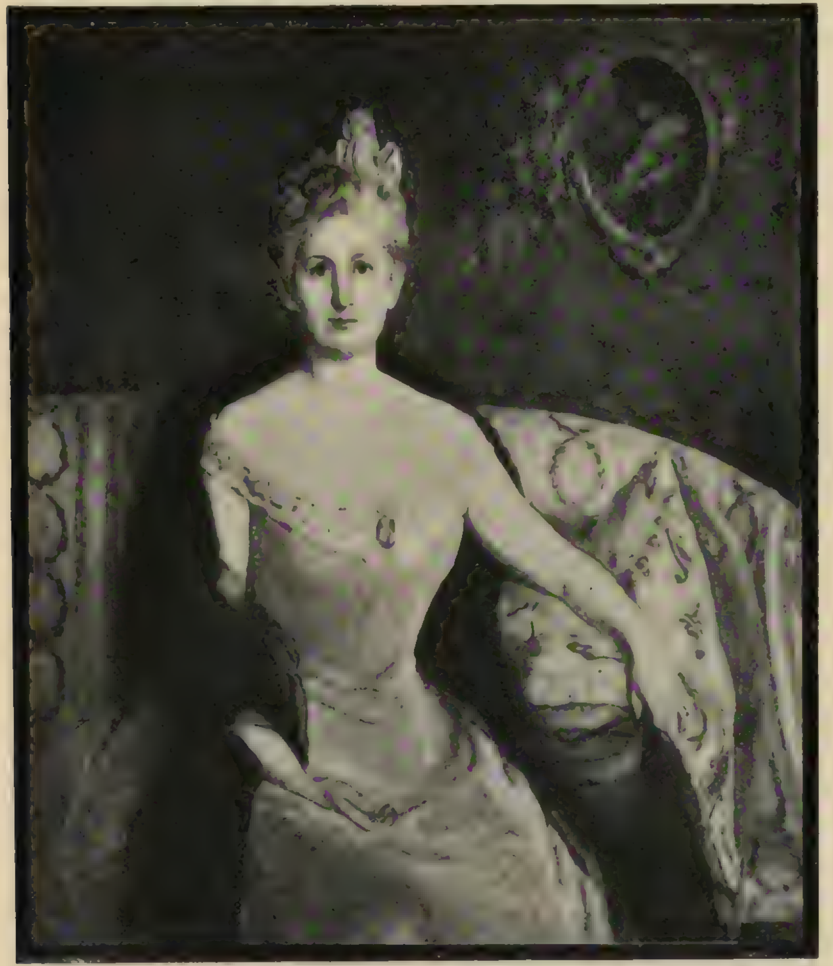

Mrs. J. D. Cox, of Cleveland, Ohio
From an oil portrait by Louise Cox

THE NEW YORK PORTRAIT SHOW

By John D. Spellman, Ph.D.

NEW YORKERS are proverbially charitable. Whenever there is a call upon their purses, whether for local or for other benefactions, they are the first to respond to the call of suffering. There have been many movements which have had in view the alleviation of human suffering, and perhaps the most popular of recent months was the "Portrait Show" which was held in the American Art Gallery in Madison Square for the benefit of the Children's Hospital and other good works. Women who comprised not only the ultra-fashionable, but likewise the artistic set, brought together several hundred of the most notable examples of portraiture, both by foreign artists and by Americans. Perhaps never in the history of art in America has so remarkable a collection been gathered under a single roof. People who guarded their treasures with zealous care, and never allowed the public

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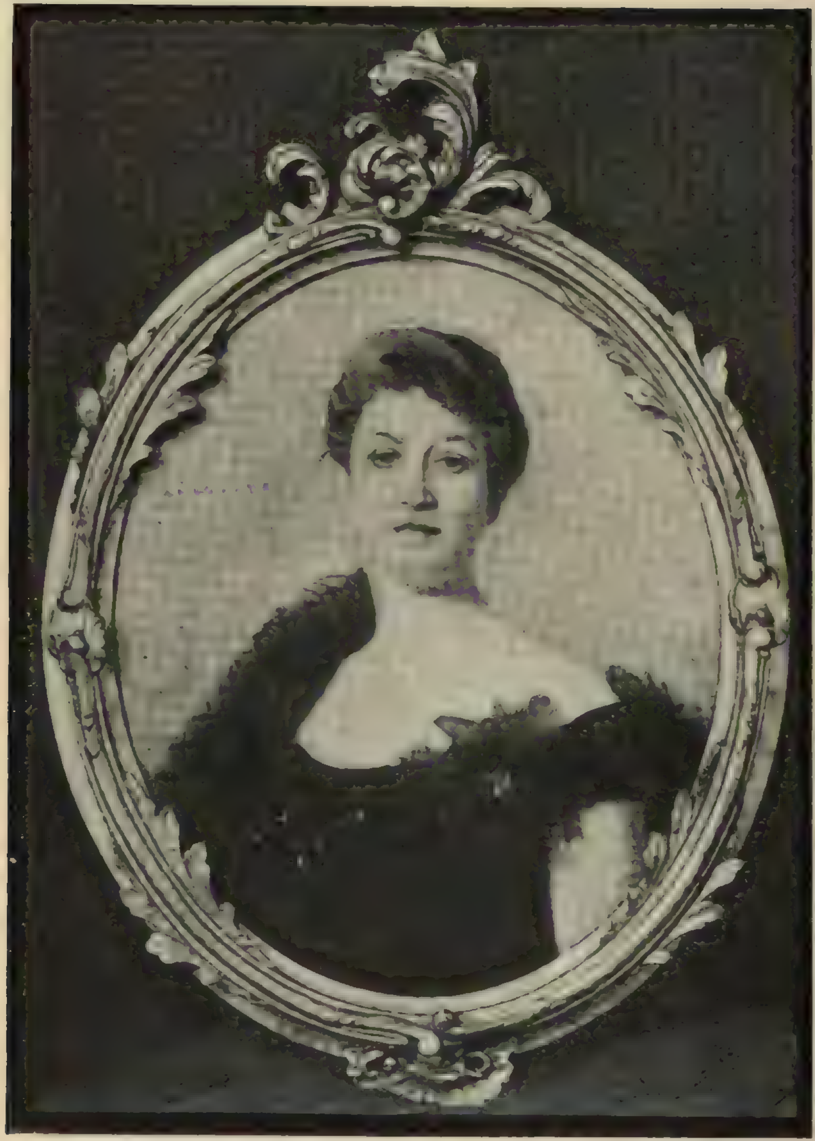

Mrs. William M. Ivans

From an oil portrait by Frank Fowler

to so much as have a peep at the masterpieces which adorned their mansions, were only too glad to let the world at large view their "counterfeit presentments" for a price which went to swell the fund of the beneficiaries. About four hundred of the foremost examples were shown. Every important portrait painter in the country was represented.

The Sargent works were perhaps the most in evidence, and called for the widest discussion and appreciation. Chase, Anderson, Blenner, Cox, Fowler, Diehlmen, Hall, and scores of other of our prominent portrait painters, were in evidence at this exhibition. The metropolitan public had an opportunity to see the contrast between these various masters, and to study their characteristics. The boldness of Sargent, the technique of Chase, the idealism of

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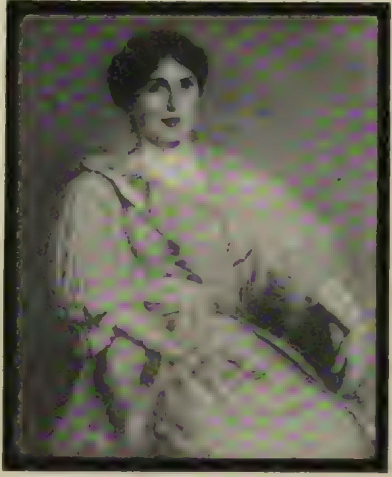
Kenyon Cox, and the faithful likenesses of Richard Hall were seen at their greatest advantage. Delegations from the art schools of the East made pilgrimages to the American Art Gallery under instructors, and made a deep and serious study of American portraiture. The New York art schools also turned out in full force and derived untold benefits from the opportunity afforded to see a collection such as had never been brought together before. Last of all, the public at large was able to judge how far within recent years this most difficult branch of the craft has proceeded.

Within the past decade or more, there has been a steadily increasing demand for good portrait work. Our people of wealth live secure and luxurious lives, and we follow more and more in the European paths, taking up numerous foreign fads and luxuries. In England, for the past quarter of a century, the portrait has been distinctly the thing, and people of rank and wealth have handed down to generations, portraits of themselves and their families, to adorn the homes of those who were to come after them. Americans abroad were not slow to appreciate the advantage of this, and followed the European lead. Foreign artists of all degrees of merit flocked to the United States, and found among our millionaires a flattering and well-compensated reception. Many of these, like Hukimer, Munzig, Chartran and others, crossed the water every year, and by the labor of a couple of months were enabled to return home with enough of the needful to supply them handsomely for the rest of the year. Five thousand dollars was the usual price demanded by these men of rank in their profession, and some of them by wonderful industry managed to paint fifteen or twenty portraits during a winter. Of course, some of these were not of the highest merit, considered from an artistic standpoint, since the money equation entered so largely in the artistic endeavor. Yet there were some which were very beautiful and which, as seen at the recent Portrait Show, proved the title of these men to greatness in their art, and are destined to be standard for centuries to come.

American artists were not slow to appreciate the advantages of perfecting themselves in this profound branch of their profession. The result has been that artists who believed themselves better gifted by nature to do landscape, still-life or historical composition in fresco or in illustration, gave themselves up to the study of portraiture, seeing therein the greatest future. What this movement has achieved was plainly evident at the recent exhibition. Infinite thought, the most careful study of the old masters, and constant endeavor to reach a superior plane or achieve a new point of view were evident everywhere in this collection of splendid canvases.


Mrs. L. L. Fuller
From a study by Kenyon Cox

Everyone familiar with the various phases of art in America and conversant with the vicissitudes of the artist in his struggle to attain the highest standard for his personal benefit, and to enrich the art of his country, knows very well what difficulties are to be encountered in portraiture and what valuable historical data the finished works are bound to be for future generations. One may be able to study the history of any nation through its portraits quite as readily as through its military or other statistical history. What we know of the Flemish period is given wonderful expression in the art of Holbein, Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Reubens and the rest. What Murillo and Velasquez did for Spain, what Titian and Domenichino did for Italy, and what all great painters of all great nations have done to limn the chronicles of their generations imperishably, the present generation of artists in America

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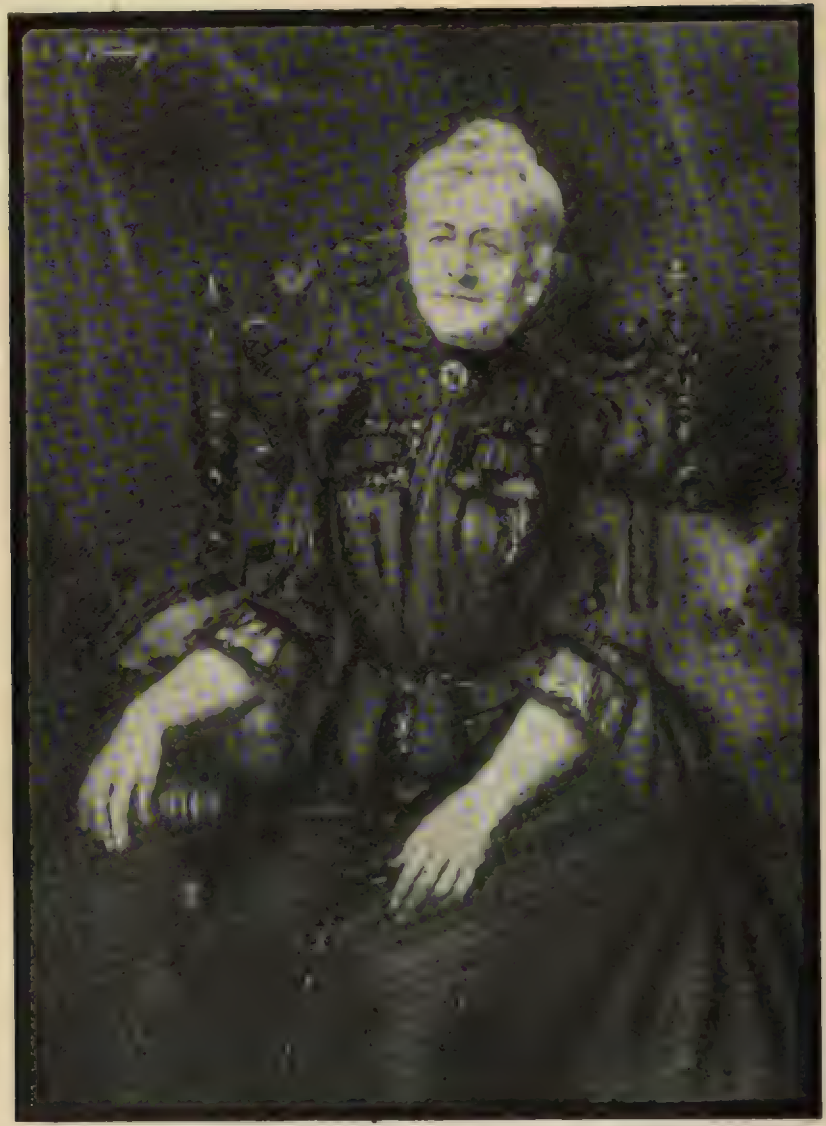

Mrs. George Bliss

From a portrait in oil by Elizabeth R. Finley

will do for the New World. No one will doubt, after seeing the recent Portrait Show, that the American artists are very much in earnest—men with a serious purpose, with a desire not only to excel, but to give America a place in the art history of all nations for all times. The initiative has already been taken with great strength and fervor, and there is no doubt that within the next quarter of a century there will be produced masterpieces of portraiture which will rank with the best of any nation.

Americans are intensely eager, zealous and hopeful. The keynote of the work thus far displayed is that of insistent good cheer, so deeply in contrast with the Slavonic mood so discernible in the Russian art of to-day. Brilliancy, deep feeling and a striving for the clearest characterize the American spirit.

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BEAUTY AND STRENGTH IN PORTRAITURE

WITH LATE EXAMPLES OF NEW CANVASES.

By George Burroughs Torrey

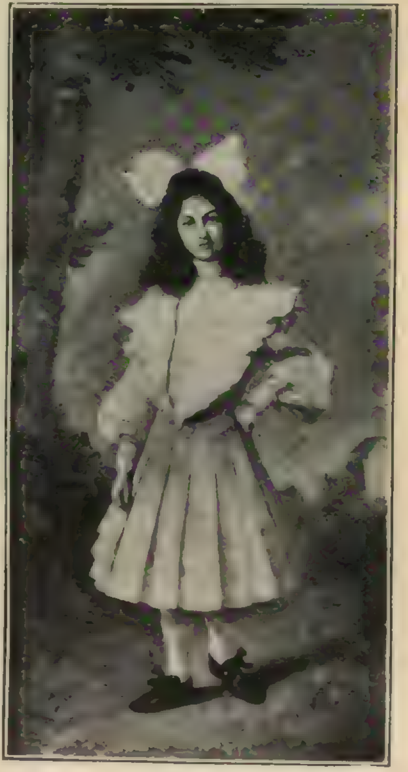
George Burroughs Torrey

IT must be admitted at the outset, that the traditional standard of beauty in woman lies in her form and coloring; perfect form and coloring, however, are rare, and the history of art shows that the great masters of portraiture have been those who have discovered and presented a certain indefinable charm where there has been a complete absence of the above traditional qualities. One has but to consider the rugged, strong features of those peasant mothers of the old Dutch Masters—the inspiration of the modern portrait painter—to understand that genius is the slave to material.

The portrait painter is not in a position to select ideal subjects. His sitters come to him, and presuppose that his art combined with their own individuality will bring about a result that is pleasing and replete with charm. A woman, whether she admit it or not, aspires to beauty on the canvas. A man wishes to convey force and strength. It is far less difficult to satisfy a man than a woman in this matter, for strength is easier to portray than mere prettiness, especially if the latter does not exist in the woman who sits. Women, it must never be forgotten, are severe critics of their own portraits. Even the most vain, and I might add the most beautiful, are not satisfied if the artist has not caught that something else which she holds higher than mere prettiness.

Personally, I always strive for the beautiful moment in a woman's face. In that moment it is illuminated. Sometimes it is intelligence, at other times it is tenderness; or it may be a smile of sparkling vivacity, or an instant of sweet and placid repose. Of course one does not discover this at the first meeting, although one is watching for it. Unfortunately, a woman is so exquisitely poised that she intuitively feels that she is undergoing a certain scrutiny, and she is, in consequence, more or less self-conscious. "She is not herself," to quote a familiar expression.

At this first meeting we arrange the details of costume and pose. In fact, as we converse I am making a study of her gestures and watching for the pose into which she falls most frequently. I do not advocate a fashionable modern costume in a portrait. Indeed, I am apt to show a stubborn streak on this point. The dressmaker's art is shown in the construction and color


Nellie Laffin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Laffin, of New York

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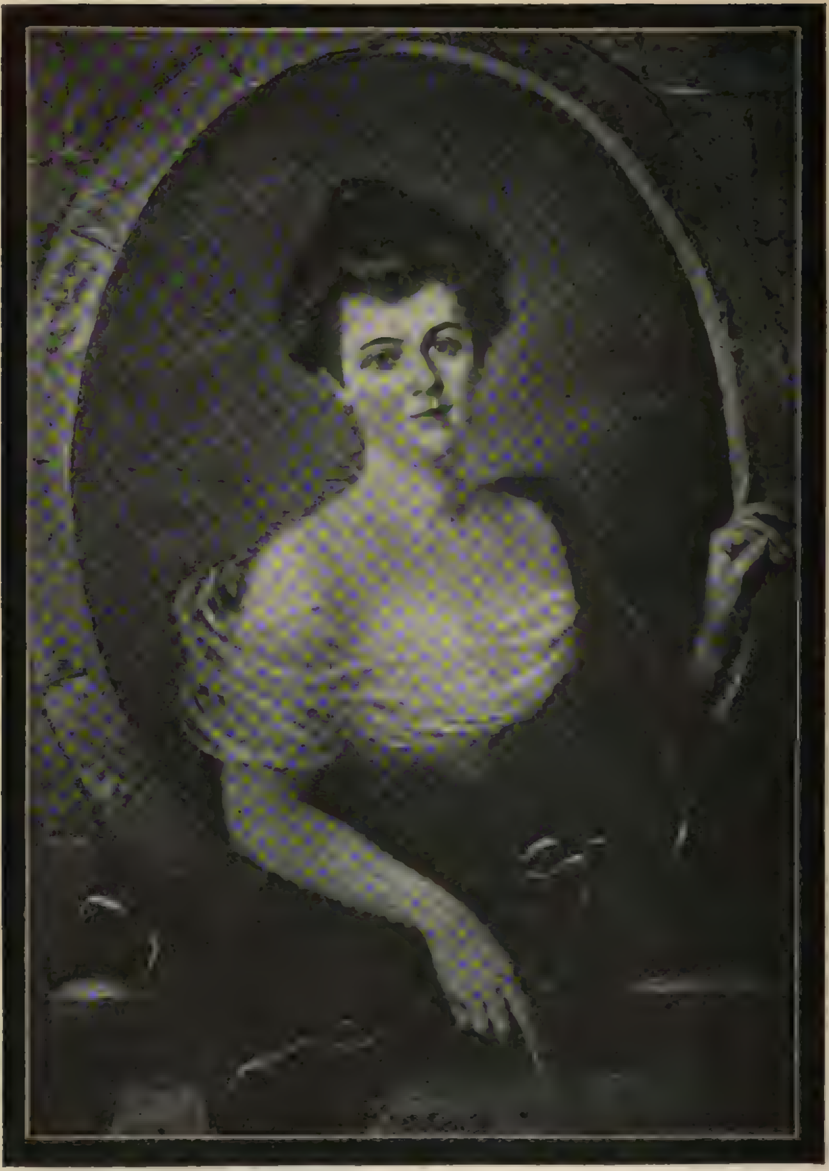

Mrs. George H. Hallet, of New York

combination of her patron's gown. With the portrait painter the dress is a mere accessory, to act as drapery to the figure and a frame to the face. What is more beautiful than the graceful tunic worn by the women of ancient Greece? It has stood the test of centuries, and is as harmonious to-day as a thousand years ago.

When possible, I paint the portraits of women in the open air. One is not limited then by the four walls of a studio. The lights and shades are more subtle, there is a more delicate charm in the coloring, more freedom and spontaneity in the pose.

A happy, natural expression is of course the main difficulty. A portrait painter is oftentimes called upon to present the ideal mood of a person whom he has never met

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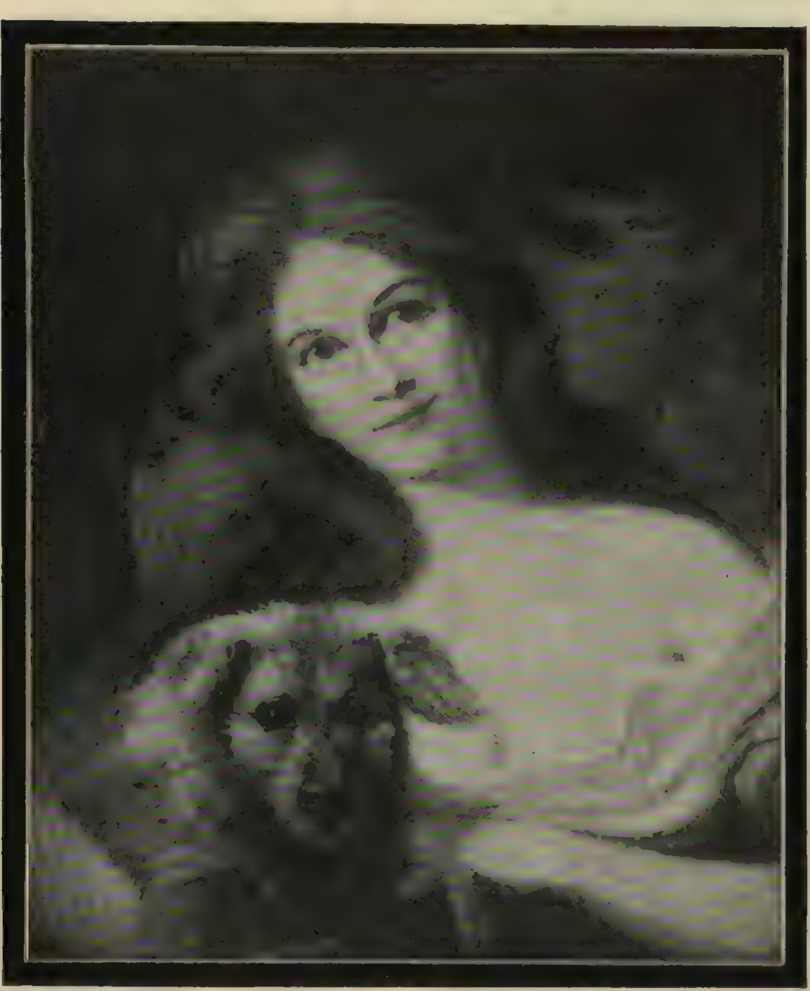

Miss Rébe Glasgow, sister of Miss Ellen Glasgow, the novelist

before. Unless this person has an unusually strong individuality, it is almost impossible to reach an understanding sufficiently comprehensive for a good portrait, until one has had some opportunity for closer acquaintanceship. On the other hand, I painted a portrait of my father in one sitting, and look upon it as one of the best things I have done.

I generally advise a woman of fashion and wealth, who is self-restrained by education, to have her friends about her while she is sitting for her portrait. I rather encourage her to talk, and when she loses all thought of the ordeal of posing for her portrait, I manage to find the moment of illumination for which I am looking.

Indeed, I followed this same plan when I painted the portrait, last summer while at Aix, of the King of Greece. The Court Chamberlain had given me a number of rules as to the proper manner of conducting myself in the presence of royalty. I found His Majesty a most amiable and delightful conversationalist; he spoke English with fluency, and so interested did I become in him as a subject that I forgot he was a King, and gave him my orders most unceremoniously. I imagine His Majesty enjoyed my democratic ways. At any rate, his portrait was pronounced a success, and we parted with mutual congratulations.

Children, of course, are delightful subjects, but naturally the woman who has a

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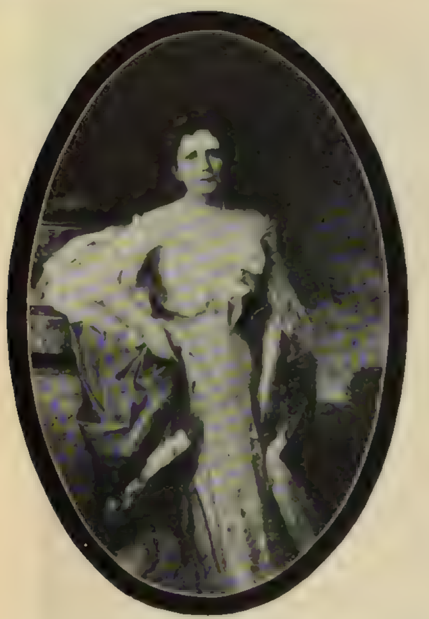
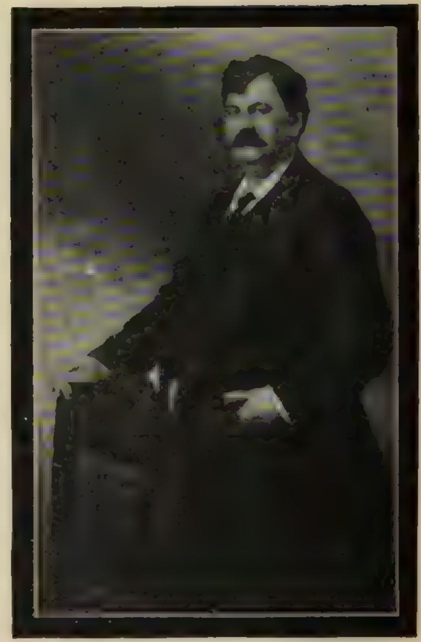
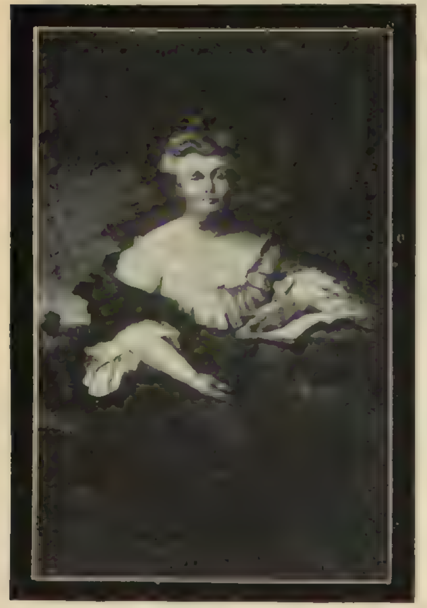


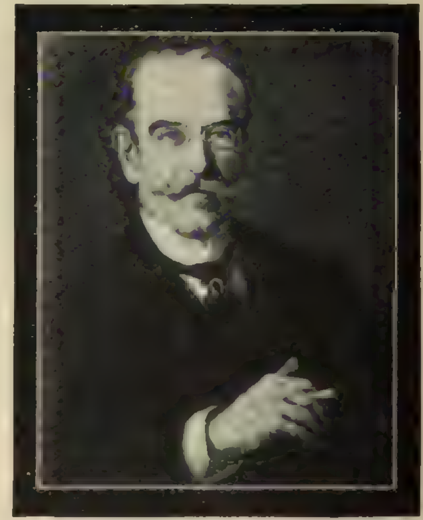
Mrs. Alexander McDonald, of New York



Judge Truax, of New York



Mrs. Thomas Carnegie, sister-in-law of Andrew Carnegie



Mr. Isaac Iselin, of New York

FROM TYPICAL TORREY SUBJECTS

From photographs direct from the original canvasses

sentiment to express from her own experience is more interesting, even if she is more difficult to portray. Some artists worship at the shrine of beauty; I must confess frankly, that while I make my respectful obeisance to beauty, I worship with even more enthusiasm at the shrine of woman at her moment of highest intelligence.

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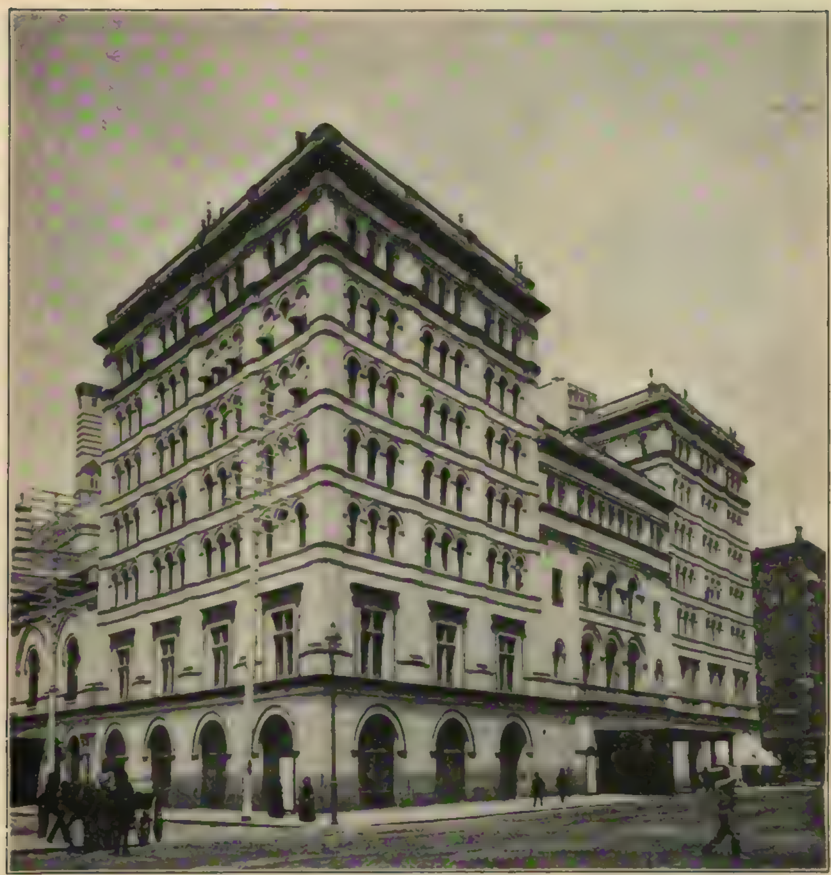

Photograph by Hall & Son, New York

The Metropolitan Opera House at Broadway and Fortieth Street, New York
The home of Grand Opera in America and the scene of the massive production of "Parsifal"

THE NEW METROPOLITAN OPERA

By Philip J. Martine

FOR a period of twenty years grand opera has been a feature of the New York season. It has been as much of a social institution as has been the Casino at Newport, where the "Four Hundred" has foregathered for these many summers. As an enterprise purely from an artistic and business standpoint, the Metropolitan Opera is the outgrowth of a movement which was started in the early seventies, when in America music did not have the encouragement which it enjoys at the present time. However, after the influence as well as the substantial support offered by some of the wealthy music lovers of New York, an adequate building was erected at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, and this may be regarded to-day as the most formal *ex-cathedra* court of grand opera in America. Whatever proceeds from this centre of musical excellence is bound to become standard throughout the country.

Previous to the erection of the Metro-

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Frellich
Edythe Walker
Dippel

Ella Fornson
Herr Conried
Mapleson

Sembrich
Plançon
Journet

IMPRESARIO CONRIED AND A GROUP OF HIS SONG-BIRDS

politan, New Yorkers enjoyed the works of the great masters only in shreds and parts, and even then there was positive encouragement only for Italian grand opera. With the installation of the new *régime* there was a distinct liberalizing of the musical point of view, and particularly was German opera brought seriously to the front. French work, as well as Hungarian and Russian, was encouraged from every standpoint. This widening of the musical horizon was one of the chief factors in the success which has followed the Metropolitan Opera enterprise from its incipiency, which prosperity has been steadily growing ever since.

For a number of years there was a deplorable deficit in the exchequer of the new

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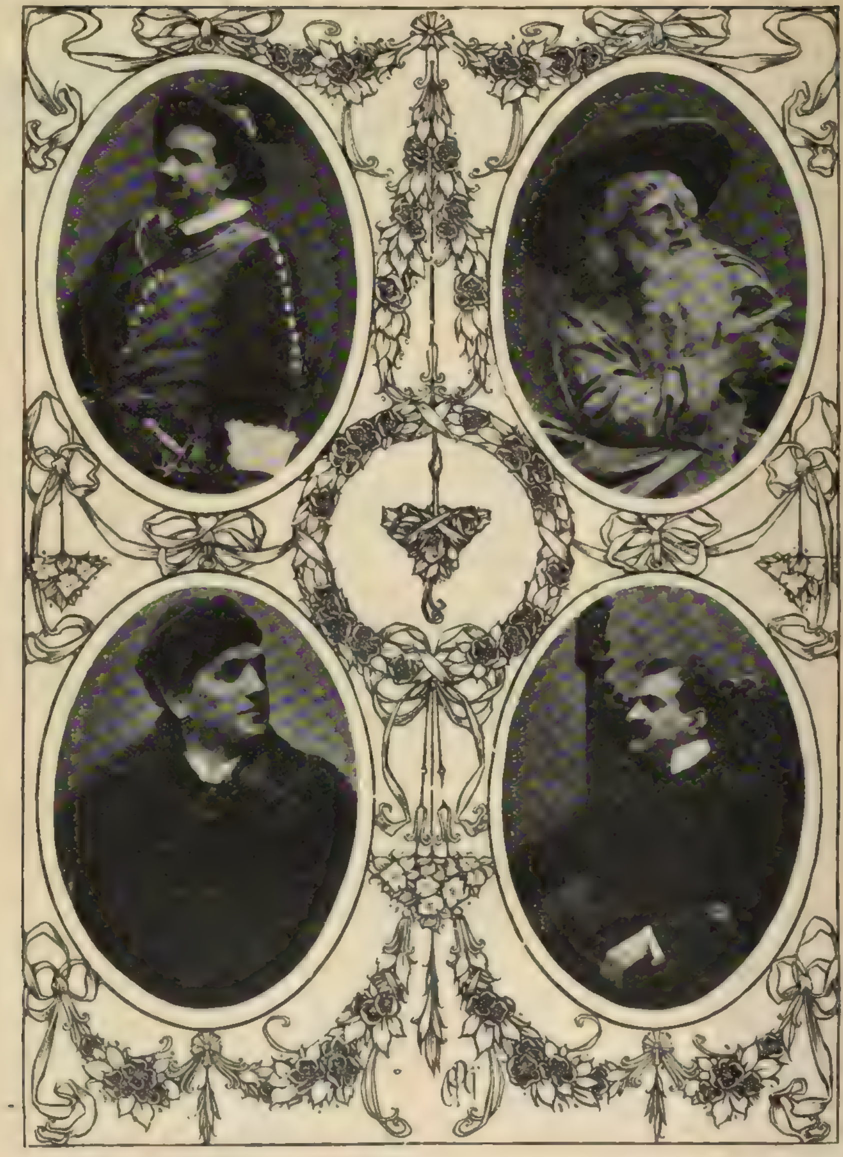
enterprise. As everybody knows, there have been countless thousands lost in the endeavor to help make grand opera an established feature in American life. People had to be educated up to the point of appreciating the masters of Europe, and that was something which required time. However, stanch adherents of the enterprise did not hesitate to spend immense sums of money that New York might be enabled to enjoy grand opera on a scale somewhat commensurate with the productions which the natives of Paris, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg have so long enjoyed.

There was an influx of singers of all nations, and considering the fact that these artists were very scantily paid on the other side of the water, to their surprise and delight the emoluments granted them in the New World were such as to make them independent for a year on the income of a single operatic season. Scores of singers who regarded America as a home of savages and incapable of musical appreciation, came to this country and were enabled to retire for life with comfortable fortunes. Europe began to awaken to the idea that there was something in America besides mere dollars and cents. Many of our brilliant young people went abroad to study, and, many of them making instant success, gave old Europe the impression that after all something good in a musical way could come out of this Occidental Nazareth. Then came in the great Wagnerian movement, which gave the strongest incentive and the widest agitation to grand opera that America had yet enjoyed.

Under the management of Maurice Grau grand opera achieved in this country a point of excellence never before attained. Of course Mr. Grau had the advantage of the propaganda which had been going on for a decade or more before he appeared on the field. At the same time it must be admitted that in his tireless labors and in his faithful adherence to the ideals which the Metropolitan Opera started out to fulfil, the impresario deserves the credit which he has repeatedly received from all quarters, native and international—for he was long considered the foremost of his class in this country. Unfortunately, right in the prime of his usefulness as an educational factor in American musical advancement, Mr. Grau lost his health and was compelled to retire permanently from the field.

In the person of Mr. Grau's successor, Herr Heinrich Conried, we have American grand opera again placed under auspicious influence and guardianship. Mr. Conried has served his apprenticeship well. For many years he has been the proprietor and general moving spirit of the Irving Place Theatre, where have been presented scores of the masterpieces of German dramatic literature as well as music of a less ambitious nature. Herr Conried, however, is a man of wonderfully catholic tastes, of great personal magnetism as well as possessing a most intimate knowledge of both the stage from a technical side, and of music from the abstract point of view. More than that, Mr. Conried enjoys perhaps as wide an acquaintance among his profession as any impresario in this country, or indeed the entire globe. It was the boast of Mr. Henry M. Stanley that he appreciated his opportunities when he realized that the work of the great Livingston as an African explorer was completed, and then proceeded to carry it on from the point where that great bearder of the jungles left off. Herr Conried enjoys a double advantage in that he finds the American public educated by the efforts of those who have gone before, and is able, as well, to avail himself of the monumental work of Mr. Grau.

Mentally and by virtue of his long stage training, Herr Conried is thoroughly able to carry out any theatrical undertaking in which he chooses to engage. He was himself a successful actor before he became a manager, and is thoroughly conversant with all the intricacies of stage-craft. The individual work of every man, from the humblest super to the leading rôle, Mr. Conried understands to the very letter. All the machinery which goes to impress an audience with its wonders and its beauty he knows as the Chinaman knows his abacus and can compute upon it with unfailing accuracy. Mr. Conried's first grand *coup* was to do what never had been attempted before, for the reason that it was thought a task well-nigh herculean, and, on account of its manifold obstacles, a thing practically impossible, viz., the presentation of the greatest Wagnerian masterpiece, "Parsifal." History will never record the struggles against most stubborn



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Caruso, the new tenor — Van Rooy

Ernest Kraus — Antonio Scotti

FOUR MEN WHO ARE STARS OF THE CONRIED COMPANY, AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

foes and the conquest over the most profound technical difficulties which Mr. Conried encountered in his noble effort to bring the Baireuth mountain to Mohammed, whereas for a whole generation Mohammed, as it were, had been bidden to the mountain.

The sum of one hundred thousand dollars represents the actual outlay in money to prove to New Yorkers and to the world at large that Herr Conried is a man of resource and of power; but no one will realize the amazing fortitude and the prodigious labor under vicissitudes which would have crushed an ordinary manager, all of which Herr Conried was content to cheerfully

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Fanchon Thompson

Camille Seygard Milka Ternina Louise Homer

FOUR WOMEN PROMINENT IN MR. CONRIED'S COMPANY THIS YEAR

endure in order to prove his title. Not only has he brought every modern contrivance to bear upon the perfection of each detail of this sublime work, but he has likewise summoned to his aid some of the ablest men and women known to the grand opera world. This last has been perhaps the most difficult of all, for the reason that it was not a matter of money alone which brought these great interpreters here. Each had to be duly impressed with the seriousness of the work as it would be presented to an American public before their interests could be aroused.

THE NEW MAYOR OF NEW YORK

COL. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, HIS PERSONALITY AND HIS METHODS

By Roland Burke Hennessy

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, Mayor at thirty-eight, Governor at forty-three, and President at forty-six. Why not? Would it be any more remarkable than Congressman at thirty-three? There seems to be a sort of numerical evolution about the career of Colonel McClellan which makes him a fascinating study to the student of politics.

Once having known Mayor McClellan and having studied his career since he was a young man, there is nothing so very surprising in his success. In the first place, he was the son of a great man. This in itself would have been a handicap if the son had not had the equilibrium to stand both the advantages and disadvantages of such relationship. Poise—intellectual and absolute—is what the Mayor was always possessed of in a fine measure. This mental balance has saved many a less able man from obscurity. I am firmly convinced, however, that without his glorious birthright, this virile son of a splendid father would still have made his impression on the world. His very quality of youthful enthusiasm, tempered with excellent common sense and a valuable knowledge of men and matters, has served to make of Colonel McClellan a man to trust and to admire.

Congressman McClellan was a party man—but even his Republican associates will tell you that his was the straight, upright, well-defined course. The artifices of the politician, the quibblings of the trickster, and the half-hearted captiousness of the demagogue were not for him. He walked straight out into the public gaze with his mind made up and his position clearly set forth. It is this directness, this honesty of thought and purpose, this absolute fidelity and firm belief in the doctrine he espouses, that have always made George B. McClellan a safe man to deal with—safe for his party, his friends and even his enemies. He has always been a fair fighter. His record at Washington, in his law practise and in his dealings with all men, has proven him to be an honest, valiant opponent and loyal friend. When he fights, he fights in the open.

At thirty-eight, therefore—and at the end of a bitterly fought campaign, after the greatest city of the western hemisphere had tried to run its Democratic self in a Republican manner—Colonel McClellan comes to the Mayor's chair one of the youngest men that ever occupied it. He comes in the full vigor of manhood with a fine record to sustain, a great record to make and magnificent opportunities to take hold of and mold to his own ends and those of the people he serves.

Make no mistake on the point of Mayor McClellan's ability to work out his own policy. While he is unquestionably a strong believer in party organization, he also firmly believes that a man owes something to himself as well as to tradition and well-understood political conditions. Mayor McClellan is not a small man. He is large in the sense of being able to understand that he must find men capable of putting into execution those ideas which come to a resourceful man and which he of necessity cannot find time to attend to himself.

With the knowledge of the man as he is and with his well-known ability to handle great affairs in an able manner, is it any wonder that his friends—yes, and the great national Democratic party itself—look at this young political Hercules and wonder if it is possible that a thirty-eight-year-old Mayor of three millions of people may not also be a very probable forty-one-year-old Governor and a forty-six-year-old President? And the more advanced in thought—and some of these are men whose opinions have often been accepted as propaganda—say, "McClellan for President in 1904?"

Truly, we are a young and vigorous people.

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COLONEL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Mayor of Greater New York

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From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

CORONA RICCARDO AS MARTA IN "MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS"

Miss Riccardo is the type of intense actress who would naturally be selected to play the role of Marta, which is above all things intense and commanding. This actress has come before the public with special prominence during the past few years; and at an early age, measured by the standard that has been in use for many decades, she finds herself a star in a play that might well tax the ability and dramatic strength of any well-equipped player. Miss Riccardo is here shown in her makeup as Marta.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE HAMMER

By Graham J. Kent

THE crime had been one of peculiar atrocity. While the little old man who kept the quaint curiosity shop over on the East Side seemed to have few or no friends, he was blessed with a great many acquaintances, especially among the people of the better class, with whom it was quite a fad to visit the dingy, shabby little shop, with its *mélange* of bric-a-brac, moldy books, articles of *vertu*, and antiques genuine or spurious, valuable or worthless, all heaped about in promiscuous confusion.

Indeed, the "Major" was not the least curious object in the collection. Few people knew that the title represented gallant and youthful soldiering in Civil War days before he shriveled and dried up in the musty little shop.

When, therefore, he was found dead among his raffle of goods, about half-past seven in the evening, with his brains brutally beaten out by a hammer which lay by his side, the greatest excitement was manifested everywhere.

That a man should be murdered in one of the main thoroughfares of the city at that hour, and in that way; that the murderer should make his escape by the front door, which was left open, were in themselves sufficiently remarkable facts to engage widespread attention.

The New York police force, supplemented by the best detectives that could be procured, who were paid by private subscription, worked upon the case in vain. No clue presented itself, nothing whatever was discovered.

The contents of the shop were finally sold by auction, and the place was closed. The estate (contrary to the general opinion, consisting merely of the proceeds of the sale of the goods) was administered in the interests of some distant connections, and the whole affair after a short time was practically forgotten. Yet somewhere on the earth a man wandered with the guilt of murder heavy upon his soul.

. . . .

When it was announced in the advertisements that Richard Withers the great actor was to play "The Bells" on Thursday night, Society—and those not within the charmed circle who could scrape together the unusual price demanded by the elaborate nature of Withers' staging—anticipated a great intellectual treat.

To see the character of *Matthias* interpreted by such a master of the tragic art could hardly be called entertaining, of course; yet anything which takes us out of the humdrum routine of every-day life and quickens the blood that beats with such commonplace sluggishness ordinarily, is most desirable.

It is easy, therefore, to understand the avidity with which the opportunity for paying the unusual price for being shocked and horrified was welcomed.

The play, with its damnable iteration of chiming sleigh-bells, and with its awful portrayal of the struggles of a crime-stained human soul against diabolic memories, proceeded with that wonderful smoothness and effectiveness for which Withers' productions were famous.

After the short intermission at the close of the second act the audience, most of whom were familiar with the story, settled themselves with delicious thrills of foreboding anticipation to witness the dreadful and harrowing *dénouement* in which the murderer's dream that the crime of years is at last exposed, and the brand of guilt is fixed upon his honored brow, is exhibited on the stage in all its terrific realism.

The house, including the stage, was totally dark. A weird, ghastly beam of light thrown from the wings fell fitfully upon the face of Withers—no, of *Matthias* himself. The great actor's identity was lost, merged, forgotten, in the character he portrayed. Not another thing could be perceived in the theatre. The gaze of every man and woman and child in that vast assemblage was concentrated upon that beautifully mobile yet terrible face.

The silence with which the audience listened to that piercing, shuddering voice out of the darkness was oppressive. Could

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one's attention have been distracted from the stage he might have caught the quickening in-take of deep breaths, or here and there marked the low quivering sigh with which nervous people, under the influence of that terrible portrayal of the agony of remorse and apprehension at detected murder, trembled, watched and waited.

Yet there was nothing actually to be seen in the theatre but the face of the actor, or sometimes a white ghastly hand and a dim, dark suggestion of a body writhing in mortal torture, so keen as almost to pass belief, in a *tour de force* of unwilling confession. The detachment was perfect, the illusion was complete; there before them was a soul in judgment.

As the man was forced, under the influence of a higher Power than his own, to describe the murder, the base violation of hospitality, the blow of the ax that killed a guest, by which fifteen years before he had laid the foundation of his fortune; as he was constrained to act again before his judges in hypnotic trance the awful happenings of the tragedy of that terrible night of which none had suspected him; and when, on being released from the spell, his confession was read to him by the court, and the realization came to him that the fabric of respectability which he had carefully created upon the shifting sand of murder had crashed into nothing—who, that ever saw it or heard it, will forget the fearful anguish and despair of that wrecked soul!

As *Matthias* fell prostrate at the feet of the judges, moaning in utter desolation and abandonment, the appalling stillness was suddenly broken, and this time the sound came not from the stage.

Out of the darkness of the auditorium a thin, high voice, fraught with a note of torture more real and intense if possible than that which the marvelous skill of the actor had produced, was hurled into the great vault of the theatre.

"No—no!" it cried; "you are wrong. It was a hammer!"

The amazement of the audience for the moment held them still, while the voice shrieked out in the darkness—

"It is enough! I'll confess. Guilty—guilty! It was I! The murder— Light! for Heaven's sake, light!"

A woman screamed suddenly. People rose to their feet. One of those strange swaying movements which bespeak a panic ran through the crowd. *Matthias* on the stage rose instantly, faced about and walked toward the dark footlights, a genuine horror in his soul this time; for no human voice that he had ever heard had carried such mortal pain as that which had just spoken.

"Lights—lights!"

"Go on with the performance."

At that instant the lights were turned up. There in the middle aisle, a few rows from the orchestra rail, a tall, thin man, his haggard face white with emotion, his eyes staring, his teeth clenched 'neath bloodless lips, stood swaying unsteadily to and fro.

"I can't stand it any longer!" cried the man, staring up at *Matthias*. "You've done it. I'll confess all! It has torn me to pieces!" he screamed, clutching at his throat. "The major—I beat him to death with his hammer, like you did, for his money. I took it from his pocket. I knew it was there. I was his friend, his only friend. There was no place to bury his body. He's always at my feet. He's staring at me now beside you on the stage!"

The great actor shrank away involuntarily as the man went on.

"Pity—pity!" the latter wailed, staggering, stumbling forward, falling upon his knees, nearer to the stage, waiting for reprieve, sentence, condemnation—God knows what.

The audience stared likewise with suspended hearts, from the great but mimic figure of murder on the one side of the footlights, to the greater and real figure of murder upon the other. As they gazed the man wavered forward again, sank lower, his hands fell; but before he could collapse completely a headquarters detective, the first to recover his wits in the presence of the catastrophe, ran down and pounced upon him. Grasping his shoulder, he said—

"You're my prisoner. I arrest you!"

"Too late," whispered the man. "I'm—going—going—to plead—in another—court."

He pitched forward and fell on his face—dead. And a woman, dry-eyed with horror, old love surviving honor, respect, righteousness, knelt by his side, took his head in her arms, and strove to kiss away from his brow the mark of Cain.

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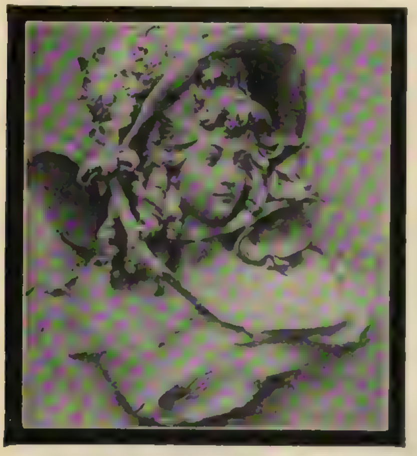
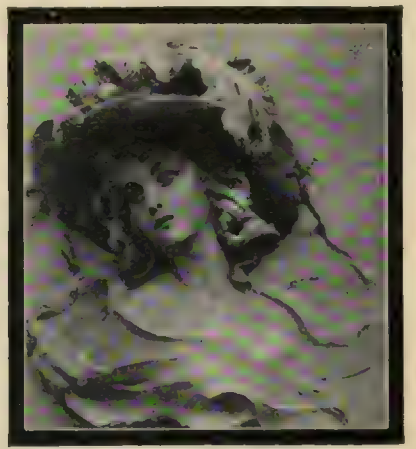
THE LATEST FAD IN POSTAL CARDS

By Grace Jameson

THE continental craze for curious postal cards has found expression in various strange fantasies of color and design.

Some of these are exceedingly beautiful, while others are merely grotesque or absurdly faddish. In the bas-relief design we have something that is certainly unique and, as fancy portraits, is worthy of consideration.

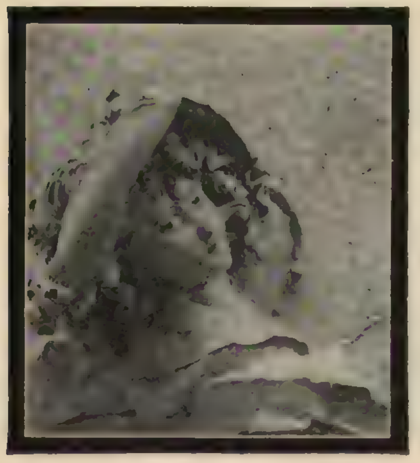


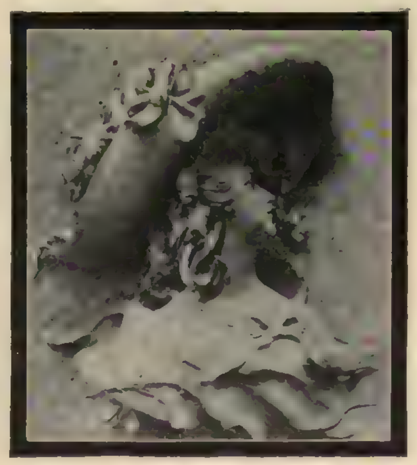


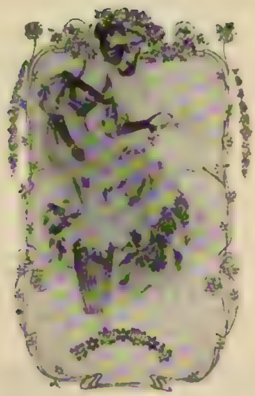
It is not necessary to state that these postal cards are of French design, for it was in France that the fad started. They are examples, however, of what might be called "l'art nouveau," and, while breaking away from the rigidity of conventional classicism, nevertheless express a thoroughly Gallic sympathy.

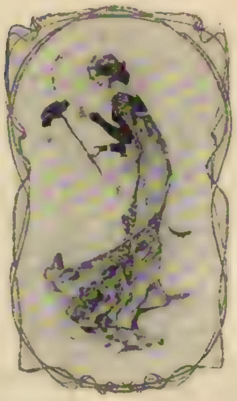
In the blithesome and flower-like figures designed in delicate tracery we have a contrasting spirit. These are weird and fanciful even to a point of actual unreality. They are medieval in outline and attire, and yet are exceedingly Frenchy in their attenuated and over-refined subtilty of drawing.

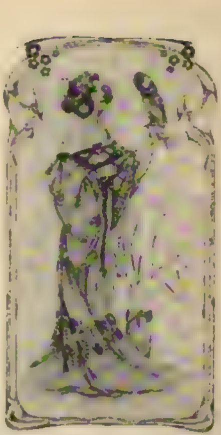
That the postal card was destined to be



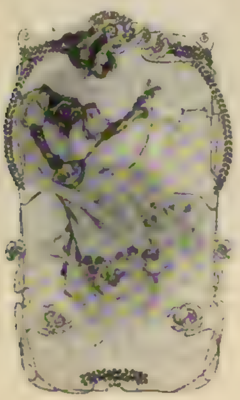


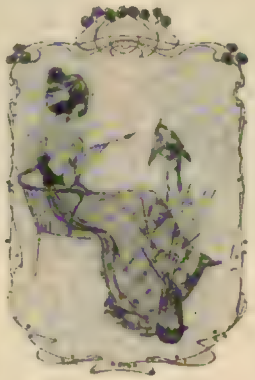


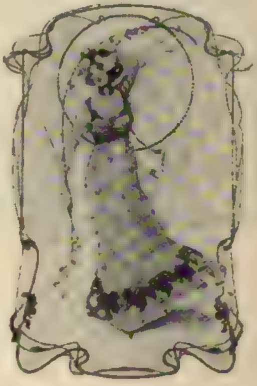




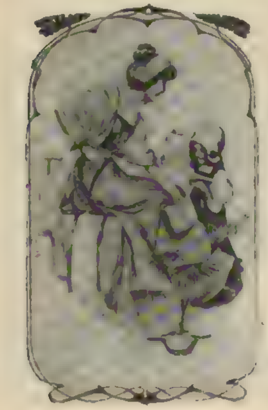
the encourager of certain forms of art, more or less meritorious, is something that was not thought of when that very utilitarian and economical method of communication was adopted.

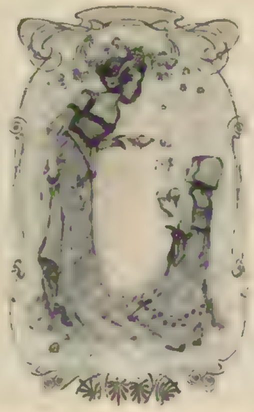


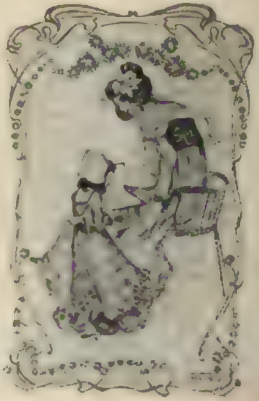




However, anything that disseminates the artistic spirit throughout the world is worthy of merit aside from the individual work of the artists who have given up so much time of late to designing them, and thus there are, after all, certain real compensations. The fad waxes promising.







"WHY I WENT ON THE STAGE"

CLARA BLOODGOOD, ELSIE DE WOLFE, AND OTHER SOCIETY ACTRESSES TELL WHY THEY LEFT SOCIETY FOR THE FOOTLIGHTS

SOCIETY has sent many recruits to the stage. A few have failed altogether; the greater number have become submerged in the ranks of the ordinary professional woman. Some, the rare ones, have reached after and won the coveted laurels of fame and wealth.

A few years ago, and even now, every society play aimed to exploit as members of its cast the names of girls known to the fashionable world at large. It was supposed that these girls, being to the manner born, could portray with actual realism the grace and self-possession of women who impersonated the habituées of higher circles. Miss Elsie de Wolfe, herself a former society woman, inaugurated this fashion in her first venture as a star in the Clyde Fitch play "The Way of the World."

James Holly, Miss Pitcher, of Short Hills; Mrs. Oakey Hall, the widow of a former Mayor of New York, were all members of this memorable company. That same season, I believe, Grace George collected a body of society girls in her pretty play, "Under Southern Skies." It was in this little drama of the South that Marie Wilmerding made her modest début as an ingénue in white muslin and floating ribbons of azure blue. Poor little Marie Wilmerding! A granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, her father, Colonel Vanderbilt Allen, a man of highest talent and gallantry, she made a failure of dramatic career as she has of her young life. At that time, when questioned regarding her selection of the stage as a means of livelihood, she answered with simple dignity: "When my circumstances were such that I found it necessary to earn my living, I chose the stage, as labor in that direction is better paid than in most other professions open to women, and there is a chance, if one is fortunate enough to possess talent, to earn a good livelihood; then one has the opportunity to travel, and to meet, if one succeeds, charming and cultured people."

Madame Roza Durant da Ponte, at one time one of the wealthiest women in New Orleans, owning her own private theatre on the park of her estate, where she acted for the "fun of it," was also a member of Miss George's Company, and, indeed, won some little success in her impersonation of a Southern matron of the old aristocracy.

There is a certain grim pathos in the fact that Victoria Morosini-Schillings, the daughter of the millionaire banker, who committed the unpardonable crime of eloping with her father's coachman, was the first of that brilliant coterie of society girls to seek a living upon the stage. She appeared in the chorus of some musical production, was assigned a solo, made a wretched fiasco, and forthwith disappeared into oblivion. I believe she is living in Paris, and I doubt if she knows she was the leader of a glittering and glorious fad.

Victoria Morosini-Schillings made her début perhaps eighteen years ago. A short time after her ignominious retirement, Lily Langtry traversed America in a series of triumphs. She was young, beautiful, notorious, and determined. She came with the prestige of the best London set—the famous Prince of Wales' set. She had titles and distinguished personages at her finger's end. She had brains, and she succeeded.

Cora Urquhart Potter, the wife of a bishop's nephew, and a member of the most exclusive New York set, became a close friend and admirer of the Jersey Lily.

Amateur theatricals, headed by Mrs. Potter, became the fashion; under the guise of charity, a private company was formed, and the beautiful society woman traveled from one city to another and gave performances that in no way differed from the legitimate save that the proceeds were devoted to some philanthropic object. The end was inevitable. It was but a ques-

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tion of time before the amateur actress broke all social and family ties and became a serious aspirant for histrionic laurels. Cora Urquhart Potter is one of those few who have become famous. Elsie de Wolfe, the daughter of Dr. de Wolfe, was in those days a young and charming girl, a devotee of Mrs. Potter, and a member of her amateur company. She soon headed a company of her own, followed in her leader's footsteps, won fame for herself and wealth for sundry philanthropic undertakings. Financial troubles overtook her.

Miss de Wolfe tells the story graphically: "One day I found myself seated on the wrecks of the past. Poverty lay before me. I hate poverty. I love beautiful things. I love the touch of rich textiles, the glow of deep colors. I love art, music, culture. I love wealth. I will be rich," I said to myself. *"I will! I will!"* How was I to gain wealth? I determined to go upon the stage. I had an opening at once—that was, perhaps, a piece of luck. I held fast to my opportunity for ten years—that was more than luck; it was hard work." Miss de Wolfe generally concludes her story by saying, "I haven't become enormously wealthy, but I have never been without the things I love."

It was the publicity given to Mrs. Potter's dramatic career that influenced a certain society woman of Chicago, a leader in her set, who had been overtaken by a tragedy, to hurry, a desponding creature, to the office of David Belasco.

"I have nothing left in my life," she pleaded. "Teach me to be an actress. Art will take the place of all that I have lost."

That weeping woman was Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Henrietta Crosman, the daughter of Major George H. Crosman, and granddaughter of General Crosman, whose girlhood had been spent at the army posts of the Western frontiers, was about this time endeavoring to breast the fallen fortunes of the family by painting and embroidering. It was a hopeless struggle, and one day she decided to ask her uncle's friend, John Ellsler, who was managing the Pittsburg Opera House, to give her a position on the stage. He made an appointment with the girl. She read the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." He was pleased with her intelligence and pluck, and gave her the most modest of opportunities in one of his companies. Henrietta Crosman's rise, step by step, to her present enviable position, is a matter of stage history.

Clara Bloodgood was a member of New York's smartest set. Her fortune took wings. In order to buy the necessary comforts for a sick husband, she had to seek a means of earning a livelihood. "Why did I select the stage? My reason is a good one," she replies to the question. "It is the only profession for which I was fitted, where a woman can earn her living while she is learning. I never sought big opportunities," she adds; "I simply did my best in the smallest parts. I had no thought of myself as an individual. I tried to work for the whole, and then I did my best to under study rôles and to hold myself ready for an emergency. I don't know whether a social training is of especial value. Every training is of value—the more one knows the less one has to learn. That is the beginning and end of it all."

Clara Bloodgood's rise was somewhat phenomenal, but a career even more admirable is that of Margaret Anglin, the daughter of the late Timothy Warren Anglin, speaker for thirty years in the House of Commons, Ottawa, Canada. Miss Anglin's mother, a close friend of Lady Dufferin, was a prominent participator in the private theatricals that were a feature of Rideau Hall, the home of Lady Dufferin. Margaret had but returned from finishing her studies in Paris, when, with the intuition of a sensitive nature, she surmised the uncertain condition of their fortunes. She succeeded in obtaining her mother's consent to attend the Empire Dramatic School in New York, with the idea of giving society readings later on. These studies led to going upon the stage, and after some years of a weary, up-hill fight she was given the rôle of *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Richard Mansfield, and woke up the next morning to find herself famous.

The list is a long one. Charlotte Walker, of Galveston, Texas, occupies an honorable position and Jane Baker was given, it is said, a hundred thousand dollars by her millionaire father when she appeared in a leading rôle on the professional stage.

FROM THE STAGE TO SOCIETY

By Adelaide Louise Samson

AN interesting comparison between the English and American girl could be drawn from the fact that Englishmen of wealth and position are much more given to selecting their wives from the stage than American men in relatively the same position.

The average English girl of good family is timid, awkward and, perhaps, stupid. The English professional woman stands out in vivid contrast. She is brilliant, self-possessed and fascinating. In this country the bright, vivacious young girl is typical of every class. This undoubtedly explains why the American millionaire so rarely seeks his wife from behind the footlights. In the "smart set" of New York, Mrs. George Gould is the only woman who represents the stage. As a matter of fact, pretty Edith Kingdon, of Daly's Theatre, had not yet arrived in her chosen career. She filled the modest rôle assigned to her by the "General," for whom "beauty was only skin deep," with shy and modest grace. She went to and from the theatre escorted by her mother, Mrs. Kingdon, who was occasionally accompanied by a young, growing girl of entrancing charm and loveliness—a veritable rosebud. This was Edith Kingdon's sister, also destined for the profession; but Fate willed otherwise. George Gould wooed and won the elder sister. As Mrs. Gould, Edith Kingdon made no effort to enter society. Of good birth and education, accustomed to refined environment, she bided her time. She first won the heart of her father-in-law, Jay Gould, and quietly ignored the existence of the "smart set." This was not affectation; as a general thing, women of the stage are without social ambitions. It is a part of their training to interpret the "upper crust," and this knowledge is not apt to call forth any undue admiration of its workings and ideals.

At any rate, Society was preparing to give the cold shoulder to the bride; but as the bride evinced no intention of seeking its favor, Society was worsted. In the course of time, Georgian Court was built on the great Lakewood estate. A bijou theatre, a ball room, and an art gallery were included in the truly palatial residence, and in the course of a few years the "smart set" found itself in the unique position of coaxing invitations from its serene and beautiful chatelaine.

Mrs. Howard Gould was formerly Katherine Clemmons. She shows no special desire to press the social claims accorded to her by her marriage to a Gould. She lives practically in retirement and is best known by her charities. She is the idol of the New York boy waif; she is the good fairy of the working girl; she is the friend of the woman out of employment.

The stage has never forgiven Mary Anderson for becoming Mrs. Antonia de Navarro—a multi-millionaire. Mary Anderson not only renounced the stage by this marriage, but a home and social career in her own country. It has been rumored more than once that Mary Anderson Navarro is to return to the scene of her old triumphs; but although in England, France and Germany, a wealthy marriage does not seem to be incompatible with the continuation of a career, it seems for some reason to be an impossibility in this country, or with an American girl.

Julia Arthur has more than the usual dramatic temperament. She was basking in the sunshine of her first real triumph as a star in "A Lady of Quality," when she became the wife of the Boston millionaire, B. P. Cheney, and for a short season was heard of no more. But the old life was too strong for one of Mrs. Cheney's caliber. Backed by her husband's millions, she reappeared in a gorgeous and costly production. Where Julia Arthur, penniless, won her laurels, the woman of millions lost. The play was a failure, and Mrs. Cheney now reigns as mistress of a magnificent home on an island in the Back Bay of Boston, where her social gatherings and entertainments are famous.

Ellie Wilton, who became the wife of

Mary Anderson at the height of her success

Miss Anderson (now Mrs. de Navarro) was one of the most notable examples of women who have given up brilliant stage careers for the joys of domesticity

Professor Doremus, was one of the few who combined the amenities of successful social career with life on the stage. She would occasionally leave her beautiful home on the Hudson, and take, as she used to call it, "a little rest" by appearing in a New York production. She never became quite alienated from her old life, and to the end was the Lady Bountiful and benefactress of any of her old companions who might have fallen on adverse times.

Pretty Grace Filkins is now the wife of

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Lieutenant Marix, an officer of high standing in the navy, and although she has made an effort to keep up her connection with the stage, the pressure of new duties has tended to separate Mrs. Marix from the routine of rehearsals. Annie Russell once remarked with truth, that the pressure of necessity alone kept an actress on the stage; and added with even more wisdom, that when the pressure was removed the actress was apt to lose the edge of her art.

Minnie Ashley, now Mrs. William Astor Chanler, is the most recent of stage goddesses, who through marriage with one of the smart set has claims upon social prestige. Whether she can hold her own or not is a question of individual wit and prowess.

A few American stage girls have married Englishmen of title. The most notable of these matches is that of May Yohe to Lord Hope. Their misfortunes and what might be called their incompatibilities, are unfortunately too well known.

Miss Pauline Foran, a California girl, a violinist of talent, and later one of the best-known prima donnas of London, became the wife of the English Baron de Bush. After her marriage she retired from the stage, and her splendid talents and fine dramatic temperament since that time have been submerged in the duties of a wife and hostess. But within a few months a sad accident led to the loss of her husband, and it is rumored that after a proper period of mourning the Baroness de Bush will return to the career for which she is so eminently fitted.

As far as American stage women are concerned, they seem to care little for the glamour of a social career. Outside of Mrs. George Gould no former actress has made the slightest pretense of entering the charmed circle. The American stage has every reason to feel somewhat proud of her daughters, for whom the portals of society are open, but who as yet have shown no feverish desire to enter within and conquer.

THE SOUNDS OF THE STREET

By J. L. Walker

Seated one day near an organ,
I was weary and ill at ease;
My brain it was fertile in fancies
And visions of fabulous fees.
My Drama—could I but mature it!—
Would rival Shaksperian plays,
But I'm doomed to the din of the grinder,
With Girls from the "Country" and "Kay's."

My book on the policy fiscal
Would sell, were it only complete.
I've written the preface—no further—
All due to the sounds of the street.
And "Hiawatha"—on one finger—
Oh! speak not of brotherly love—
Is murdered each morn by some person
Who dwells in the flat up above.

Five sonnets to Constance I've started—
I have sought for a rhyme to my fair;
Five fires have been started—I counted
Each screech in old Madison Square.
If I only could hammer some hawker
And maim a grindero or two,
I would willingly dwell
In a soundless cell,
Away from this hullabaloo.

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WOMEN POLITICIANS OF NEW YORK

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PERSONALITY OF THE WOMEN WHO WERE PROMINENT IN THE RECENT MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN IN THE METROPOLIS

By John D. Altemus

LEADERS of both political parties have begun to realize woman's power in political campaign work. The results of the last election in New York City must not be taken as any demonstration that women wielded no influence, because they were to be found on both sides of the fence, and not, as in almost all previous battles, on one side—the Republican.

Another feature of the increased interest which the fair sex is taking in political campaigns is that they now come from every rank in society, and not, as formerly, from the so-called Upper Ten. There are some very strenuous workers among the partizans of either of the great organizations, and the women have made greater strides in oration and tactics than the men.

This is not to be wondered at by those who know anything of the workings of the many women's societies. The vulgar eye and ear of mere common man are not permitted to feast upon the proceedings of such gatherings, but the oratorical talent and powers of debate are in full development at such conventions as that held by the Federation of Women's clubs at Utica. The men who were permitted to record these proceedings for the newspapers were fairly astounded by the speeches, wire-pulling, and clever work of the opposing leaders.

Every women's society in New York contributed speakers and workers to one or other of the political parties at the last municipal election in New York, and they were drawn from the following sources: Women's Republican Club, Professional Woman's League, Women's Democratic Society, Sorosis, Federated Women's Clubs, University and College Settlements; from sewing circles, ranks of the school teachers, from schools and colleges, from the many lodges and orders, and last but not least, from among the wives of politicians. Indeed, the woman who had reason to be most satisfied with the results for which she worked so hard was the wife of Alderman Porges, of the district in which "Little Tim" Sullivan is leader—popularly known as "De Ate."

Nowadays, when politics are explained in the abstract to every child in the public schools, it is easy to imagine that the youngest girls have some idea of the theory of politics, and feel some interest when one of their own neighborhood and class is concerned. Not only the poor child of the tenements knew what was going on last fall, but in the stylish neighborhoods of the Upper West Side and the "Diamond Back" district also, the young girls watched for results. When such society men as Edwin Crowninshield and Henry Watterson were running for office, all fair young maidens took an interest.

As opposing Mrs. Porges, Marie Astor Chanler, sister of one of the young Democratic leaders, took a different view from her brother, and spoke and worked for Reform.

Mrs. Ralph Trautman, wife of the Citizen's Union candidate for sheriff, was very active in the campaign. She visited hundreds of women on the East Side in company with several young women, and urged them to get their husbands to vote the Reform ticket.

In Brooklyn, Mrs. Charles Fiske has long been an aid to the Republicans, and Mrs. Harry Hastings often speaks from the political platform.

Mrs. John F. Trow, who is so prominent in the Federation, was also a speaker at the meetings in Union Square Headquarters.

Then there was Mrs. Anna T. Rhodes and Mrs. Philip Carpenter. Both are good speakers and have been well posted on the campaigns for years past.

Mrs. William Tod Helmuth did not re-

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From a photograph by Jenkins, New York

Mrs. Porges, wife of Alderman Porges,

A characteristic political product of the East Side. Mrs. Porges has been of tremendous help to her husband in his political campaigns, and has had arrayed against her, such notable political talent as Mary Astor Chanler. Miss Chanler, though a Republican, is a sister of William Astor Chanler, the young Democratic leader

frain from lending a helping hand last fall, and Mrs. Doré Lyon was most enthusiastic for Reform.

As a practical political orator Mrs. Clarence Burns of the Women's Republican Club is most feared. She has as high a standing in the Republican ranks as Mrs. T. St. John Gaffney has in the Democratic.

While very anxious for the Democrats to succeed, Mrs. McClellan, wife of the new Mayor, did not take any active part, nor has she ever done so; but she is one of the best-posted women on politics in the country. Neither did Mayor Low's wife express any opinion.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., it is understood is very anxious for her husband to go to Congress, but he is too much interested in his business affairs to do so.

It was greatly due to the shrewdness of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont that her husband won his seat in Congress, and she always keeps in touch with the political conditions.

It is the opinion of clever judges that women will be factors in the future more than ever; and as this is a Presidential year, they may be seen and heard on the platform frequently.

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PERSONALITY AND THE PLAY

By Alice Fischer

INTERPRETATION is of course the highest intellectual test of the player's art. The personality of an artist is what might be termed his temperament or magnetism. When a rôle and a personality happen to be in harmony the combination is ideal. Absorption, after all, is capacity to be; a sort of fictitious ego in the individual, borrowed from the character he has become for the time. I think it will be discovered upon examination that an actor's biggest successes come to him through those interpretations which are at least possible to his own temperament; I mean that he will do his best work if he is himself convinced that under the same circumstances and the same environment he would be the same being with the same play of passions he is called upon to depict. In order to avoid personalities, I venture to say that if Sarah Siddons had really been *Lady Macbeth*, she would have passed through the same gamut of awful emotions painted by Shakespeare in his incomparable creation.

One has but to take note of the actors and actresses before the public at this moment to thoroughly grasp how great an influence personality has upon success. Indeed, it is not uncommon for a player to become famous in a night through his trick of personality. It is only when future performances fall far below the standard, that the critic awakes to the fact that it was not wit, but personality, that won the triumph.

The more versatile and profound one's understanding of human nature, the greater the artist. Yet even with the deepest knowledge of life in general, the actor must beyond all else know himself and the limitations of his personality. To come straight to the point—I might possess the wisdoms of Thespis, and yet I could not with any sense of fitness portray a pretty, giggling ingénue of sixteen.

I shall confess with candor that I have been handicapped in my dramatic aspirations by my great big self. I wouldn't fit into stock work. I was too big for it. I am not speaking of big brains; heaven forbid such an assumption! but of feet and inches—big shoulders, big voice, a big stride. I remember when I played *Gretchen* with Mr. Joseph Jefferson, how deeply the rôle appealed to me, and the exquisite pleasure it gave me to be brought in daily touch with the art of Mr. Jefferson.

I counted upon my enjoyment for the entire season, but one day Mr. Jefferson came to me and said: "Look here, my dear, *Rip Van Winkle* has been looked upon as a pretty decent fellow, even if he did desert his wife and children. Now that great big heart-rending sigh of yours is winning sympathy for *Gretchen*. I know she's badly used, but we can't let the public find it out. We have to part company. I can't take that big sigh along touring with me."

After that I played adventuresses for so long that my good pastor had to quiet the qualms of conscience of some of my townsfolk and tell them I was in good standing in the church. I was a teetotaler too, which reminds me that I made my first little hit in New York. Imagine big me a little hit, as the drunken woman in "Two Little Vagrants." I actually cried with despair after the first rehearsal, for the stage manager had called out rather sharply and sarcastically: "She can't even uncork a bottle of beer!"

It was true. The next day on my way to rehearsal in a rather disconsolate frame of mind, I had the good fortune to see a drunken woman in an argumentative frame of mind, being taken to the station by a policeman. I followed with the crowd, and was highly edified and instructed in the ways and manners of her class. I was late at rehearsal, but I brought glory upon myself by my realistic delineation of the unfortunate inebriate. Poor creature! I cannot but feel as though I were in her debt.

"Mrs. Jack" was an accident. I had no idea of becoming a star. Mr. Furness had known me from 'way back West. I

Alice Fischer, starring in "What's the Matter with Susan?"

came from Terre Haute, Indiana. We don't catch Buffalos in our shopping districts, but when I was questioned by Eastern city folk as to our savage ways, I couldn't resist informing them that I had lassoed many a buffalo in our back yard!

Mr. Furness really wrote the play around me and for me; mixed up fact and fiction, and it was decided I was to play the leading rôle... Well, it turned out to be a case of rôle and personality. To my amazement, I found I was to be a star, and not a leading lady, although I considered the latter quite fine enough. Then came another surprise: when the critics spoke of me as a comedienne, I caught my breath. In my secret soul I thought I was cut out for a tragedienne. Of course I was pleased but I was surprised.

I must confess that I still have an unfulfilled longing for blank verse and the classics.

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FRITZI SCHEFF IN A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE

Miss Scheff, the most notable of the women who have forsaken grand opera for comic opera, is amply able to discuss magnetism. She is generally acknowledged by critics to be a remarkably magnetic woman

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From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Co., New York

Fritzi Scheff in a non-theatrical costume

WHAT IS MAGNETISM?

By Fritzi Scheff

WHAT is magnetism? Who can answer so difficult a question? Is it personality? Is it temperament? Is it both combined, or is it a something separate? There are many who say to me: "We have discovered the secret of your success. It is magnetism. It is that which gives you the power to please." Then I reply, "If that be the case, I but return that which is given to me."

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The world gives me infinite pleasure. It is filled to the brim with sunshine and happiness. I have so much joy in living, that I am like one overburdened with wealth. I can afford to be generous. Surely, there is within every human being a force that is stronger than all others. It is that force which gives itself out and is called one's temperament or individuality.

I am a Viennese, and in Vienna we are gay. I am merry by nature, by heredity, by conviction. It is not worth while to be sad. Sorrow is quite different from gloom, The former is an unavoidable calamity, the latter is self-inflicted. What folly to stab oneself with a stiletto!

It is true, I have had an exceptionally bright life. When I was quite a little girl, no sooner did I discover that people smiled back at me when I smiled, than I decided to laugh as much as possible. On the whole, with few exceptions, the heart of the people responds to joy; the "vox populi" is the voice of laughter; the tear that touches most deeply is the tear that precedes or follows a smile.

As I said before, my life was exceptionally happy; but perhaps that was because I never found hard work a subject of complaint. My father is a physician, my mother a well-known singer in grand opera, and one of the prima donnas of the Vienna Opera House. My musical education began almost as soon as I was able to talk. I was trained under my mother, whose ideals are naturally very high and serious. It meant hours and hours of study and confinement to a mischievous, active, play-loving child. But even hard study could not subdue my spirits. My philosophy has always been the same: after study, play; and play is always sweeter after work.

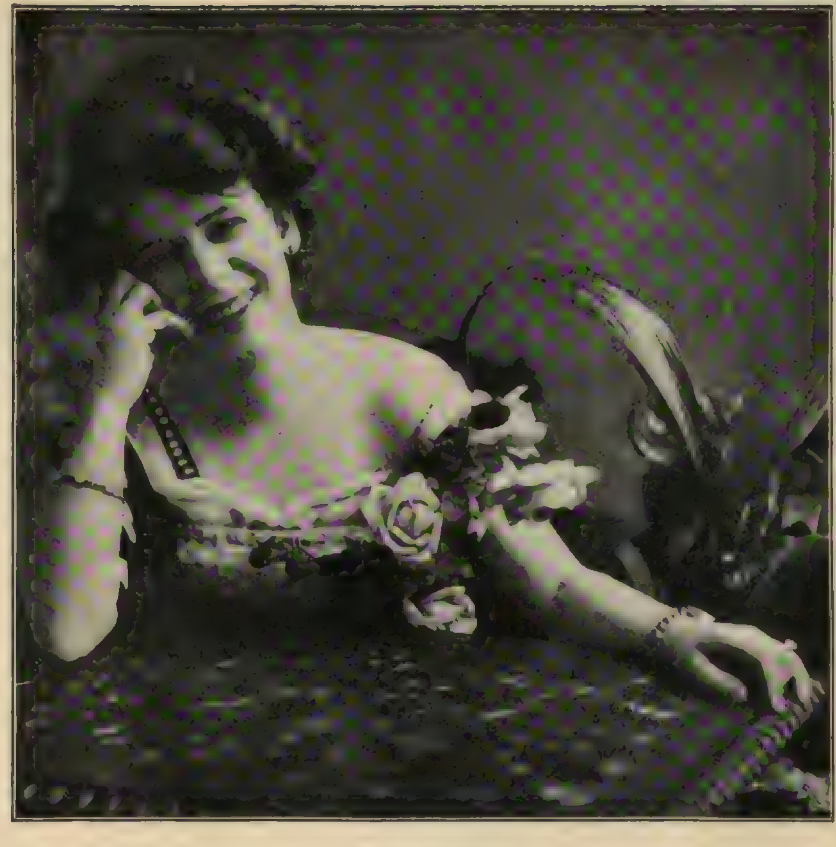
As a growing girl my schoolmates would often say to me, "Poor Fritzi, we are so sorry for you!" "Why?" I would ask. Then they would shrug their shoulders and exclaim impatiently, "Oh, you little happy goose, everything is the same to you; why can't you be miserable once in a while, just for a change?"

When I went into grand opera (I have a repertoire of twenty operas) and came to America, I had nothing so very big or very important to do, for there were prima donnas of world-wide reputation in the company. What was a little singing bird like Fritzi Scheff by the side of those great songsters? Did this worry me? Did I fall into melancholy moods? Not a bit of it. I understood it all so perfectly. The Viennese is gay because he is a philosopher. When I had my little opportunity upon the big Metropolitan Opera House stage before the great audience, I sang with all my happy heart, as a bird carols in the sunshine of a beautiful spring morning. Of course the electric lights of an auditorium are not sunshine, nor is the rustling of fine gowns the rustling of forest leaves; but they are none the less exhilarating to one who has been trained for public life. I smiled from sheer pleasure into the faces before me, and after a while I saw the faces smiling back at me. It was the same experience I had as a child. By degrees the dear people in the audience gave me those evidences of welcome and affection which an artist is so keen to grasp. What is magnetism, then, if that which came to me from the heart of the audience was given to me in return for that which overflowed from my heart? It must be to possess a gift of happiness which one divides with one's neighbor.

When at last I had the opportunity of appearing in a light opera—one written according to my temperament and my philosophy of life—it followed as a matter of course that my measure of joy was filled to the utmost. With all the powers of my being I longed for success, and when success came, the old thought of my childhood returned to me: "How sweet play is after hard work!"

This, I think, is the secret of real happiness: hard work and hard play. Personality, no matter how attractive, has its limitations in art. It must be combined with a certainty that comes only from serious training. Songs that are dashed off with rippling laughter presuppose a technique that is acquired step by step. But why should one look upon work as a hardship? He is a stern old monster, but he has a genial smile if he is conquered with a smile.

I have no definition for magnetism. It is simply being oneself and giving out oneself. It is being sure that one receives in return as much as one gives. It is being very happy, and very grateful if one can make others happy.



A woman of resources

A little vain, but instinct with confidence and good cheer

STUDIES IN FACIAL EXPRESSION

By John R. Doughty

PROPHETS of old claimed that the face was an index to the soul. It is commonly believed that as one thinks, so that one's facial expression takes on the aspect induced by the thought behind it. Whether this is actually true or not, certain it is that men read character in the faces, even if facial expression is used as a deception. Close observers of physiognomy affirm that it is impossible to conceal the mood from one who is a trained student of expression, however one may try.

There are professorships without number, and schools likewise, which give due importance to the fine art of studying the human face and figure and deducing mental truisms therefrom. Phrenology may be said to have declined in the public's estimation within recent years, but physiognomy, being an art in which the intuitions are brought the strongest into play, is a more common talent. In fact, it is well known that thousands of successful men in various departments of industry owe not a little of their prosperity to their sure and careful reading of human nature. It is, therefore, a science not to be entirely ignored, both as regards people understanding the thoughts of others from their facial expression, and also the cultivation of such

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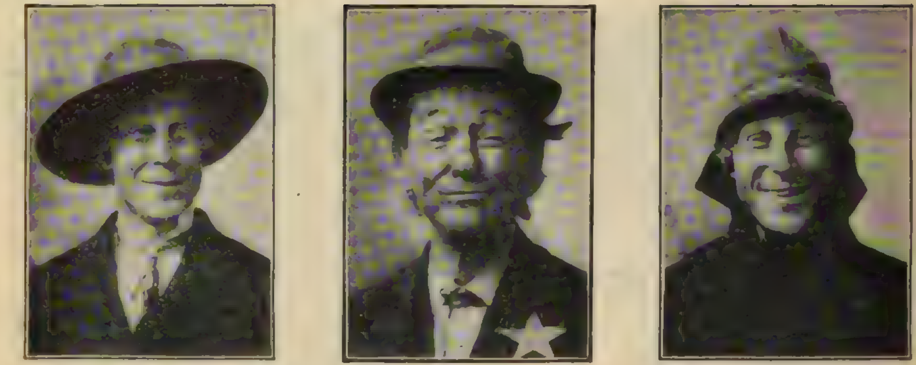

Three phases of the yokel's idea of complete happiness

individual expression as shall convey a subtle meaning.

In the first study in expression we have a young woman who is gifted in the art of pleasing. Her smile is a little stereotyped and conventional, but her essential idea is to give pleasure to others. Whatever may be artificial in the expression of the lips is more than offset by the spontaneous joyousness, spontaneity and inherent *camaraderie* which brings the light to her eyes. It is an illustration of a trained as well as an inherited desire to please. There is a love of life and a striving to remain perpetually young in spite of many vicissitudes. It is, moreover, typically American, buoyant and self-reliant, and what it lacks in actual beauty it makes compensation for in what might be called the charm of friendly nearness.

Three examples of the yokel's expression of joy are seen in the next illustration, which varies from mere contented complacency to downright mirth. It is the face of a man who appreciates the jolly side of life and is willing to go without a good dinner providing he may make a good joke. It is a face absolutely without personal fear or personal doubt, and is philosophic to a degree. A person possessed of such merry eyes and such a ready laugh is a welcome

A hirsute phantasy and a face indicative of a love of experiment

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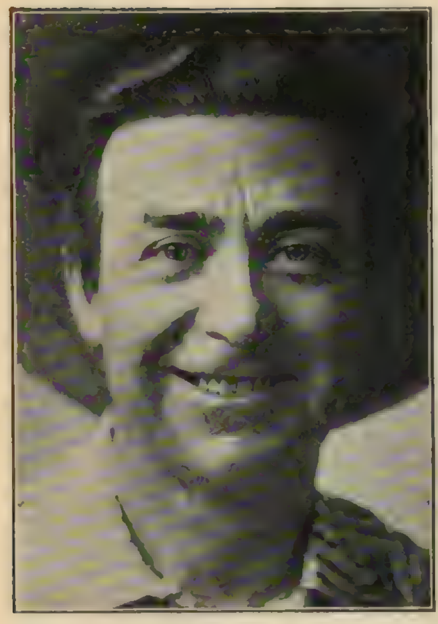
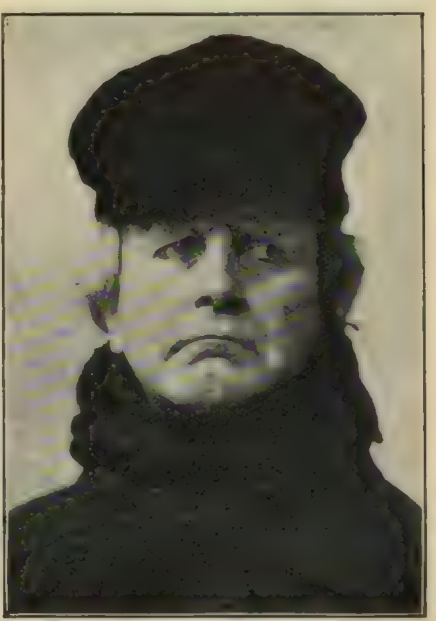

The born optimist

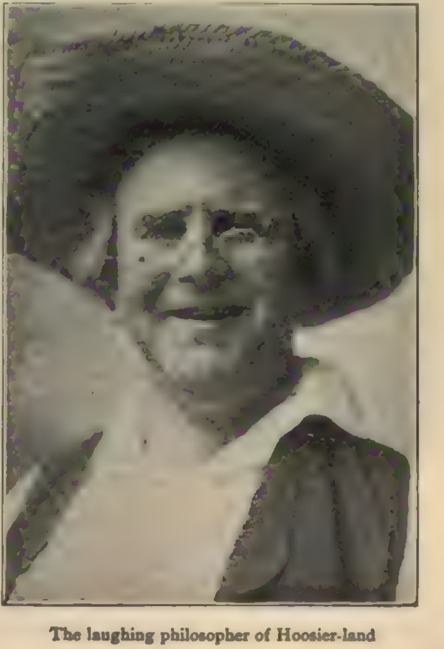

The studied pessimist

addition to any company. It is the kind of expression that is born and not cultivated.

In the hirsute fantasy we have the face that indicates an innate love of mischief and of experiment. How far the flowing-hair effect has succeeded in impressing the reader with its artistic value is something that must be decided hereafter. The facial expression indicates a strong love for the approval and the praise of the public in general, and entire self-confidence coupled with considerable personal vanity. However, in this instance the possessor of such a marvelous hirsute adornment may be pardoned for wishing to impersonate Media.

The next expression is one of great personal magnetism. A man possessed of such a fetching smile should be able to get whatever is coming to him through sheer merry impudence. There is every sensuous delight expressed in this countenance. There is complete self-poise, earnestness and an abundance of healthy heart action. It is a nature not easily overcome by misfortune nor daunted by discouragements. To possess such a nature as this face expresses might be considered a great boon. Backed up by mental and spiritual traits, the possessor of such a countenance should be able to make friends wherever he goes.

In tne next of the series we have your professional pessimist—the man who goes about the world "seeing as through a glass darkly." His is a nature studiedly unhappy, and taking a gloomy view of life as it is lived in the flesh, and of eternity as we


The laughing philosopher of Hoosier-land

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A typical American countenance

Full of ambition, reliance and contentment

believe it in the spirit. The possessor of such a nature as this gloomy Heraclitus would indicate is to be heartily condoled with, or it is more the result of a persistent schooling in the darker phases of life than of an innate pessimism.

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From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

Marie Tempest in "The Marriage of Kitty"

Miss Tempest returned to New York recently and made her appearance as the star of "The Marriage of Kitty," at the Hudson Theatre—Miss Tempest formerly was prominent in comic opera

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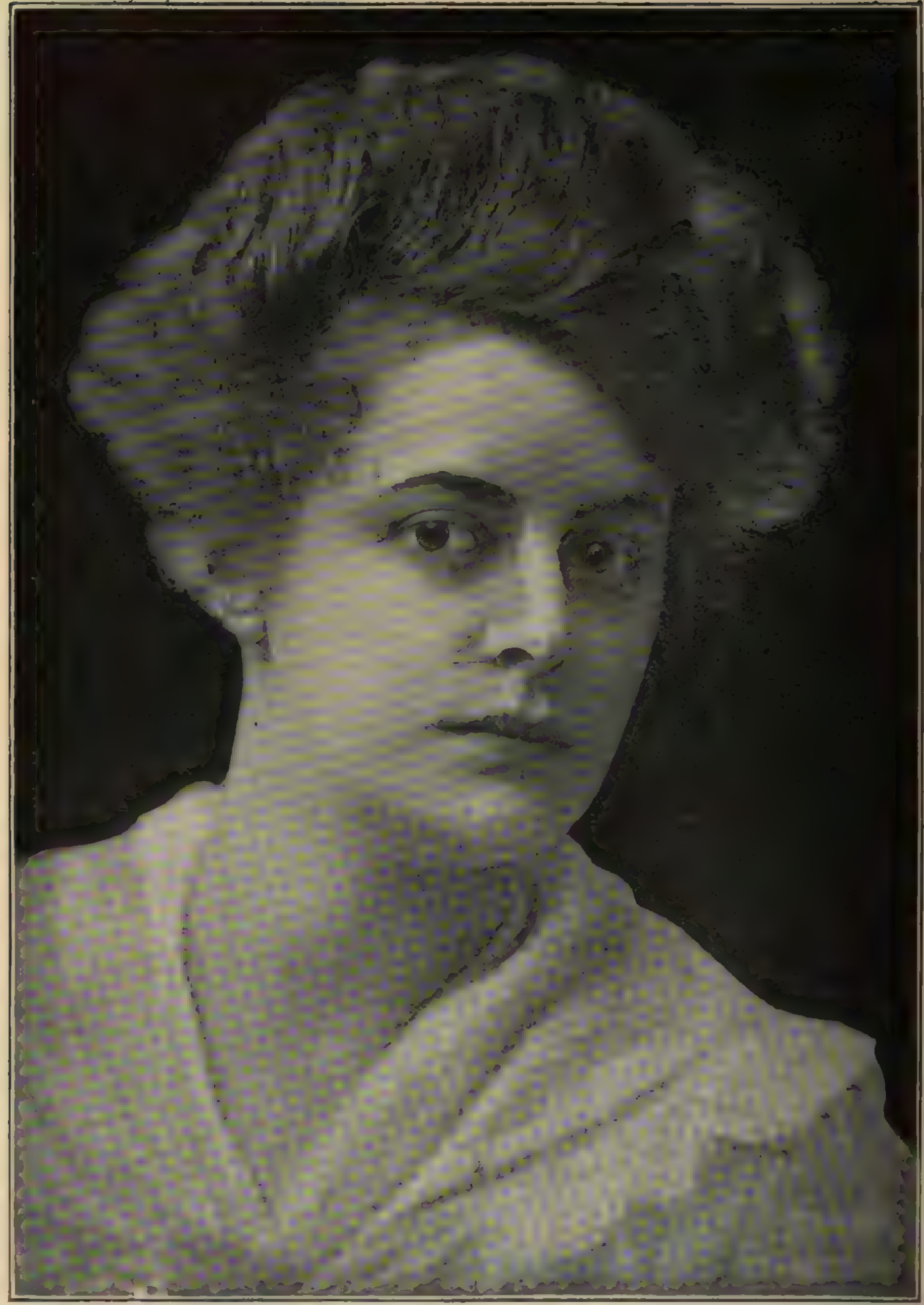

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

Marie Boland, of "Sky Farm"

Miss Boland is a young American actress, who has been on the stage only a short time. Her work in "Sky Farm" stamps her as a player of intelligence and ability

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Photograph by Will Armstrong, Boston

JEAN CALDUCCI

Who has been promoted from the chorus of "Winsome Winnie" to the rôle of Zora, the girl bandit

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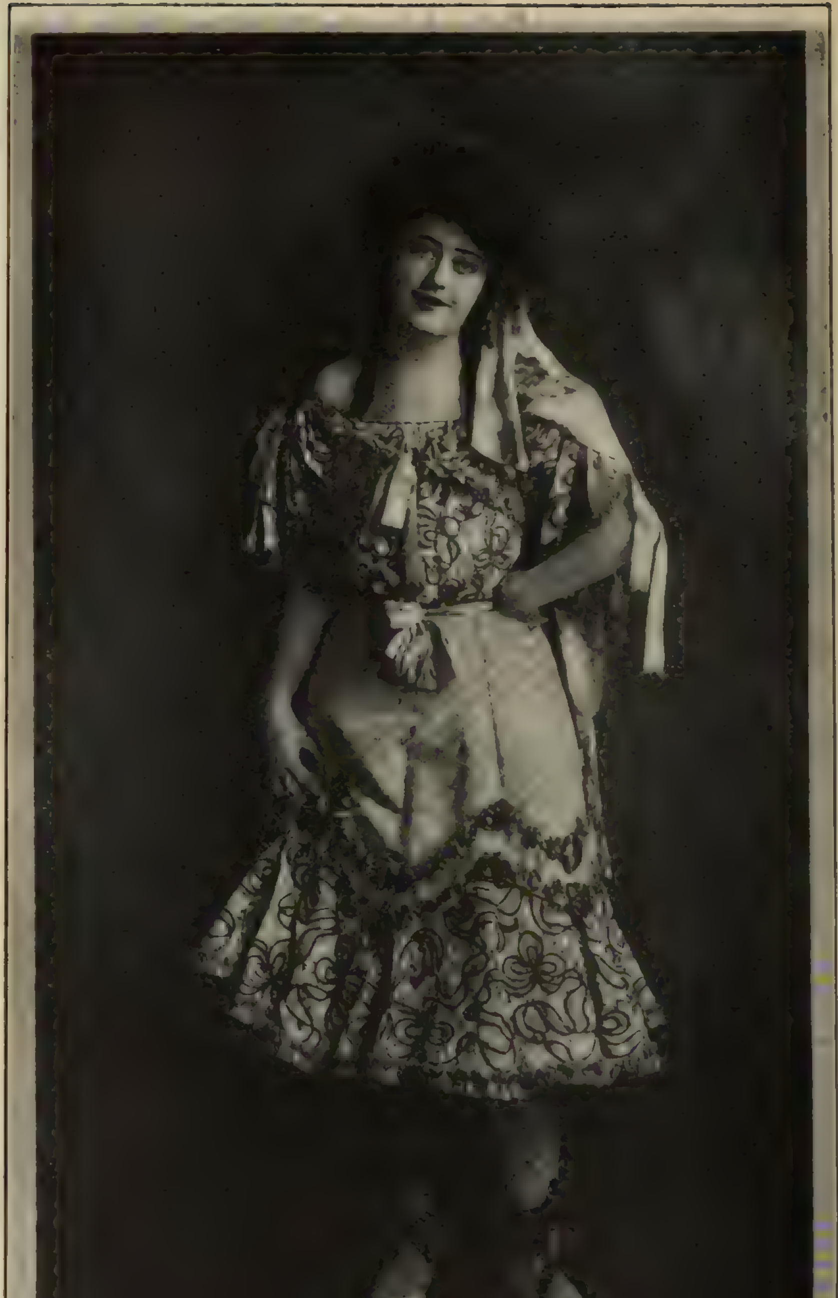

Photograph by Will Armstrong, Boston

JULIA SANDERSON

Of the "Winsome Winnie" Company, recently at the Casino

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ALDERMAN WADSWORTH, LOVER

By William H. Osborne

THE maid knocked gently upon Miss Catherwood's door and handed in a card. Miss Catherwood looked at it and tossed it to the floor.

"Oh, the dickens!" she said frankly. It will be seen at once that, although Miss Catherwood was a young lady of beauty and charming personal characteristics, she had decided opinions about various things. One of the things was Mr. Anthony Wadsworth, who, as appeared, was waiting below for an audience with her.

"The dickens!" reiterated Miss Catherwood. "I suppose I shall have to see him." Miss Catherwood's mother happened to be within earshot.

"Who is it?" she inquired. She was informed. "Dear me," said Miss Catherwood's mother, "why, Mr. Anthony Wadsworth has always appeared to me to be a very proper young man."

"That's just the trouble, mother," returned Miss Catherwood, "he's too proper. He's too conventional. He's a tissue-paper man."

"Dear me," answered her mother; "he—he doesn't look like a tissue-paper man."

"Oh, I know," petulantly responded the young lady, "I know; he's just about the proper weight, and proper height, and his shoulders are just the proper breadth. He's like a pattern—a fashion plate. He's just unbearable."

Miss Catherwood's mother, who could not quite reconcile her daughter's premises with her conclusion, sighed. Her daughter swept out of the room and went down stairs.

Mr. Anthony Wadsworth rose as she entered, and bowed in a quaint old-fashioned way. He was flustered and embarrassed—and there was good reason for it. For Mr. Anthony Wadsworth was there for a purpose, and his purpose ultimately became apparent. He was there to propose to Miss Catherwood, and he proposed. He didn't do it very well, and Miss Catherwood, who had had a proposal or two before, as she listened to him made mental comparisons that were unfavorable to this particular suitor.

"Don't—don't give me your answer to-night," implored Mr. Wadsworth, the perspiration standing out upon his brow; "wait—wait until tomorrow night. Take time."

Miss Catherwood, who would have preferred to end it at once, assented. She said with all the coldness she could summon to her aid, that she would consider it; that she would wait until tomorrow night. And she had a reason for it. She had an engagement with Tommy Boggs for the next night; and she intended to write a short note for Mr. Wadsworth to receive when he came. That would be the end of Mr. Wadsworth.

Tommy Boggs, a boisterous young man whom she rather liked, was going to do for her what no one had ever done: he was going to take her down to a big political rally in the Fourteenth Ward—down where she could see politics as it really is. She looked forward to it with pleasure. She liked to learn about the real things that real men did.

She started with Tommy about 7 o'clock in the evening, in order to get a choice seat in the ladies' quarters. She left the fatal note with her mother, with instructions to hand it to Mr. Wadsworth; she told her mother what it was. Her mother, who was a very tender-hearted old lady, met Mr. Wadsworth at the door—he came at 8 o'clock sharp—and Mr. Wadsworth was so down-hearted when he found that Miss Catherwood was out, that the old lady thought she would keep the note to herself.

"I—I'll call to-morrow evening," said Mr. Wadsworth, tremulously; "she probably forgot last night that she had this—this engagement for to-night, although— I'll call to-morrow night."

Down in the Fourteenth Ward, in Bailey's Hall Tommy Boggs and Miss Catherwood were having the time of their lives. The campaign was in full blast—election was near at hand. Miss Catherwood kept her eyes on the speaker, and she listened to every word he said.

"Isn't he fine?" she exclaimed to Tommy. "It's just great to be a man like that—a man who can sway men."

There was a burst of applause from something more than one-third of the crowd as the man upon the platform paused in his speech at the proper place. He was a paid campaign orator, and he was good at that. But there was just a bit of dissatisfaction visible upon the faces of the crowd. A man near Miss Catherwood moved about uneasily.

"Aw, ——," he said, "why don't they bring on the Alderman? What the ——'s the use o' this?"

Another man nudged him. "The Alderman," he explained, "ain't a-goin' to be on hand tonight."

As he spoke a stout man entered from behind the scenes and stepped up toward the front of the stage. He was cheered loudly.

"That must be the Alderman," whispered Miss Catherwood to Tommy Boggs. But he wasn't. He whispered for a moment to the speaker, and the speaker nodded and shook his head. The big man raised his hand.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "we'd fully expected to have the Alderman with us here tonight, but I'm givin' it to you straight that—"

He was interrupted by a mighty yell. "Hi, hi, hi!" yelled the crowd; "what ye givin' us? Look behind you!"

The big man turned, and everybody looked and howled. "Hooray! hooray! hooray!" yelled the crowd. Miss Catherwood looked with the rest, and then she gave a little gasp. For the man that the whole crowd was looking and yelling at, was a young man attired in a full-dress suit. He was bowing, with conventional stiffness, right and left. And he was none other than Mr. Anthony Wadsworth.

"Tony, Tony, Tony, Tony!" yelled the crowd. The big man stepped forward. "Mr. Tony Wadsworth," he exclaimed, by way of introduction, and pandemonium broke loose. Mr. Anthony Wadsworth stepped forward a pace or two. "Ain't he corkin'?" said the loquacious individual near Miss Catherwood; "and he always comes here in a swallow-tail suit—he knows what's what, he does."

Wadsworth nodded, and the crowd became instantly silent. "I didn't intend to be here tonight," he explained. He hesitated. "The fact is," he went on, "I had an engagement with my girl, and she turned me down. I didn't have any other place to go, and I came here."

This, in black and white, amounts to nothing. But it was the way that Wadsworth said it that took. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd; "imagine Tony's girl a-turnin' of him down. Go on, Tony."

Mr. Anthony Wadsworth raised his hand high in the air, and started in. Suddenly he stopped. He was looking directly into the eyes of Miss Catherwood herself. He turned white and then he turned red. Then he turned away, and apparently forgot her. And then he started in. He started in as only Alderman Anthony Wadsworth knew how. Miss Catherwood had thought the campaign orator had talked as no other man could talk. That was because she had never heard Mr. Anthony Wadsworth. With one hand in his trousers pocket and the other in the air, the Alderman walked up and down the stage, casting into the very faces of his audience, humor, pathos, expletive, vituperation, sarcasm, congratulation—everything.

And when he finished, the crowd surged up to the platform and literally overwhelmed him. Miss Catherwood, when it was all over, drew a sharp breath. "To think," she wailed to herself, "that I have refused such a man!"

The next night Mr. Anthony Wadsworth called upon her. She met him at the door. She was radiant.

"I—I've come to ask your pardon," he said contritely

"For what?" she inquired.

"You—you haven't forgotten," he stammered, "about—about my—my girl last night. I—I don't know why I said it. I felt reckless, I suppose."

She laughed joyously. "That," she said, "is the only part of your speech last night that I had forgotten. It was just superb."

He laughed. "Dear me," he answered, "that's nothing; every fellow in politics has to do that. That's not the question," he went on. "There's something else."

"W—what?" she inquired timidly.

"I want to know," he continued, "whether—whether my—my girl is going to turn me down tonight. If so, I've got a meeting in the Fifth District—the boys are waiting for me."

Miss Catherwood stepped toward him and held out her hand. "They can't have you," she answered gently "Anthony Wadsworth, Alderman.

GOVERNOR FOR AN HOUR

By John Taylor Waldorf

ON the station platform at desolate Xerxes Junction stood two impatient men. The big, lumbering, round-faced man was Colonel Joe Layson; the thin, sallow one was Henry Clay Finley. It was campaign time, and the twain were "swinging around the circle," Colonel Layson as the candidate of the "Outs" for Governor, and Finley as the spellbinder paid to extol the merits of his party's standard bearer.

The afternoon train that was to stop at Xerxes Junction and take on passengers for Ardenia was late, and the rough old Colonel began to swear as he studied his watch.

"It'll be here in a minute, Governor," said Finley soothingly, carefully observing the custom of addressing candidates by the title to which they aspire.

A scrawny, bent-over old woman, carrying an apronful of wood, came out of the clump of trees across the railroad track and limped along until she reached the platform, where she stopped and looked up into the Colonel's face with vacant-eyed curiosity. Finley was shocked.

"Such beastly manners!" he exclaimed. "Shall I order her to be off, Governor?"

Before the Colonel could answer, the old woman clambered upon the platform and limped eagerly to his side.

"Be you the Guvner?" she asked.

The Colonel smiled a big-hearted smile and answered, "That's what they call me."

"Won't you pardon my boy? He's servin' five years in Osborn prison. The old man's been sick abed for months, and I ain't able to work, and we're nearly starvin'. Pardon the boy, won't you, Guvner? I wanted to go down to the capital a year ago when they took Dannie away, but I had no money, and I couldn't walk that far."

The Colonel raised his finger and seemed about to explain, but the woman talked on piteously:

"They say he stole a cow for Halder, the cattle king that lives down at Belden. Maybe you know him. I don't believe Dannie did any stealin', but if he did, Guvner, it wouldn't be right rushin' him off to prison and leavin' old Halder free and still hirin' honest folks' boys to steal cattle for him."

"It doesn't seem right for a fact," admitted the Colonel.

"But, my good woman," interrupted Finley, "there was certainly no evidence against Mr. Halder, or surely the majesty of the law would have

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been sustained and he, too, would have suffered the punishment of the transgressor."

"I don't catch all your fine words, mister, but I know Dan's in prison and Halder is guilty. Fine words can't get round them facts."

"Well put," chuckled the Colonel. "Finley, it would be a good scheme if you'd talk English once in a while."

The woman looked puzzled a moment, but the Colonel's face was kindly, and, throwing down her bundle of wood, she dropped on her knees before him.

"Please pardon my boy, Guvner? The old man and me'll die before spring if you don't. It won't hurt you to pardon him. He ain't no dangerous crim'nal. Anybody round here'll tell you Dannie Higgs was never before the judge till this time. He's all the child I got left, Guvner. Don't keep him from me."

The Colonel helped Mrs. Higgs to her feet, and led her to a bench just outside the door of the little telegraph office. All the while he was thinking deeply. He was the candidate of the "Outs" for Governor; the "Ins" had a natural majority of fifty thousand votes; Governor John Randall, with a good official record to back him, was up for re-election, and Colonel Joe Layson had as much chance of becoming Governor as he had of gaining the throne of Turkey. He resolved the situation in his mind, and as he found his inspiration Mrs. Higgs started to rise; but he waved her back, saying, "Just wait there, madam, until I send a message and get an answer. I'm going to investigate this matter at once."

Finley whistled, but the Colonel only frowned and stalked into the telegraph office. For perhaps two minutes he wrote steadily. When he had finished he hurriedly gathered up the satisfactory sheets and slammed them down on the operator's table.

"Here, my man," he commanded, "send this in a big hurry."

The operator looked up sleepily, rubbed his eyes and read:

"To Hon. John Randall,
"Executive Mansion, Eagleton:

"My Dear Gov.—I'm running against you, but you know it's only for exercise, and I want you to help me out of a hole that has nothing to do with politics. I've got an old woman here who takes me for you and wants me to pardon her son. It would be a shame to undeceive her, and anyway I'm better looking than you are. The boy's name is Dan Higgs. He was sent up for five years for cattle-stealing. His father is sick, and both father and mother are starving. Pardon the boy for me, John. I never envied you your job until this minute, and even now I want it only long enough to pardon a cow-stealer. Answer at once. I'll wait here at this God-forsaken junction until I hear from you. "JOSEPH LAYSON."

The operator labored with the message while the Colonel went out on the platform to tell Mrs. Higgs to wait patiently. Soon after the message had gone over the wires the Ardenia train came puffing in.

"Come on, Governor," said Finley. "We can't wait any longer."

"I can't leave now," answered the Colonel, leaning languidly against the station door.

"But you must. We speak in Ardenia to-night."

"You can make enough noise for both of us."

"Ardenia counts on hearing you, Governor," urged Finley. "A wilful disappointment like this might ruin your chances of election."

"You know I never had any, Finley. What's the use of saying that? Anyhow, I'm not going." With that he took a seat on the bench beside Mrs. Higgs. "You'd better be moving, Finley," he added. "I'll join you at Beedsburg in the morning."

Just then the operator come rushing out with a message. The Colonel seized it, almost tearing it in half in his eagerness, then held the pieces in shaking hands while he read:

"Dear Colonel—Have telephoned to warden at Osborn. No objection there. Higgs' pardon signed this minute. Glad to be of service.
"JOHN RANDALL."

The Colonel turned to Mrs. Higgs. "It's all right," he said thickly. "Your boy will be home to-morrow."

"Thank you, thank you! You're the best Guv'ner God ever made." At this she broke down and sobbed.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

The Colonel took a step toward the train. "It's all right," he repeated. "I've done only my duty, but if you feel grateful tell the boy to vote for me, John Randall, for Governor."

SONG OF THE STRICKEN

(IN A SWINBURNIAN VEIN)

By A. J. Campbell

With the wet of the wandering wind
  That soughs from the sibilant south
(Like the stroke of a soul that hath sinned),
  You smote on my nostrils and mouth;
Yea, fixed in the folds I would shun,
  I found, though, ah! never I sought you—
You mocked the pale triumph I won
      When I caught you!

Fierce fever of flickering fire,
  Close clutch that is handless—yet clings
(Ah! loathing, akin to desire,
  Of most undesirable things!),
Go, fly, fraught with famine and wan,
  To the birthplace your great knowledge kens—
Insatiate infection, begone!— [ah!
      Influenza!

WHEN THE MUSIC THROBS

By Keith Gordon

THE saffron radiance of the electric lights, that bloomed as yellow rosebuds on the walls, flooded the balcony. Here and there a lamp with a red shade glowed like a carbuncle. From the palm-room below the aroma of black coffee greeted the nostrils delicately.

One of the musicians trailed his hand over the keys of the piano, and at the sound the violinists adjusted their instruments with affectionate care. The men at the bass viol, 'cello and flute stood at attention, and in another moment the music began again.

It seemed to roll through the place in waves, the thin edges of which went curling through the open doors and out into the darkness of the street, where the passers-by slackened their steps to listen. The half dozen persons who sat in the balcony listening succumbed even more completely to its charms.

"Lovers—lovers everywhere!" murmured Agnes Jennings mirthfully, as her gaze wandered idly over the scene before her. Her companion's answering smile was somewhat abstracted. While she had been watching the others, he had been watching her. It was a habit he had acquired, and it was particularly in moments like this, when her head was thrown back against the chair, her eyes were touched with dreaminess, and the shadowy smile was quivering on her lips.

There were, indeed, two absorbed couples near them, and Richardson obediently pretended to be interested in them. Of the older pair, the man was of the stout, flushed, prosperous type so common in our cities. "I'm as good as you are," was written in every line of his face.

But as he gazed at the woman beside him, who was oppressively pink of cheek, bright of eye and black of hair—you saw that he made one exception. For the moment he was an idealist and she was his ideal! In some clumsy, speechless way he showed that he felt that he wasn't so good as she—that he aspired—that he loved!

"He has forgotten that he's the successful Tim O'Donohue," remarked Richardson laughingly. "He has forgotten how he started with a pickax and spade and now wears a diamond in his shirt front; he has forgotten everything but her."

He finished the sentence as if he were speaking to himself, and his companion paid him the tribute of a lingering glance in which a question mark was barely perceptible. Then she returned to her derisive contemplation of the lovers once more.

"They certainly are naïve," was her next comment, as with a droll smile she watched the other couple—a slender girl with sweet blue eyes and a lordly youth with a reassuring breadth of shoulder and crisp dark hair. The blue eyes were gazing up at him as if he were a godling, as in fact he looked.

"The cunning things!" ejaculated Miss Jennings softly, as the youth's hand gently touched the girl's as it lay on the arm of the chair. "S-h-h, don't move!" she cautioned, as Richardson shifted his position to get a better view of them. "You'll attract their attention, and then they will sit up stiff and straight and talk of the weather!"

Apparently they were oblivious to the people about them as well as to the laughing scrutiny turned upon them, as they sat gazing blissfully into each other's eyes.

"Now, what do you suppose they see there?" drawled Richardson, going back to his interrupted contemplation of Agnes' profile. She laughed lightly.

"Everything floating in a rose-colored mist. Nothing but joy, joy, joy! Invisible music—and always themselves together and happy," she hazarded. "It's cruel to think how different it will will really be, isn't it?"

As she turned toward him with a look grown pensive, Richardson was filled with a sudden optimism.

"It may come true. You can't tell!"

There was something vaguely suggestive in his tone, and Miss Jennings looked again. She was half inclined to believe—but no!

The music stopped. The youth's dark head was bent toward the girl and he was murmuring to her in low, muffled tones. The man whose appearance suggested contracts shrewdly and profitably carried through, was making a palpable effort to say something that was determined not to be said. He shifted in his chair, and the red of his face grew darker, while his companion chatted composedly—too composedly, Richardson thought, as his speculative glance came home to the lady at his side.

"Isn't it odd," said she, breaking the silence, "that they are so unconscious? They don't seem to notice us—to think that perhaps we are watching them. Fancy forgetting everything like that!"

Her listener's eyes seemed to be reduced to mere points. He felt oddly nettled at her words, and as quick as a flash, decided to make an experiment. Was she really so cold and impersonal as she seemed? Well, it was decreed that he should find out some time, and this was perhaps as good a time as any.

"My dear girl," he began in a fatherly tone, "it is only in the shallows that one thinks of the opinion of the public. Don't you know that in the real moments of life—the moments that mean something—one cares as little about the public as about the leaves on the trees? Don't you know that it must be so?"

She opened her lips to protest, but he gave her no chance to speak.

"Now put yourself in the place of these people here. Suppose"—he managed to fling a world of teasing sarcasm into his words—"suppose, for instance, that I—here and now—should tell you that I love you; that I've loved you since the day we met for the first time; that I cannot and will not live without you; that—"

He stopped abruptly in order to take a fresh start. Something urgent, earnest, appealing—had crowded the mockery out of his voice. It had the ring of appeal. It sounded far too much in earnest. He called the mockery to his aid once more and resumed:

"What if I should tell you that I would rather have your love than the power of a king or the wealth of a Crœsus? that I should count it fine and wonderful beyond all imagining—a moment to die for—if I could read in your eyes that you love me, that some day you will be my wife?"

His voice had become provokingly husky. It was a full second before he could recover his vein of light raillery.

"Suppose that I should say all this and much more that I can think of to you, here and now, to the accompaniment of this bewitching music; could you sit and listen unmoved? Wouldn't there be some change in your expression—and in mine—by which a curious person who was looking on might discover what all the world loves? And—would we care very much?"

He was leaning forward, his strong muscular, hands clasped loosely before him, a whimsical smile on his lips. With a thrill of triumph he saw that she was not listening unmoved even to the supposition. But she kept a bold front.

"Do I seem to be melting?" she inquired with a touch of defiance which comported ill with the tumultuous beating of her heart and a most annoying feeling of tremulousness about the lips. It was too absurd. But at least he should not know how embarrassed she was.

Then he proceeded calmly with his odious suppositions.

"But that was not all. Suppose that I should tell you that though I love you as a man can love but once, though you are to me the scent of the roses, the sweetness of music, the dearest joy of life, I am honor bound to another. Would there be anything to show that you cared?"

Slowly the color faded from her face. She realized it, but she could not help it, for she felt still and cold and motionless. Then, almost piteously, her eyes sought his. Triumph and gladness were visible there. His look was a caress. The place—the music—the people momentarily vanished from her consciousness. She felt as if they were alone in the world—a fuller, happier world than she had ever before dreamed of.

His low, pleased, tantalizing laugh recalled her. Her cheeks turned scarlet and her eyes blazed.

"Agnes, Agnes!" he admonished, using her first name without a sign of apology, precisely as if he intended using it always in the future. "Beware, my dear girl: If those others," nodding towards the couples whom she had so lately criticized, "were less absorbed in their own affairs, I am afraid they would be justified in thinking that we are having a lovers' quarrel."

"You wretch," she said at last. It really seemed the only thing to do—to smile and make the best of it. Then her glance strayed to the others. It was a trifle more sympathetic than before. O'Donohue, as they had named him, sat silent, uncomfortable—happy. The godling and the blue-eyed girl were talking, but were perhaps saying more with their eyes than with their lips.

"Might I have the honor of your attention?" pleaded Richardson's voice meekly.

She turned toward him, trying hard to look serious, but the corners of her mouth wavered.

"Suppose," the voice was nearly breathless—"suppose I were to tell you that the first part was true—terribly true—the part about my caring for you?" he questioned. "The rest, of course, was nonsense."

Little waves of color swept over her face and disappeared in the duskiness of her hair. She gave him one quick glance and her lids covered her eyes and shut out their message.

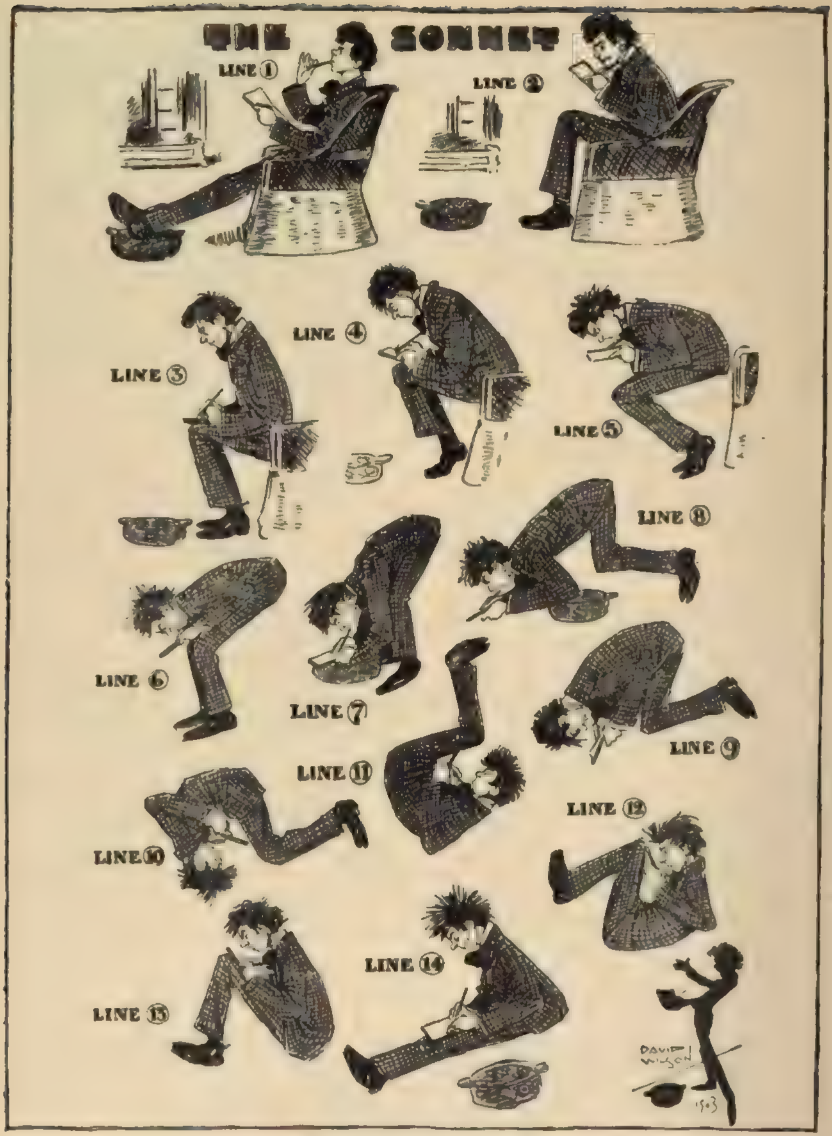
In the convenient shadow of the chair his big brown hand closed over hers with a touch—gentle, firm, supreme.

THE DIMPLE IN HER CHIN

By Clifton Bingham

'Twas at Pat McCarthy's wedding—
All the boys and girls were there;
There was feasting, there was flirting,
And shillelaghs in the air;
There was fiddling, too, and dancing,
There was courting on the sly—
Sure, to find a merrier party
'T would have puzzled you to try.
For the girls they were as pretty
As a boy could wish to see:
There was dark-eyed Norah Grady,
And she smiled so sweet at me;
But the one that took my fancy
When the dancing did begin,
Was a sweet and dainty maiden
With a dimple in her chin.

Oh, I've kissed a few for pleasure,
And I've flirted with a score,
But I've took a solemn promise
That I'll never do so more;
I've no heart at all for flirting,
For, as sure as Tim's my name,
I have lost it now completely,
And the dimple's all to blame!
Oh, I've caught the fever badly,
And it's cured I'll never be,
And the girls may smile so sweetly,
But they smile in vain at me;
For if I'd a hundred fortunes,
I would give them all to win
Just that sweet and dainty maiden
With the dimple in her chin!


THE SONNET
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DAVID WILSON
1903

THE POET OF PASSION

Dashes off a few lines

LITTLE ANSWERS

Student.—There are always two sides to a question. In the problem which you ask me to solve it is well to remember that the woman in the case wouldn't be in it if the man had not been willing.

Dick.—You have a hard task before you. Some men claim that it is just as noble to get rich by spending less as by earning more, but it is generally pretty hard for them to make their wives believe it.

Solomon II.—You are not quite so wise as your great namesake, or you would know that when a man is sued for breach of promise, he is likely to find that an old love-letter is worth much more than the paper it is written on

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Puzzled.—Such queer things do happen sometimes in the rush of going to press. For instance, a rural editor recently said: "Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week."

Google

A SWORD AND A MAID

By J. L. Farnsworth

"HARK you, Francis Beauclerc!" said Sir Charles Anthony, joining me as I sat moodily drinking alone in the White Horse Inn, and thrusting at me his wicked, handsome face, "you are an evil case—a younger son crowded out of your brother's house; no chance for preferment at Court; no means of livelihood at the end of your resources."

Here he drew out a score of gold pieces and jingled them right musically. I eyed him askance, for I hated the man. And presently he went on—

"Bethink you how many bottles of noble wine, how many nights of gaming with the dice and cards, what generous meals and goodly raiment lie in these golden coins. And, therefore, I think you are the man for my work."

"What is your work?" I asked, keeping my temper in check.

"Zounds!" he cried with an evil laugh. "'Tis like a play. With half-a-dozen of my bullies you stop a carriage in which rides a pretty maid I hold most dear. You make a play at abduction with much noise and clashing of steel and stage business. Then come I to the rescue. We cross swords, you fall, and I carry off the maid in triumph, her rescuer and protector."

"You have forgotten my temper in your catalogue of my failings, Sir Charles Anthony," I said rising. "I will play no villain in any plot of yours. But as to crossing swords—"

Here I laid my hand on my hilt and bowed to him.

With that Sir Charles sprang up also, with fury in his face, and while one might count two score we stared in each other's eyes. Twice his hand stole to his belt as if he would draw steel, but in the end my gaze mastered his, and scowling evilly he turned his back and strode from the house.

. . . .

A woman's scream roused me from my thoughts as I strode up the narrow side-street that led to my humble lodgings. It seemed to come from an alley close at hand, yet when I searched its depths with eyes and ears it was as silent as the grave.

'Twas a dark hole, and prudence whispered to let the adventure pass. Yet I knew, though I knew not how I knew, that it was a good woman who had screamed, and no creature of the streets. So, with drawn sword, I tiptoed into the darkness till I saw a flutter of white aganist the wall.

"Who cries for help?" I said loudly, stepping forward.

"It concerns you not," answered a surly voice, and a dark figure came boldly out. "Begone and mind your own affairs."

"What have you here?" I asked, pressing forward.

But the man barred my way, threatening to spit me on his blade. Loath to use the steel till I saw further into the matter, I caught him by the wrist as he raised his arm, and with a twist and a trip sent him sprawling and slipped past him into the turn of the alley.

Here 'twas dark as a pocket and I could see nothing. But as I felt about, my hand closed on the soft flimsy stuff of a woman's gown, and under it was a woman's form—a girl's.

"Ha!" I cried, "'tis some wench you are misusing."

"You mistake," said a civil voice from behind the girl. "'Tis my young sister, who will out o' nights, and we but take her home."

"I tell you again you are meddling in a private matter," broke in the first man's voice. "'Tis for the girl's good, and we have authority. Stay longer at your peril."

I was half convinced, and was on the point of withdrawing with an easy conscience when the girl caught my hand and carried it to her face. She was gagged.

"You knaves!" I cried, tearing loose the scarf from her mouth. "Who is this you have gagged?"

With an oath the man behind the girl stepped out and ran towards the street crying for a lantern and blowing a whistle shrilly. Grasping the girl by the arm, I dashed forward, thrusting ahead of me as I went. Half way out the point of my sword took something soft that cried out and fell. At the alley's mouth I could see better, and here a dark figure rushed on me fiercely. I spitted him like a lark, and he went down in a heap.

In the street I thought to have clear way, but the whistle brought three or four men, who set upon me with swords. Calling to the girl to run for her life, I faced about briskly to meet their attack. But she would not, and went back with me against a wall, where they pressed me hard. Two I pinked so that they drew out with groans and curses, but one of the others got in shrewdly on my left shoulder.

I was in evil case when the girl cried in my ear that there was a door at our backs. With a shout I sprang out and drove them back a step, then turning ran after her within the door, and bolted and barred it in their faces.

Within was utter darkness, and we felt our way along through a narrow passage till we reached a room with a window that gave us a bit of the moon. There was a door, but it was fast on the other side and the window was heavily barred. Plainly we could go no further, unless we could raise the house. I rapped with my dagger-hilt, but there was no answer. After many trials I gave over, not thinking it wise to betray our plight to those in the street.

"How fares it with you, girl?" I said drawing my companion to where the moonlight fell.

I had expected to find some simple, bourgeois maid, and lo! my gaze fell upon one richly dressed, with the air and carriage of a gentlewoman. Half girl and half grand dame she was, and the fairest

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thing mine eyes had ever lit upon. And with it all some trick of the memory made me know I had seen her face before.

"By Our Lady!" I cried, in sheer surprise, "who are you and how came you here?"

With that I took off my cap and bowed with all respect.

"Why," she answered, with a smile to see me so lost in wonderment, "my carriage was stopped and I was taken."

"Ha!" I cried, "this is the doing of Sir Charles Anthony."

"Truly I think so," said she, "and I think also that I shall have no peace from him till some brave man removes him from this world." And with this she looked at me with broad significance in her gaze.

"As for the rest," she went on, "I am Eleanor Fairfax, now grown to woman's full estate, as you may see. That I am here I have to thank Sir Francis Beauclerc."

I stood silent in surprise, hardly able to trust my ears and eyes; and—yes, it was the girl with whom I had been brought up in——.

"Not 'Sir,' but plain Francis Beauclerc," I said at length.

"Tut!" she answered, as one who brings good news, "you are behind the times. Your worthy and loving brother is dead these seven days, and even now a messenger searches for you to wish you joy."

I would have poured upon her a flood of questions, but here her eye fell on a broad red smudge on my coat. In vain did I make light of the cut upon my shoulder, though in faith 'twas a shrewd wound and letting out more blood than I liked; she would have my coat off instanter, and then with my dagger she cut open my shirt and very delicately bound up the wound with kerchief and scarf, bemoaning herself the while that she was the cause of it, and pouring out thanks for her rescue and praise of my sword play till I felt myself flushing like a schoolboy.

Indeed, so tender was the touch of her slim, soft fingers, so sweet the perfume of her, and so entrancing the sound of her slow, clear voice, that I would willingly have had a dozen wounds for her to dress.

And then was enacted anew the story which no man's lips are weary uttering, and of which no woman's ear will tire. We sat down upon the steps that led to the door to wait for the morning light, and, sooth to tell, I made hot love, and she, at first protesting, and shy of listening, came by degrees to hearken; and presently, as it grew chill, I put my coat upon her shoulders, and with my arm about her drew her close the while I whispered in her ear.

And then, all of a sudden, our love dreams were shattered in an instant. For there was a crash as the street door was battered down, and in poured a press of men with torches, Sir Charles Anthony at their head, crying—

"Rescue for Mistress Eleanor Fairfax! Death to her abductor!"

And even as they came on, the door above us opened, and down the steps came armed house servants also with torches and lanterns. And then when all paused an instant to see what was coming next, the girl at my side broke out into hysterical laughter.

"To think," she cried, "that I have fled for refuge to mine own house and knew it not!"

For it was even so, and the house servants clustered about her with hearty welcome and congratulation, while Sir Charles and his men stood astonished and hesitating. Then came my turn.

"Sir Charles Anthony," I said, flinging my glove in his face, "I denounce you as the abductor of this maid, my childhood's playmate, and the lady of my love. On guard!"

Before the words were out of my mouth he lunged straight at my heart, and had I not been quick he had caught me unaware. But I was as quick as he, and in another instant our blades were clashing in the deadly music of steel upon steel. Nor was the issue long in doubt. With her eyes upon me I was as one inspired, and in a moment more my point drank deeply at his heart, and he fell face down on the stone flagging with a clatter.

And then, before them all, Mistress Eleanor Fairfax put her white arms about my neck and lifted her lips for her first kiss.

THE KEYNOTE

By George A. Spencer

IT was evident that she did not love him, and yet it was announced that she was to marry him.

I was only a guest in the house, but the affair troubled me, and I sought long and earnestly for an explanation of it.

So far as I could judge, Mary had a distinct aversion to Ralph Weston rather than an affection for him, but nevertheless he seemed to dominate her life. She feared him, but for some reason chose to keep secret the cause of that fear. I could see her almost shrink from him when he called, but she dared not refuse to see him, or break the engagement which her father had sanctioned.

What was the secret of his power? I asked myself. Why did she not go to her father—easy-going, blind old John Burroughs—and tell him she could not marry this man? I could see no reason why she should sacrifice herself. Her father was wealthy and Weston was not. Surely the latter had no hold on the old gentleman that made such a marriage imperative!

On the contrary, my observation led me to believe that Mr. Burroughs thought he was acting for the best interests of his daughter. He liked Weston—who could be extremely affable and entertaining when he wished, although usually rather taciturn—but there was nothing to indicate that he had his heart set on the match.

Yet Mary shuddered when her accepted suitor called, then greeted him with a show of cordiality,

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and went blindly with him to the little reception room, from which from time to time strains of music were wafted.

Weston was a musician of no mean ability, and occasionally entertained us all with selections on the piano, but the fitful way in which he played when they were alone together impressed me as rather strange.

He seldom played a selection through in those circumstances, but seemed to run over the keys idly, improvising, or giving a few bars from one air and then a few from another.

Once when he was doing this I thought I heard a wild, pleading cry of "Oh! don't," and then a half-smothered shriek, and when he played for us all, the frightened look in Mary's eyes was enough to haunt a man for life. Apparently, however, I was the only one who noticed it.

Finally, overstepping even the liberty accorded to an old friend, I spoke freely to her. I told her it was plain she did not love him, and asked her why she did not go frankly to her father, tell him so, and break the engagement. The bare suggestion seemed to frighten her, and she shuddered as she answered—

"I dare not—I dare not! He'd kill me."

"Kill you!" I exclaimed. "Nonsense! Your father has only your welfare at heart, and—"

"No—no; not my father," she interrupted. "I mean Mr. Weston. He has the keynote."

The keynote! I was more mystified than ever, but she gave me no chance to ask for an explanation. She hurried away as if already alarmed at what she had said, yet it seemed to me that she regarded me after that as one who was more in her confidence than others and to whom she might look for protection from some impending evil.

Still I could not understand what she meant by the "keynote," and she avoided the subject as if it were fraught with great personal danger. When I asked her to explain she trembled and shook her head.

"No one would believe me," she said. "It is so strange, so weird. And he would kill me. He has threatened to and I know he would."

"Your nerves are overwrought," I replied. "Unless I misjudge the man, he would not know one end of a revolver from the other, and this is not the age for that sort of thing."

"But you don't understand," she insisted, laying her hand on my arm as if that gave her confidence, but nevertheless looking about her in a frightened way. "He has the keynote."

"That's what you said before," I returned, taking both her hands and holding her in front of me. "What do you mean by it? Tell me frankly. I'll believe you and I'll help you."

"If I thought you would," she said doubtingly.

"I will," I asserted earnestly. "Tell me."

She seemed on the point of telling me her story, but evidently thought better of it.

"Wait," she said. "You shall see for yourself. He is coming to-night and I will hide you behind the curtains. But don't let him kill me. If he tries to do it knock him down—brain him—drive him away from the piano at all cost."

There was a world of pathos in the earnestness with which she said that, and for the first time I began to understand the affair.

There is a keynote to everything, as science has demonstrated. Just the right chord will make a glass shiver into a million pieces. If the keynote of the largest building should be discovered the structure might crumble into dust, and it is not an unknown thing for articles in the vicinity of great organs to fall in pieces. Indeed, I myself have felt the sudden emotional thrill that comes from the striking of a certain chord.

That evening I was carefully concealed behind the window draperies when Weston called, and it is needless to say that my interest was intense. She shuddered as he drew her toward him, but remained passive in his embrace.

"To-morrow," he said, "we will be quietly married."

"No," she replied, and I could see that it was only with an effort that she forced herself to say it.

"But I insist!" he exclaimed. "I will no longer run the risk of losing you, and you promised me yesterday."

"I've changed my mind," she answered shortly.

"Have a care," he returned menacingly, releasing her and moving towards the piano.

Whether it was my presence that inspired her I know not, but for the first time, as she afterwards told me, her spirit was roused and she dared him.

"Kill me if you will!" she cried. "Since the evil night you first accidentally struck that chord and saw the effect it had on me I have lived in almost constant fear of death, or insanity, which is worse. I have trembled whenever you have touched the keys, even in the presence of others. You have played, as it seemed to me, on the live nerves of my body, and from very fear forced me to acquiesce in whatever you proposed; but I am done with it. I will not marry you to-morrow or at any other time."

"Think again," he said softly, but nevertheless threateningly, as he seated himself at the piano and idly ran his fingers over the keys. "Remember! This is a power I shall have always. I have no fear that it will kill you, but wherever I may find you I can inflict upon you the excruciating torture that you dread. Even at the altar this chord—"

He never finished the sentence, for as he spoke she uttered a sudden cry. Her face became deadly white and she swayed and shook like a leaf. I sprang from behind the curtains, but before I reached him he had struck the chord again, and with a moan she collapsed and sank in a heap on the floor.

I did not handle him very gently, and when the others came in, attracted by the noise, he was in a fit condition to interview a doctor. He said when he left that he would find an opportunity to carry his threat into execution and that she never would be able to escape that chord so long as both he and she lived.

Mary and her father left for a Continental trip a week later, and Weston disappeared soon after. He intimated that it was his purpose to follow them. If he did and her father remained in the same humor in which I last saw him, I am satisfied that there is one musical genius occupying a grave somewhere on the Continent. But I have heard of no such tragedy.

A PROWLER IN THE DARK

By Garrison J. Clarke

I HAVE come to General Williams' house for a little while. At the Catherwoods' a host of relatives swept down on them unexpectedly, and even after doubling up there was a scarcity of room. So I suggested coming here. It relieved Mrs. Catherwood. Besides, I am, in a sense, doing my duty. I had always promised Mrs. Williams that I would visit her.

"Tom Catherwood drove me over, and the general insisted on his staying also. I was sorry for that. I am afraid Tom cares too much for me. It is a pity. He is a dear boy, yet I can never feel anything for him beyond the sincerest friendship.

"Jack, sometimes I am almost frightened at the completeness with which I have given myself to you. Until I met you life seemed very sufficient as I led it. Now I am never contented. I wish for you every hour of every day, every minute of every hour. I am not patient with this everlasting waiting. In the early autumn I shall rebel. You must go to my father then and tell him.

"Somehow I feel strange and uneasy to-night. Perhaps because our talk all the evening was of that very gentlemanly thief who has been so in evidence here of late.

"He has entered nearly every house for miles around, and still roves the neighborhood free—safe. From all accounts he never loses his manners—is, in fact, a sort of modern Robin Hood. I have never felt nervous over this kind of thing before. I don't know why I should now, but, frankly, I do.

"It is a lonely region—picturesque, of course, but terribly alone. I go back to the Catherwoods' day after to-morrow, so send letters there as usual. They are my only consolation. Dear one, how I love you—better than anything! I love you—"

Barbara stopped writing and looked up. It was very late. The hands of the clock pointed to a quarter to one, and the silence of night had settled over everything. The girl walked across to the partly opened window, looking out at the black sky and beyond to the blacker hills that as far as the eye could reach enfolded the entire region in their embrace. It was dismal, gloomy, and very somber. Inadvertently, Barbara's thoughts took the color of her surroundings.

"I should not like a home here with all this wilderness," she was saying to herself. "When Jack and I are married—"

She stopped, her mind leaping to this man of whom she knew comparatively so little, yet who, for all that, in so short a time had gained such complete possession of her.

She began comparing him to young Catherwood. She remembered how until Jack had come into her life, Tom had seemed so near her ideal of what a man should be. It was a strange complication that assailed her.

Barbara, loath to go to bed, pulled a chair close to the window, turned off the gas, lighted a candle that stood on her dressing-table, and sat down, leaning one arm on the window-ledge. Occasional flashes of lightning shot across the western sky. The wind, veering suddenly to the north, had risen perceptibly, creating a multitude of strange noises in the trees and shrubbery.

Somewhere in the house a door blew to with a noise like the report of a pistol. A moment after an unexpected gust of cold air extinguished the candle in Barbara's room.

The abrupt darkness was startling. Barbara sprang to her feet with an alarmed cry, but before the girl had time to relight the taper a footstep, very faint but very distinct, sounded on the gravel path below.

Barbara backed away from the window, listening intently, a great fear seizing upon her.

Inevitably, as if born on the occasion, her thoughts to-night had run on incidents and scenes of violence.

But that one tread was not followed by a second, and except for the steady click of the clock, there was only silence.

"It was the wind," she said loudly to herself, a sensation of relief surging through her.

At that moment something moved behind her; the window by which she had sat was raised; someone stepped into the room!

Barbara ground her teeth together, fear galloping through her body.

But no sound escaped her. She stood gripped close by terror—rigid, cold, waiting!

For a second there was a pause—a second that, as long as memory lasted, she never forgot; then a voice said, courteously—

"I know that you are near me. I have been waiting for your light to go out. Please do not give me the pain of forcing you to keep still. I shall not harm you. I do not want to frighten you—I only ask you to be quiet."

At the first sound of that quiet, refined voice, so close to her, the girl drew in her breath sharply, then caught at her heart with both hands as though a knife had been suddenly plunged through it.

An idea shot up before her—an idea dark, terrible, hideous—worse than death itself.

"It isn't true!" she cried under her breath. "The very notion is madness."

But the thought brought with it a horror so great that the girl lost all personal fear, all keenness of sensation.

"I will keep perfectly still," she whispered, her voice strained and unnatural, "if on your part you make no light; not a light of any kind. Do you understand?" The man laughed.

"I shall be obliged to use a light when I leave this room, but in here the darkness shall remain as it is. Candidly, though, it is a curious request. Who sleeps in the room just beyond this—the room with the bay window?"

Again Barbara whispered—

"Mr. Catherwood."

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She could feel the man give a start of surprise.

"Tom Catherwood?"

"Yes. Why?"

"He has been watching your light—he from the window, I from the ground. I was wondering—"

"What?"

The whisper was frenzied.

"Whether he saw me come in here—"

Before he could finish and as if in sudden answer to the man's suspicion, someone moved outside in the hall. On the instant a rap came at Barbara's door. The handle turned.

Barbara stepped back with a rapid movement, gripping the thief's wrist.

"Don't move. Your life depends on that. Oh! so does mine. I'll get rid of him. Only trust me."

She groped her way closer to the door.

"What is it?" she said.

Catherwood's voice called back—

"Are you all right?"

"Certainly, Tom—why?"

"I thought, I thought—" he stopped. "It was your light burning so long. I was afraid you were ill."

"No, only sleepless."

There was a short pause.

"Barbara, I had another reason. You see—don't be frightened—there was a strange shadow on the pillar that runs past your window. It was like the figure of a man. You are sure there is nothing wrong?"

"Nothing, Tom."

She forced her voice to keep it from falling into a sob.

A heavy silence followed. Outside the wind, still rising, moaned ceaselessly.

"In the name of Heaven, why have you done this?"

The thief's voice finally broke the stillness.

"Oh! I can't tell," cried the girl. "It may all be a hideous mistake. I think it must be; yet I dared not run the risk when something here was telling me just one thing—one thing."

She was beating one hand against her breast. And at last, in sudden forgetfulness, her voice rang out clear. It fell on the man's ears with a sickening shock. On the spur of the moment, understanding, tremendous, swift, leaped into his brain.

He reeled, covering his face with one arm, steadying himself against the wall. One cry, stifled, almost inhuman in its misery, had come from him. It was the cry of life, love, hope—crushed under the weight of shame.

The minutes passed. Presently the man raised his head. He had no word of comfort to offer, but at least he must say something. It was an imperative need with him to speak.

"It has been this way always, Barbara. No chance, no luck, no good for me all my life. I thieved in the beginning because I had to. I was starving. You don't know what that means, do you? Suffering, aching, fainting for something to put into one's body. There is nothing romantic about it. It is common—just common; but for all that, when every part of you is crying out to live, demanding to live, you listen. I listened, and I stole. Then I met you, and with that began loathing for myself. I realized how low I had fallen; for all that, I could not give you up. You were the first happiness that had ever come to me. I would have fought for it to the end of existence. To-night was to have been the last of this business. I have enough now to give me a start. You would never have been ashamed of me. There was love, happiness—a future for us both. But now—now—oh, Heaven! what a fool I was to hope!"

The torrent of words came to an abrupt halt, for Barbara, standing close beside the man, put one hand up to his mouth. She had heard a step at her door again. Tom Catherwood had returned.

"Barbara," he demanded, "who is in that room with you?"

"Tom, what is the matter with you?"

"Just this—you told an untruth before. I knew it then, for I had seen a man enter your window. I believed you against the evidence of my own eyes. But now I have heard his voice—a man's voice. Barbara, what does it mean? Are you afraid to speak—or—or—?"

The man's voice broke.

In the silence that succeeded, the criminal straightened himself to his full height. There was no wavering in the resolution that had come to him. Her honesty was assailed, and through him. He moved forward.

Before he could reach the door the girl had jumped in front of him, every instinct in her on the alert, reading his mind almost before his decision was made. The horror of Catherwood's accusation was strong upon her, but it was as nothing in comparison with this approaching calamity, this thing that he was about to do.

"Jack, listen to me," she whispered, with fearful rapidity, her whole body quivering. "You must not go out there. You must not give yourself up. I could not stand it—it would kill me. You can make your escape by that window while I keep him out there. Go, go—please go!"

"Barbara, there would always be the doubt in Catherwood's mind. I cannot go."

"I don't care for that—not at all. Jack, it's my life I am asking for, not my reputation. Isn't my life something to you? I would rather you stole always, always, than have you give yourself up here to him like this. Go, dear! Oh, go!"

"Barbara, no!"

And now, all at once, in her frantic desire to save this man from himself, all Barbara's love for him leaped to the surface. Her shame, pride, humiliation were obliterated before her iron determination.

Outside Catherwood was calling to her, speaking quietly not to rouse the household, but his voice was hard, pitiless.

Jack, listening, moved swiftly towards the door, deaf to every argument. He groped his way in the darkness, and his uncertainty gave the desperate girl a final chance. She flung her arms around his neck, her breath panting against his face.

"Jack, it is for me! I am asking you to go—for my sake—because I love you, because I cannot bear to lose you. Don't you understand? Will you go?"

"Barbara, I cannot!"

The man's hand was on the key. It swung around with a sharp click. The door knob turned. The door opened.

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Catherwood stood under a light in the hall. He staggered back with a cry, his face colorless.

But Barbara scarcely noticed him, for she had seized the criminal's hands in a convulsive grasp, her eyes staring into his face with fearful intentness least he should drown her voice with words of self-condemnation.

"Tom," she began at once, "listen to me. It's all a mistake on your part. The evidence is all against me, of course, but I can explain. You see—this is—this is—"

The girl stopped, took a deep breath.

"Tom, this is the man I love—the man I am going to marry," she said.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR

By John J. Dunham

IN his office the consul at Caracas sat at his desk so busily occupied with his official correspondence that he did not hear the woman when she entered, and she had almost reached his side before he became aware of her presence.

Her face was pale as the dead's; her hands nervously clasped and unclasped each other. Her eyes, large, brown and dreamy, were gleaming with anguish and despair.

From head to feet she was gowned in yellow—bright, glaring yellow, with here and there touches of jet. A mass of dark brown hair fell about her shoulders in luxurious abandonment, and her features, on which were visible deep lines of anxiety, were graced with a beauty almost Oriental.

When his eyes met hers the consul sprang to his feet. The hot blood rushed to his face and pounded at his temples. A frown furrowed his forehead. He set his jaws firmly, and from his eyes flashed the terrible anger that burned in his heart.

The woman made an attempt to speak, but gasped and caught the back of a chair, then bowed her head and sobbed.

As one suddenly turned to stone, the consul stood with folded arms and gazed at her. And under his gaze she trembled like a leaf in the wind. Thrice she attempted to raise her face to his and thrice she failed.

Vainly trying to stifle her sobs, she pressed her hand to her bosom, as though she would force her heart to cease its beating. But the man stood before her with blazing eyes, upon his livid lips a sneer. Finally he spoke.

"Well?" he said.

At the sound of his voice she dashed the tears from her eyes with a gesture of impatience, and the color leaped to her face.

"Mr. Mason," she said, "I demand that you protect my husband's life."

"Indeed!" he sneered. "Is your husband's life in jeopardy?"

For answer she almost dragged him to a window.

"Look!" she cried, pointing downwards into the courtyard of the barracks.

A few paces from the high adobe wall a file of soldiers were standing at rest, their lieutenant leaning idly upon the hilt of his sword that glistened in the sunshine, while against the wall a man whose tall, erect figure proclaimed that he was not a Venezuelan, stood facing the soldiers defiantly, and waiting—waiting for the stroke of noon from the bells of the old Spanish cathedral.

Even at that distance the consul recognized the man's features, and his face darkened. But he uttered no word.

"He is condemned to be shot as a spy," continued the woman, excitedly. "They say he delivered important messages into the hands of the revolutionists. But that is a lie, Mr. Mason. He is innocent—as innocent as you, and you can save him. You will?"

She was looking straight into his eyes, and he noted, with something akin to satisfaction, the anguish in her face. But he folded his arms again and looked at her in bitter contempt.

"And why should I interfere in the affairs of the Venezuelan government?" he asked. "Why should I raise my hand to save this man's life? Did he not come into my home—into our home—like a thief in the night and steal from me that which was more precious than life itself? Did he not tear from my heart and hearthstone the wife who had promised to love and to cherish me? Well may you hide your face, madam. Look into my eyes. Do you not see the heartbreak and the pain I have suffered all these years? And now you—you whom I prayed God I might never see again—come here and beg that I restore to you the one who has wrecked my happiness. Am I cruel? Remember, I am but human, and revenge is so sweet to the human heart!"

He turned and walked the floor, leaving the woman standing with her face buried in her hands and her head bowed in dumb despair.

"I didn't love you, Will," she faltered at length. "I tried to love you—I tried so hard, but I couldn't. And then he came. God knows the thought of wrong never entered either of our minds until it was too late! He came into my life like the sunshine that drips through the clouds, and I had not the strength to put him away."

The man laughed and paused a moment, glancing at the woman. His lips moved, but he did not speak, but resumed his ceaseless pacing like a beast in a cage.

Suddenly the woman clutched him by the arm.

"You must save him!" she cried hysterically. "You must!"

"Must?" he replied disdainfully. "'Must' is a strong word, madam."

"I said you must," she repeated, her eyes blazing. "He is innocent of any offense against the government of Venezuela. A soldier, now in yonder barracks, stole the papers and placed them in the hands of a woman, supposed to be Spanish,

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who delivered them to the revolutionists. I know that to be true, Mr. Mason. I swear it."

Again the man smiled, and the woman clenched her fists in her agony. Then she drew nearer to the man, a strange light in her eyes, and raising a trembling finger pointed to the flag draped above his desk.

"My husband is a fellow-citizen of yours," she said, very slowly. "You have sworn to protect him. Dare you refuse to prevent an insult to that flag?"

He flushed and bit his lips, then sat down at his desk and wrote a note, which he sealed and handed to her.

"Take this to the secretary of war," he said. "Perhaps he will reprieve your husband."

"Don't you think," she answered, looking him straight in the eyes, "you had better go yourself?"

Something in her voice seemed to startle him. He glanced nervously at his watch, then tore the note in two and tossed the pieces in the waste-basket.

"I will," he said quietly.

In the courtyard he found the colonel.

"The man you are about to shoot is a fellow-citizen of mine," he said, "and in the name of my country I protest against his execution."

The officer shrugged his shoulders.

"Go see the president, senor," he replied. "He may pardon; he may reprieve; he may banish. But you must hasten; you have but five minutes. If you succeed, fire a pistol from the balcony. Go."

And when the consul had gone, the colonel crossed the courtyard and addressed the lieutenant.

"It is not twelve o'clock until the last stroke has sounded, lieutenant," he said.

Past guards and sentries Mason pushed his way until he stood in the presence of the chief executive.

"Senor President," he said, "the man against the wall out yonder is a fellow-citizen of mine, and, as the representative of his country, I demand that his execution be at least postponed."

The president laughed.

"Fellow-citizen or no," he answered, "he must die on the stroke of twelve. He was a spy. He furnished valuable information to the revolutionists."

"I am informed, sir," replied the consul, "that the one who delivered those documents into the hands of the enemy is a member of your own army. Stay this man's execution for an hour, and I will convince you that what I say is true."

The president shook his head.

"He dies at noon," he said. "If another man is guilty, I shoot him too. Then I be sure to get right man."

"Shoot him," cried the other, vehemently, "and I'll have a man-of-war in your harbor in twenty-four hours."

Again the president shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"Admirals don't bombard," he said. "They demand indemnities. Indemnities are easily arranged."

It was one minute of twelve. Down in the courtyard the little, undersized soldiers arranged themselves in a straight line and the lieutenant raised his sword in readiness for the downward sweep when he would give the fatal word to fire. The colonel, watch in hand, stood near, his gaze riveted upon the balcony of the president's palace. The doomed man drew himself to his full height and looked proudly, haughtily at his executioners.

In the president's room, the consul turned red, then white, as he walked slowly to the door. Suddenly he turned and approached the president with a rapid stride, his eyes snapping.

"Sir," he said, "to me it seems that services rendered to Venezuela by my government in days gone by should vouchsafe your consideration of my just request at this time. Besides, the day may come when our intervention would prevent aggression by some other power. The matter is worthy of your most serious thought, Senor President."

He paused and from the old cathedral came the clang of a deep-toned bell.

The president's face grew grave; his fingers tapped his chair nervously; but still he made no answer. A second clang of the bell resounded, and then a third and a fourth.

"You may have till three o'clock to prove the man's innocence. If by that hour you have not done so, he must die," the president said at length.

In the courtyard, the colonel, still watching the balcony, heard the mellow old bell ring out upon the still, hot atmosphere. The man against the wall set his jaws firmly. and coolly faced the rifles pointed at his breast.

Slowly sounded the strokes of the mission bell —two, three, four, five. Then, as the sixth stroke was reverberating, the colonel saw a man leap through the window upon the balcony of the palace. His right hand was uplifted; a glitter, as of silver in the sunlight, flashed, and a second later a tiny puff of white smoke ascended on the lazy air.

Turning sharply upon his heel the officer cried:

"Attention! Right about face, march!"

And at this command, the woman in yellow fell fainting in the arms of the man against the wall.

. . . .

Already the cathedral bell had struck the hour of two. In the consulate the woman stood at the window looking down into the courtyard. She could see the sentry pacing slowly back and forth in front of the guard-house in which she knew her husband was confined.

Behind her sat the consul, but he could not see her face, upon which was a strange, an awful intermingling of anxiety, anguish and fear.

Suddenly she turned to him, her features brightened by a sudden inspiration.

"I can point out the one who stole the documents," she said.

"But can you prove his guilt?" the consul asked.

Suddenly she turned away and gazed out of the window.

"No," she answered, "I am afraid I cannot."

"Then it will avail you nothing," he said.

Both lapsed into silence, and Mason, looking at the beautiful woman before him, saw the light glistening in her unkempt locks like sunbeams pouring through the leaves of the trees where they had walked arm in arm in the days when they were lovers.

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"You say the soldier was in love with this Spanish woman," he said. "How do you know?"

"I—I dare not explain," she answered; "but it is the truth."

"Then we will prove his guilt," he said, leaping to his feet.

She turned her questioning eyes upon him.

"His love will betray him," he continued; "but you must play your part in the drama."

"I? What must I do?"

"You must impersonate the Spanish woman and stand up to be shot."

Her face paled.

"Oh! I dare not," she replied. "I—"

"It is to be only a drama," he assured her—"not a tragedy. You shall be veiled, and no harm shall come to you."

The woman trembled and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Oh! I dare not; I dare not! I am afraid!" she cried.

"Very well, then," replied the other, "your husband must die. I cannot save him."

Instantly the woman uncovered her face and walked determinedly towards the door.

"I will do as you bid," she said calmly. "I will die, if needs be, to save my husband."

It still lacked fifteen minutes to the hour, when the woman, heavily veiled from head to foot, was led into the courtyard and placed with her back against the wall. The president and the consul were present, and all the soldiers in the barracks were drawn up in line facing her.

Slowly the colonel walked down the line. When he reached the end he turned and strode, with military step, to a point midway between the line and some ten feet distant. Then, addressing the soldiers, he said—

"Attention! We have captured a beautiful senorita. She was a spy for the revolutionists, and is known to have stolen certain valuable documents, and to have delivered them to the enemy. She is now before you, and you are to fire the shots that are to end her life. You will notice that she is veiled. This was necessary that her great beauty might not prevent any of you from doing your duty."

He then returned to the end of the line and drew his sword.

"Ready! Aim!" he commanded.

Every rifle was raised—save one.

Midway the line a soldier stood with ashen face. Perspiration glistened upon his forehead, and in his eyes was a gleam of passionate despair. His knees shook, his hands trembled, and he had not the strength to raise his weapon.

The colonel stepped behind him, and pressing his sword to his back, commanded—

"Out of the ranks, you spy—you coward!"

Weak as a child, the self-convicted man staggered a few steps forward and sank upon his knees.

"Colonel!" he cried, desperately, "the senorita—the beautiful senorita—I love her! I adore her! She say: 'If you love me, you get me those papers. That will prove it,' she say. So I do, and I not see her again until now."

"Fool!" cried the colonel. "Your weakness has been your ruin. This is not the senorita you love. I will show you."

At the words, a look of extreme relief illumined the soldier's face, and something much like a smile was upon his lips as he watched the officer walk slowly to where the woman stood shrouded in her black veil.

The colonel placed his hands upon her drapery, then pausing an instant he glanced back at the soldier on his knees.

"Look!" he cried.

And as he spoke he pulled the veil from her head and shoulders, revealing the startled face of the woman in yellow.

With a wild cry the miserable man threw himself upon the ground at her feet.

"It is she!" he cried. "Oh, Heaven! it is she."

He groveled in the dust, then raised his lips and kissed the hem of her garments, crying—

"I love you! I love you! I betray my country for you! I die for you!"

As one in a stupor the consul advanced to her side.

"Madam," he said, "what does this mean?"

"The fellow is right," she answered softly, turning her large, frightened eyes upon the consul.

Once in his younger days Mason had been "in at the death" of a magnificent stag, and he never forgot the pathos in the animal's eyes. The same tragic loveliness he now saw in the eyes looking into his.

Tenderly she laid her soft hand in his.

"Forgive me, Will," she said, her voice trembling, "forgive me for all the sorrow and the pain; think of me, not as the unfaithful wife, but as the little sweetheart who used to walk with you under the stars along the beautiful river side."

Then he was brushed aside by a squad of soldiers, who seized their comrade, still lying in the dust, and placed him beside the woman, his back against the wall. And the president spoke.

"By the authority in me invested," he said, "I command that this senor and this senorita—self-confessed spies—be shot to death. Do your duty, colonel."

Again the officer gave the command, "Ready! Aim!" and again the rifles were raised.

With the old, old love throbbing in his veins, the consul sprang in front of the woman and held up his hand.

"Hold!" he commanded. "This woman is my fellow country-woman. She must not be shot without a trial."

Mason's face turned scarlet, but his eyes snapped ominously.

"Sir," he said, "five million dollars' worth of Venezuelan war bonds are held in my country. The interest on these is long past due. So help me Heaven, sir, if this woman dies at your hands, every one of those bonds becomes payable in two minutes after the breath leaves her body. Now shoot, sir!"

The president shrugged his shoulders and laughed—uneasily.

"Release the senorita," he said finally.

For a moment the woman in yellow clasped the consul's hand, and the thrill of love, not dead, but awakened after a long slumber, went throbbing through his veins. Then she turned away, and he saw her clasped in her husband's arms. A volley rang out upon the pulseless air, and the soldier who had no one to intercede for him, fell forward upon his face.

THE STAGE OF THE MONTH

By Roland Burke Hennessy

MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY"

WHEN Marie Tempest appeared in "The Algerians," and other comic operas of ten years ago, she was a cute little body, with a small voice that had a silver trill in it. It was a voice that was neither bad nor good, but it did not seem to handicap her. She appeared to be essentially a comic opera singer. Then she went to England.

In the past ten years Miss Tempest has grown a bit plumper, but apparently no older. As she appears in "The Marriage of Kitty," Miss Tempest displays new qualities which not one of her old admirers suspected her of possessing. This piece, which, by the way, is by her husband, gives Miss Tempest those very opportunities which no doubt she lacked years ago when she asked the public to accept her as a prima donna.

Miss Tempest is to-day a finished comedienne who has at her finger tips all the artifices of her craft. There is a certain blithe manner about her which is captivating. She it not given to repression, and is, in fact, rather explosive at times, and yet her whole method is diverting and is a fascinating one.

"The Marriage of Kitty," is built around this theme. *Lord Belsize* must marry a woman—but any woman except the one with whom he thinks he is in love. A marriage of convenience is contracted between *Kitty* (Miss Tempest) and the scion of a noble family. The thread runs on thinly but pleasantly until the time when he falls in love with his own wife, and the affair finally ends by his throwing off his old love, who is not much of a woman, and eloping with *Kitty*. It is all very improbable, but very amusing.

Scene from Act I of the Savage production of "Carmen" at the West End Theatre, New York

Leonard Boyne plays the rôle of *Belsize* and plays it well. Mr. Boyne was here some seasons in something or other that was very melodramatic, if I remember clearly. He now returns to us a finished comedian of the robust, haw-haw London type. His work is capital all the way through. Incidentally, his part is that of an insufferable cad who does not know his own mind five minutes at a time. But *Belsize* is an entertaining character.

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Scene from Act II of "Winsome Winnie" at the New York Casino

"MOTHER GOOSE" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

MESSRS. KLAW & ERLANGER have once more proven their right to be considered among the most lavish of American theatrical producers. There is sommething about "Mother Goose" at the New Amsterdam which stamps the spectacle as one upon which much money has been expended, to say nothing of the even more important elements of brains, experience and deftness.

"Mother Goose" is a typical Drury Lane spectacle in that it contains the usual transformation scenes, low comedians and dozens of pretty girls in fantastic costumes. Aside from these usual concomitants of extravaganza, we have at the New Amsterdam those newer and fresher evidences of careful study and unquestioned displays of ability which we have come to expect in this type of piece on the New York stage. Your London pantomime is not as a rule food for intelligent thought; it is usually a rather foolish affair designed merely for kindergarten purposes. "Mother Goose," however, is quite the sort of thing that the average grown-up, with a desire to throw off the seriousness of life, likes to see. The neat, compact humor of Joseph Cawthorne and the broader and more sweeping fun of Harry Bulger are quite sufficient to dispel the worst case of blues that ever came out of an East River mist.

"Mother Goose" is a splendidly staged and handsomely gowned piece. The Indian maiden dance alone is enough to give the stamp of originality to any piece. "Mother Goose" shows some fine stage management and it gives a general impression of a carefully planned production.

If good nature and prettily simulated jocularity were dangerous and contagious, the health department would surely establish a quarantine against Aimé Angeles. Her smile is iridescent and worth going miles to see.

AS TO FAY DAVIS

NEW YORK declared that "Lady Rose's Daughter" was too talky. Charles Frohman rarely argues with his public. He therefore took off the Burnett play and substituted "Whitewashing Julia."

A few of the New York critics immediately made up their minds that the Henry Arthur Jones play would not do at all. They called it commonplace and uninteresting. Just on what they made their deductions is not clear, because New York seems to have decided that "Whitewashing Julia" is one of the cleverest plays of the season.

This, too, in face of the fact that the piece is not one of Mr. Frohman's greatest successes.

"Whitewashing Julia" is full of dialogue; in fact, it is a play of conversation rather than episode, though it is decidedly entertaining and unusually graphic. *Mrs. Wrenn* (*Julia*) makes her appearance at a small English town. There has been a scandal which coupled her name with that of a grand duke or something on the Continent. Some of the details of the scandal are a traveling bag and a powder puff. One *Stillingfleet*, whose sister is a howling swell and whose

Scene from "Winsome Winnie" in which *Winnie* asserts herself in no uncertain manner

The ringing stein chorus from "The Prince of Pilsen"

friends have cut *Mrs. Wrenn*, meets the much-discussed lady and proceeds to fall in love with her. The town is more or less horrified, but *Stillingfleet* still continues to be in love. In the last act he asks her to be his wife and she consents. Then she hands him an envelope which contains an explanation of the grand duke affair. She also reminds him that she would be just as happy if he didn't read it. He throws it into the fire and says "All right," or words to that effect, and everybody, including the gaping young miss and curious matron in the audience, is mystified. The curtain descends as *Julia* is accepted by those who have cut her deepest, and no doubt it is the impression that she will be exceedingly happy forever after. All of which seems to prove that it is really foolish to explain to the man that loves you.

Miss Davis possesses that curious and inexplainable quality which makes her work stand out sharply, where another woman without that quality would be merely acceptable. This cannot be naturalness, although she has that to a degree; nor can it be laid to the fact that she is womanly, although she is that, too. There is something in her makeup—temperament, magnetism, or what you will—which succeeds in making her a brilliant and highly satisfying actress, and one whose hold upon New Yorkers is becoming firmer with each successive appearance.

THE RETURN OF ROBERT B. MANTELL

FOR some seasons Mr. Mantell, one of the finest actors on the road to-day, has shut himself out of New York. There has been question in the metropolis as to his ability as an actor or his qualifications for certain heroic and romantic types which have become associated with his name. Mr. Mantell has simply not appeared in New York and that's the end of it. However, when he did come back in some of the plays he had tried and not found wanting, New Yorkers who love force and virility in their dramatic menu, went to the Fourteenth Street Theatre in large numbers and found that Mr. Mantell had not lost any of those charms of person or method which had succeeded seasons before in making him a pronounced favorite on the metropolitan stage.

Mr. Mantell is essentially an actor of power Not for him are the grimaces, the lace-handker-

Walter Stanton as the humorous duck in "Mother Goose" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York

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From a photograph by Tonnelé

Mildred Thornwall and Clara Pratt of "Winsome Winnie"

chief flirtatiousness or the semi-feminine graces of the average romantic actor. Although it cannot be gainsaid that he is deft and artistic in his lighter touches, there is in all that he attempts a flesh-and-blood reality that is positively refreshing and invigorating in these days when anæmic incapacity often passes for dramatic culture.

Mr. Mantell need not fear to return to New York whenever the opportunity offers, and a Broadway engagement would once again prove that New York has not lost its taste for the drama of bone and sinew coupled with fine intelligence.

IRENE BENTLEY IN "A GIRL FROM DIXIE"

WHEN Irene Bentley was scarcely out of her teens she was hailed as a new beauty, and everyone took the trouble to tell her that she was a replica in flesh and blood of Lillian Russell. So much was this drummed into her pretty ear that it was generally believed she would never become anything more than a stage beauty and find no prominence except via the photograph gallery. She appeared in a number of Casino productions without causing more than a ripple

Scene from "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" at the New York theatre. Bertha Galland as *Dorothy* in the foreground

of excitement along Broadway. Then one night she appeared at the Knickerbocker in "The Wild Rose." Immediately old theatre-goers sat up and showed a renewed interest in life and decided that here was a girl worth watching. Miss Bentley was no longer simply pretty. She began to show some evidence of both dramatic training and ability. Her sketch of the little Dutch boy was one of the cutest of that dramatic season; since which time Miss Bentley has been more in the public eye, and she started the present season as a star in "A Girl from Dixie."

Miss Bentley is quite as blonde as of yore. She smiles as prettily and is as sprightly on her feet. In addition, however, somebody has taken her in hand and given her a definite idea of the lighter dramatic unities. Miss Bentley is to-day an actress and not a show girl in a stellar rôle. She has learned how to appreciate the value of the humor in stage lines, and has developed into a comedienne of undoubted talent.

"A Girl from Dixie," is from the libretto foundry of Harry B. Smith. It is full of those close, intimate touches which show Mr. Smith's

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Two new portraits of Ethel Matthews, the English actress who has been playing a prominent rôle in "Raffles"

long acquaintanceship with the technique of the drama. It is nicely molded and cleanly put together, and is full of fun from start to finish. A particularly fetching feature are the West Point cadets, who in the second act go through a manual of love with all the fire and precision of military maneuvers,

There is in "A Girl from Dixie" a young man of the name of Wilmer Bentley (for all I know, he is a brother of Miss Bentley) who is a graceful and magnetic young actor. He is bound to do something worth while in the future.

BERTHA GALLAND IN "DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL."

MISS GALLAND is possessed of a beautiful head of hair. This hair has succeeded in attracting more than ordinary attention to a personality which is a striking and unusual one. When Miss Galland was with James K. Hackett, she was only a high-class ingénue. She was saved nightly by Mr. Hackett who drew his sword so often in her defense as to make him a sort of syndicate swashbuckler. During all this time Miss Galland gave no evidences of a high-flown ambition, or attempted rôles that soared above the requirements of a maiden in distress.

As *Dorothy Vernon*, Miss Galland still retains her bronze hair, but there is also an added touch of strength and power, which hitherto she has not disclosed. *Dorothy* is distinctly not a shy, retiring figure. As a matter of fact, literature has never given us a more impossible, topsy-turvy and inconsistent feminine character. She is as hot-headed as her blustering old father, as independent as her most manly lover, and yet full of all the caprices and airy graces of the veriest school girl. The *Dorothy* of Miss Galland is a many-mooded creature; she is hysterical, plaintive and commanding in turn. In fact, she has taken on not only some of the honors of starhood, but also some of its responsibilities and accomplishments. Miss Galland is a much better actress now than she was in the days when she played second fiddle. Dramatic moral: If it's in a girl, it's bound to come out.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is about the most sane and workmanlike of any of the recent book-plays. Heaven knows this is not saying a great deal, because the book-play average for the past season has been considerably below zero. However, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" has some dramatic excuse for being.

"THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN."

GEORGE ADE shows that above all things else he is a creator of stage characters. "The County Chairman," as produced by Col. Henry W. Savage, while it may be what might be called a thoroughly American play, is not merely an attempt at bucolic humor. Mr. Ade evidently started out with the idea of making the characters rather than situations give strength to his piece. Consequently, "The County Chairman" while at times weak-kneed from a dramatic standpoint, is so full of human nature that it must take its place among the meritorious new plays of the season.

Macklyn Arbuckle as *Hackler* gives a strong, breezy portrait of the politician. His *Hackler* is a living man with human desires and ambitions, and Mr. Arbuckle's peculiar methods are exactly suited to such a rôle.

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ELISE DEVERE

The fascinating young Frenchwoman who is appearing with Grace Van Studdifor in "Red Feather"

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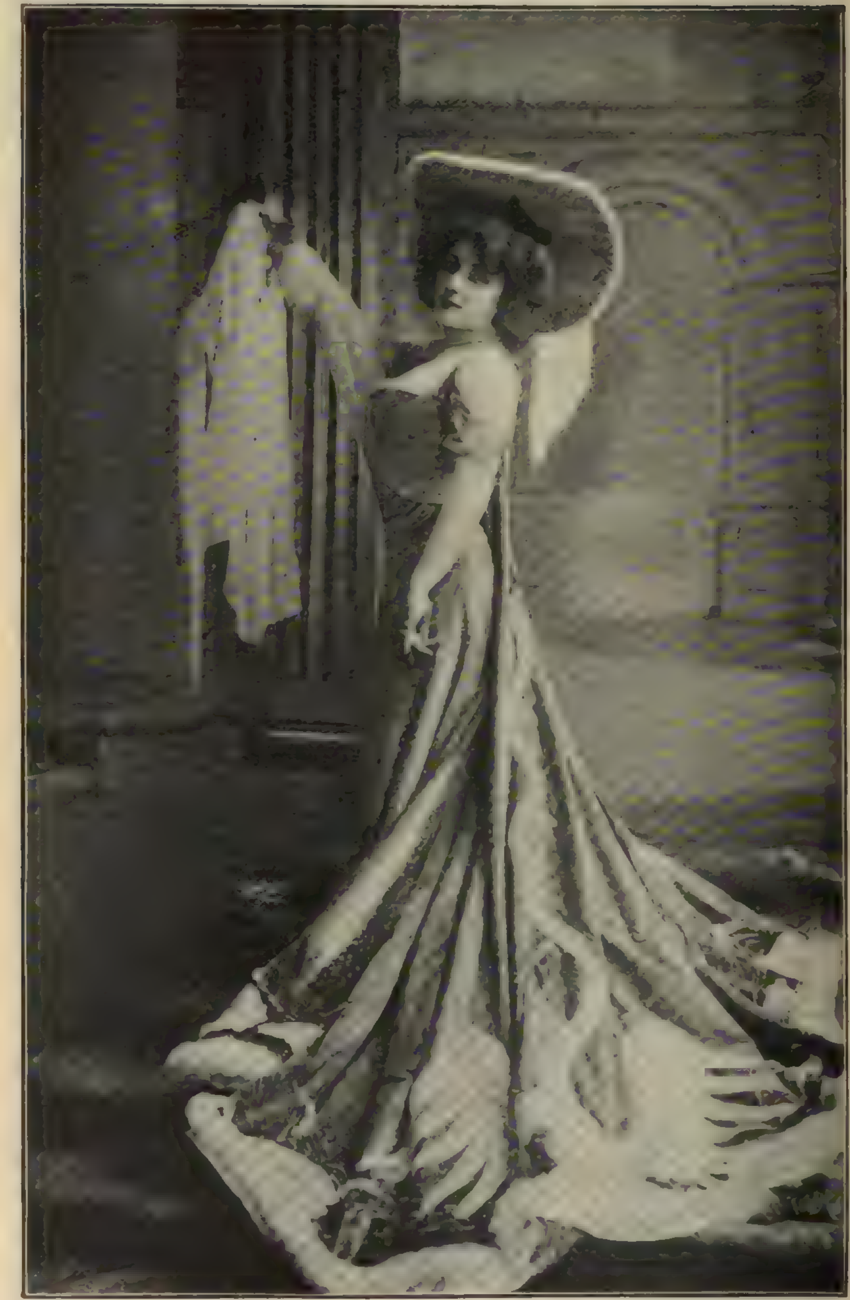

ANNA HELD, WHO APPEARS IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "MAM'SELLE NAPOLEON"

Miss Held certainly has great ambitions. Nothing else could have made possible the production of such magnitude, and all built around the svelte figure of this little woman. Miss Held has a husband-manager who has succeeded in making a star out of very slight material. In "The Little Duchess" Miss Held was at home. In "Mam'selle Napoleon" she is not so interesting

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MARGARET ILLINGTON IN "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE"

A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE," as produced at Daly's Theatre, possessed the one unerring merit of honesty. There was less meretriciousness about it than one might readily expect from a piece calling for the romance and the mysticism of the far East.

When it was announced that Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger were to make the production we expected it at once to be adequate and as handsome as circumstances require. Aside from this, however, is found the difficulty of preserving the true *métier* and that psycological something which cannot be tangibly expressed, but which generally comes under the head of atmosphere. This both the dramatist and producers have been able to retain in no small degree. "A Japanese Nightingale" is really an exceedingly strong drama entirely aside from its spectacular features.

Miss Illington, who has been featured in this Japanese play, has made remarkable strides since she came from Illinois a few years ago and made a bid for metropolitan favor. Her work in "A Japanese Nightingale" proves her to be a woman of the nicest perception and an actress of striking personality and strong emotional instincts.

Orrin Johnson, the leading man, makes a handsome, virile figure. Mr. Johnson seems due to give some strong impersonations to the American drama.

CHARLES RICHMAN IN "CAPTAIN BARRINGTON"

NEW York did not take over kindly to "Captain Barrington." The critics said the play was a pretty good one; the first night the audience seemed to like it, and then the public carefully stayed away. However, this was probably not due so much to the shortcomings of the play or the inability of Mr. Richman to play the title rôle acceptably, as it was to the fact that the Manhattan Theatre seems to be keeping up its reputation of being the most consistent theatrical morgue in the United States. To twist an old New York *Sun* expression, "If you see it at the Manhattan, it doesn't go."

ANNA HELD IN "MAM'SELLE NAPOLEON"

ANNA Held should stick to her last—not her very last, by the way. In "The little Duchess," Miss Held made a cute figure who disported herself prettily and gracefully in the various scenes, but was never expected to rise above the ordinary plane of musical comedy. In "Mam'selle Napoleon," however Miss Held was expected to be exceedingly ambitious, and she soared so far beyond her level that she got dizzy and toppled over backwards.

The production was an exceedingly handsome one, but even on the stage fine feathers don't always make fine birds.

THE GNOME AND THE FAY

By Frank F. Sherriff

A gnome one day fell in love with a fay—
  A fay that was sweet and shy—
And the fay was as pretty as you, my dear,
  And the gnome as ugly as I.

The gnome had a store of gold, galore,
  And cash at his banker's, too,
But her sole wealth was her own sweet self—
  For she was as poor as you

And he laid his wealth at her dainty feet,
  Yes, all of his dollars and cents;
But his gold she spurned, and away she turned,
  As you might yet turn hence.

Then his heart was sore, for he loved her so.
  And he said—as I might say—
"I am but an ugly gnome, I know
  While you are a lovely fay;
But gnomes, like men, have hearts, I trow
  And mine at your feet I lay."

Then she looked him straight with her bright blue eyes—
  As you might look at me—
And said—"Your gold I do despise,
  And scorn your dollars bright
But a loving heart is a treasure I prize,
  Though the heart of a funny wight."
Do you think, my dear that the fay was wise,
  And you would have said as she?

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NEW YORK as a municipality must, during the coming six months, become a stronger and more definite factor in the presidential complication than it has ever been before. In the first place, New York City has passed through a process of political regeneration. It has swung around from a reform or really a republican administration, to that of a hide-bound democratic type. So far as the democratic party is concerned, no candidate can be considered for a moment without also making it clear that Greater New York is to be figured as in the running. New York as a State of course is to-day, as it has always been, a pivot around which the entire republican wheel must turn. Notwithstanding the fact that Hanna in Ohio casts a longing glance at the White House, New York State still has its Roosevelt. It also has on the other side of the fence, its Parker, its McClellan, and its Hearst. The man who belongs to an exclusive club and does not mix much with the people, will laugh at the idea of even the possibility of the nomination of William R. Hearst. However, go on the extreme East and West Side of New York, to the Lake Front of Chicago, and along Market Street of San Francisco, and ask what is thought of William R. Hearst. You may be surprised by the serious answers given.

HOWEVER, no one interested in this subject directly or indirectly, should believe that New York City, greater and larger than ever, will forget its importance and potent force merely because it is so busy growing. Both parties will not be slow in discovering in the future that the Greater New York delegates to either convention will assume an attitude that betokens faith in their position and will perhaps develop rather a disagreeable independence which must be reckoned with by leaders on both sides.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE some time ago had an editorial which mentioned an Englishman who came to this country and insisted that all New Yorkers were crazy. This opinion, you will remember, was based on the fact that New York always seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere—down in the ground, up in the air, sidewise, lengthwise, east, west, north, or south. This Englishman believed that the ceaseless mental and physical activity was not only leading, but had actually led, metropolitans to a frame of mind that was scarcely this side of actual insanity. What will he say when he learns that the highest building in New York—a building that made him stand in awe and wonder—is to be duplicated, plus about fifteen stories? In other words, a body of men apparently sane, obviously wealthy, and traditionally close-fisted, calling themselves a corporation, have decided to put up a forty-story building in the expectation that New Yorkers are ready to crowd it to the roof. A building of ten stories in height in England is an architectural marvel and something to go blocks to see. Suggest to John Bull that he place four of these buildings on top of each other on one plot of ground and see if he does not immediately look around for police protection. Incidentally, BROADWAY MAGAZINE is rather convinced that this is shoving things too far. It is a good deal like taking from the domain of the Almighty.

THERE has been a good deal of silly talk about the present theatrical season. Those stars and managers who have been signally unsuccessful in all their ventures pronounce it the worst season in years. The successful manager denies this, but acknowledges that it is not as good a money-making season as that of 1902 and 1903, which was abnormal in every way. The main point, therefore, seems to be that the good shows have done a good business and the bad shows a very bad business. In other words, it comes down to the plain honest basis of giving the public what it wants and is willing to pay for. A notable example of this is Mr. Charles Frohman. For instance, he made a production of "Lady Rose's Daughter," with Fay Davis in the title rôle. This piece was well put on, placed in the hands of a most capable company, and produced at a New York theatre. Metropolitan theatre-goers, however, made up their minds that they did not want "Lady Rose's Daughter." It took Mr. Frohman just about forty-eight hours to know that he did not want it either. He made the announcement of a new play to be produced as soon as the scenery could be finished. It is this spirit of meeting the public half way and not arguing that has made Mr. Frohman the power he is to-day in American theatricals.

ARE you aware of the fact that there is a publication called BROADWAY QUARTERLY? It sells for twenty-five cents, and newsdealers all over the country have it; and if you cannot get it, send twenty-five cents in silver or stamps to this office, and we will send you a copy of a late number.

SPECIAL ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

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Herewith find one dollar, for which send me Broadway Magazine from February to November, 1904, inclusive,

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Announcement

Broadway Magazine during the year 1904 will show many improvements, artistically and mechanically, as well as from a literary standpoint.

Contracts have been entered into and arrangements made for the work of some of the foremost writers, artists and photographers in this country and Europe (although, everything being equal, American material will be given the preference every time).

The short stories in this number are only the beginning of the higher literary merit and intense fiction interest for which Broadway Magazine is striving. Short stories by men and women who know how to write, and built around human passions, will hereafter be a strong feature of Broadway Magazine.

Illustrations by artists who can catch the spirit of the articles they illustrate will also be noticed in our pages hereafter.

Broadway Magazine has always been noted for the excellence of its photographs. At the same time an improvement in this direction will be discernible from month to month. Some of the very finest examples of photographic art in America or on the continent will be found in the pages of Broadway Magazine.

Higher mechanical and typographic excellence will be aimed at, and, in fact, nothing left undone to make Broadway Magazine unique among the foremost American publications.

Keep your eye on Broadway Magazine for the coming year. It will repay careful scrutiny. Incidentally, if you don't want to miss a copy, read carefully the subscription offer on the opposite page.

The Publishers

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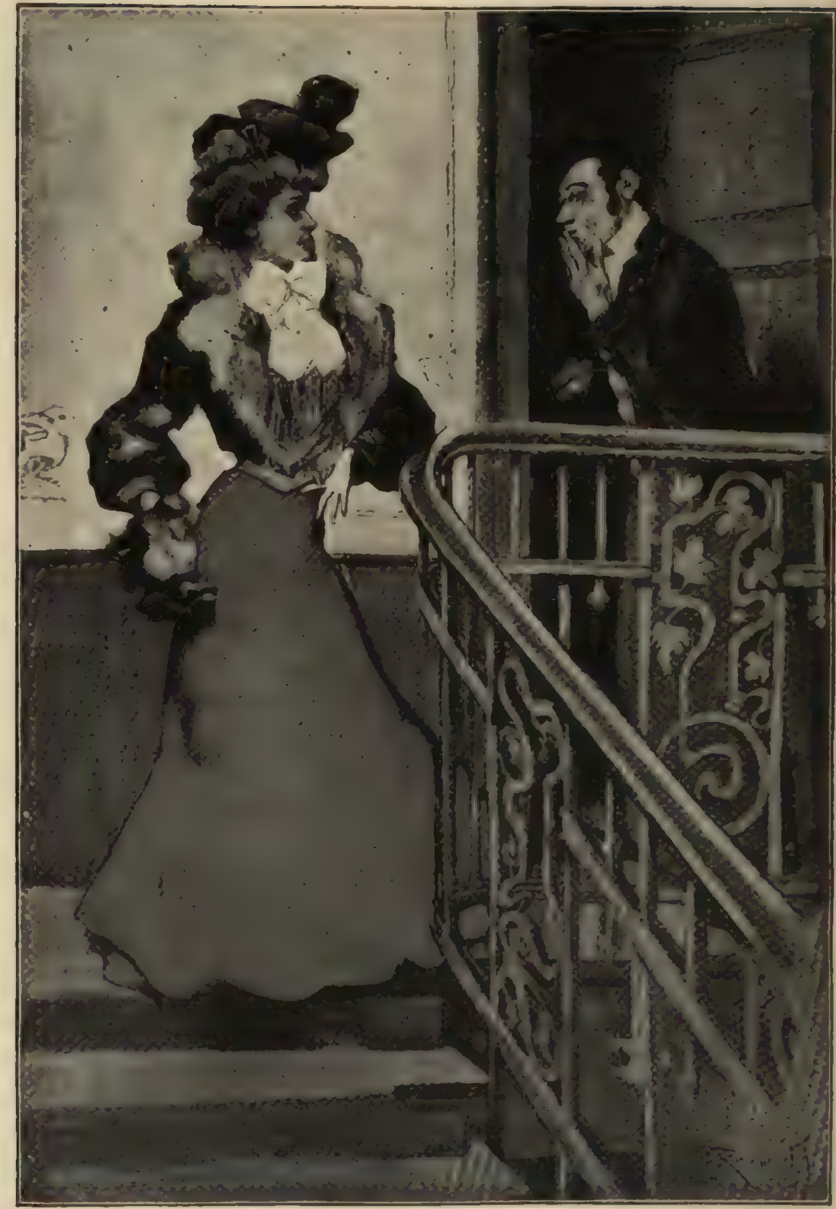

"Thomas, tell my husband if he calls me on the 'phone, that I have gone down to his office."
"Shall I tell him that's a threat or a promise, madam?"

HE GOT IT BACK AGAIN

She: Oh, darling, what do you think! I almost lost my engagement ring yesterday.

He: There must be something unlucky about that ring. The last two girls that had it did just the same.

She: What!

(That ring is again to let.)

NOT GUILTY

Freddie—I assure you, Miss Maudie, when I am away from you I can think of nothing but your lovely golden hair and bright blue eyes.

Maudie—Oh, nonsense! I'll bet you've said the same thing to another girl.

Freddie—I haven't, really. She was a brunette and her eyes were quite dark.

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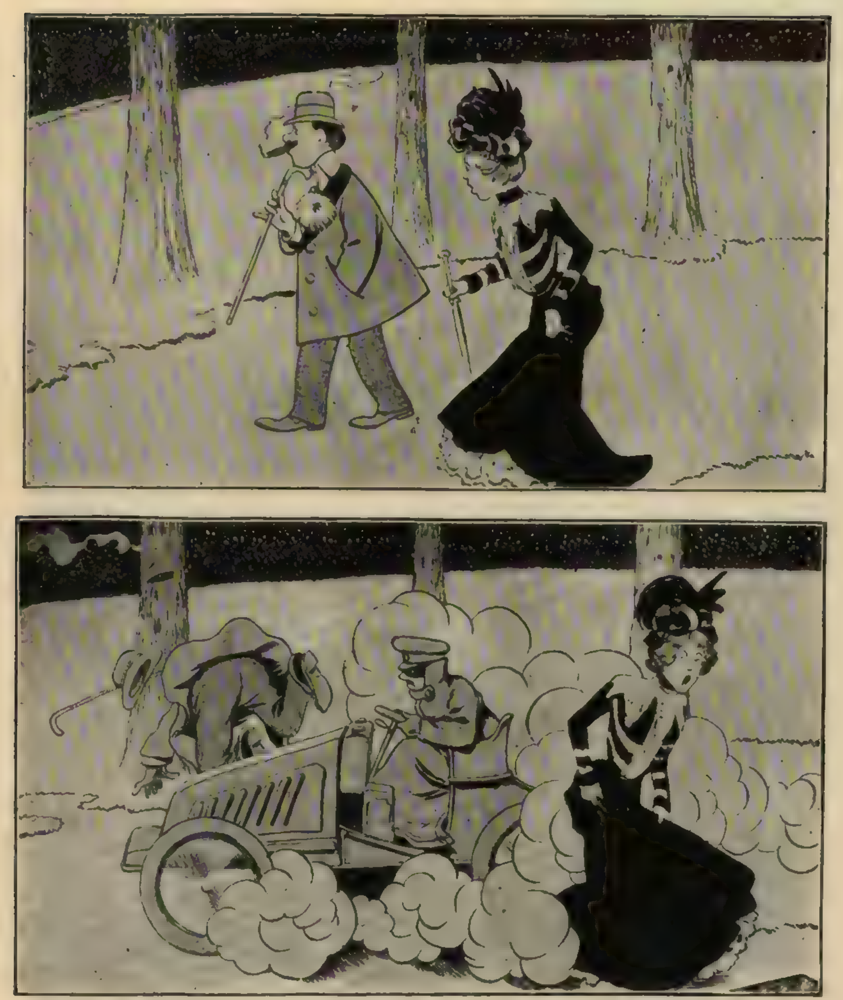

EXTRACT FROM A DAILY PAPER

"The Van Slycks, while out walking yesterday, had an altercation with an automobile. Mr. Van Slyck was slightly upset by the incident."

A BUSINESS WOMAN

"I tell you," he said disconsolately, "women are altogether too business-like nowadays."

"What's the matter?"

"I proposed to the heiress yesterday."

"Did she accept you?"

"No. She took out her notebook, wrote my name and address on it, and said she would consider my application."

NASTY

Jane (who has received her notice)—You'll give me a reference before I go, won't you, ma'am?

Mistress—What reference can I give such a useless girl as you are?

Jane—Say I lived with you a month, ma'am.

WHAT HE IS

The tramp had appealed for a dime and had it safe in his pocket.

"Why don't you go and work?" asked the donor of the dime.

"I don't have to."

"Why not? Have you enough money to live on?"

"No, sir, but I have a position, sir."

"But I thought you said you didn't work?"

"I don't."

"And you have no private means?"

The tramp smiled negatively.

"Then what kind of a position do you hold?"

"I'm the connecting link between labor and capital. See?"

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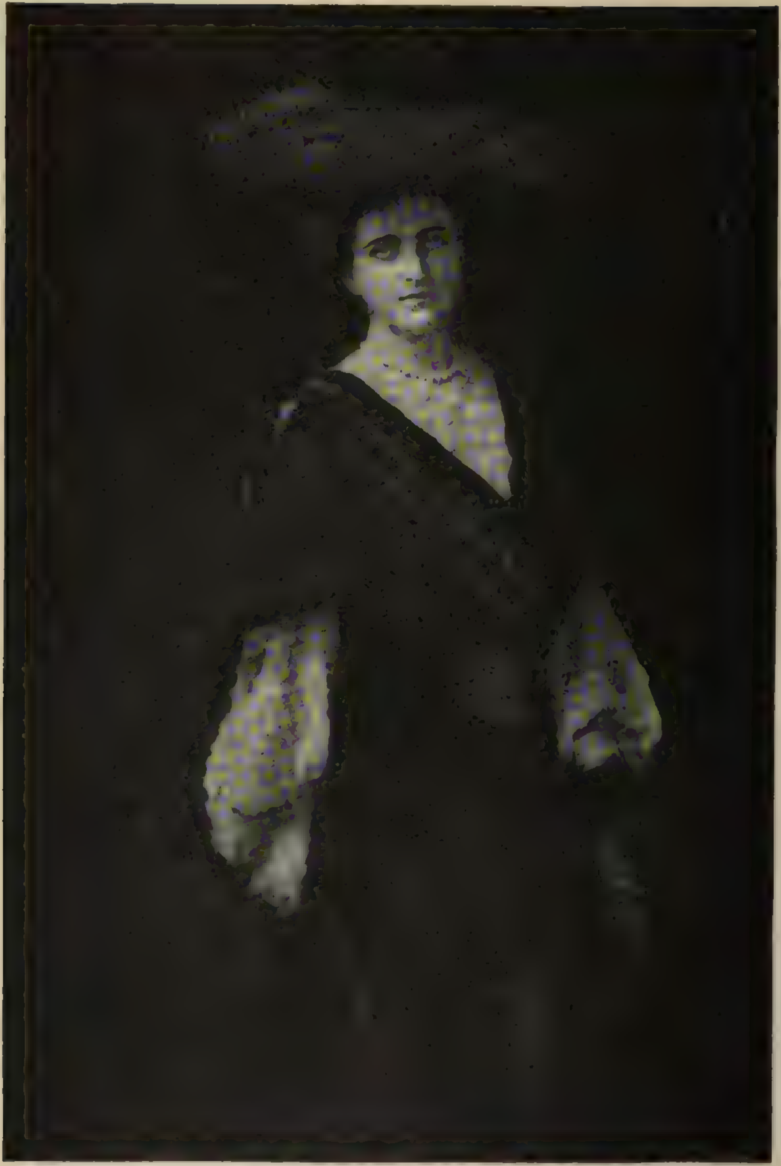

From a photograph by Falk, New York

MAXINE ELLIOTT

The star of "Her Own Way"

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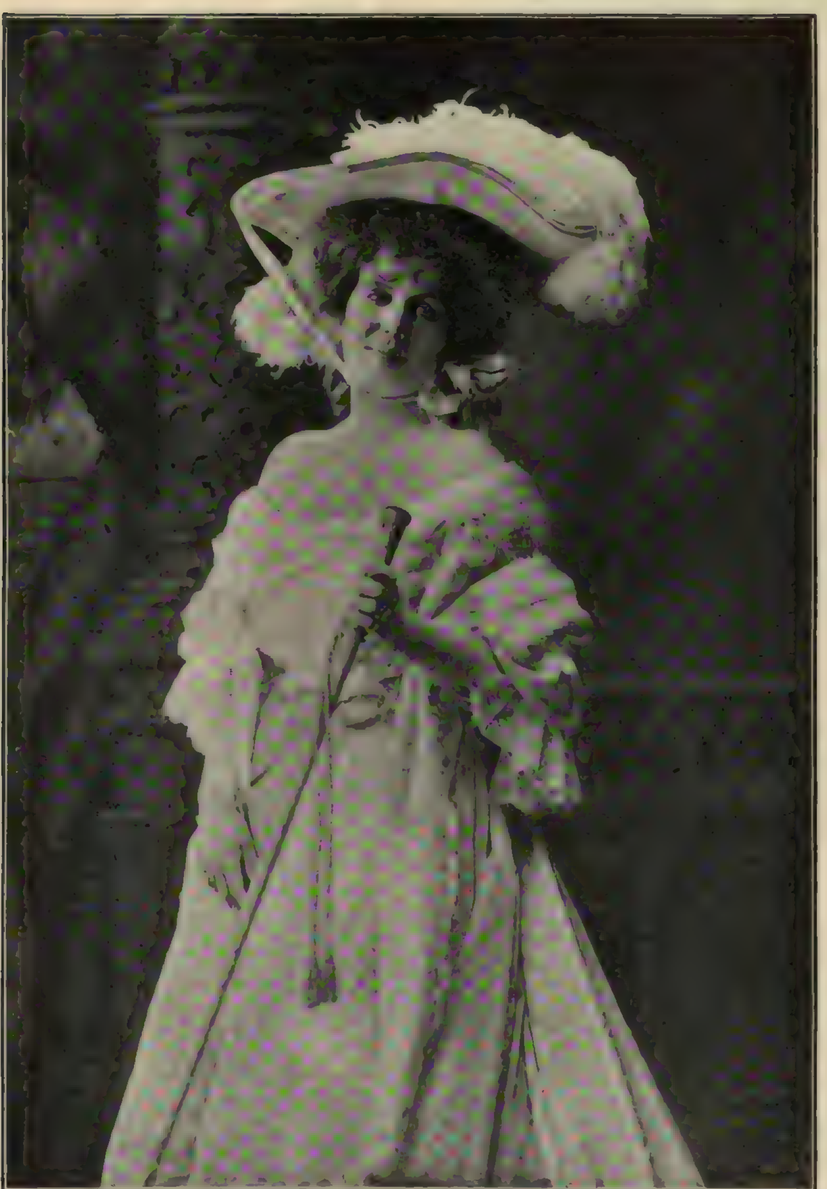

From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

IRENE BENTLEY

Who has been successfully starring in "A Girl From Dixie, by Harry B. Smith

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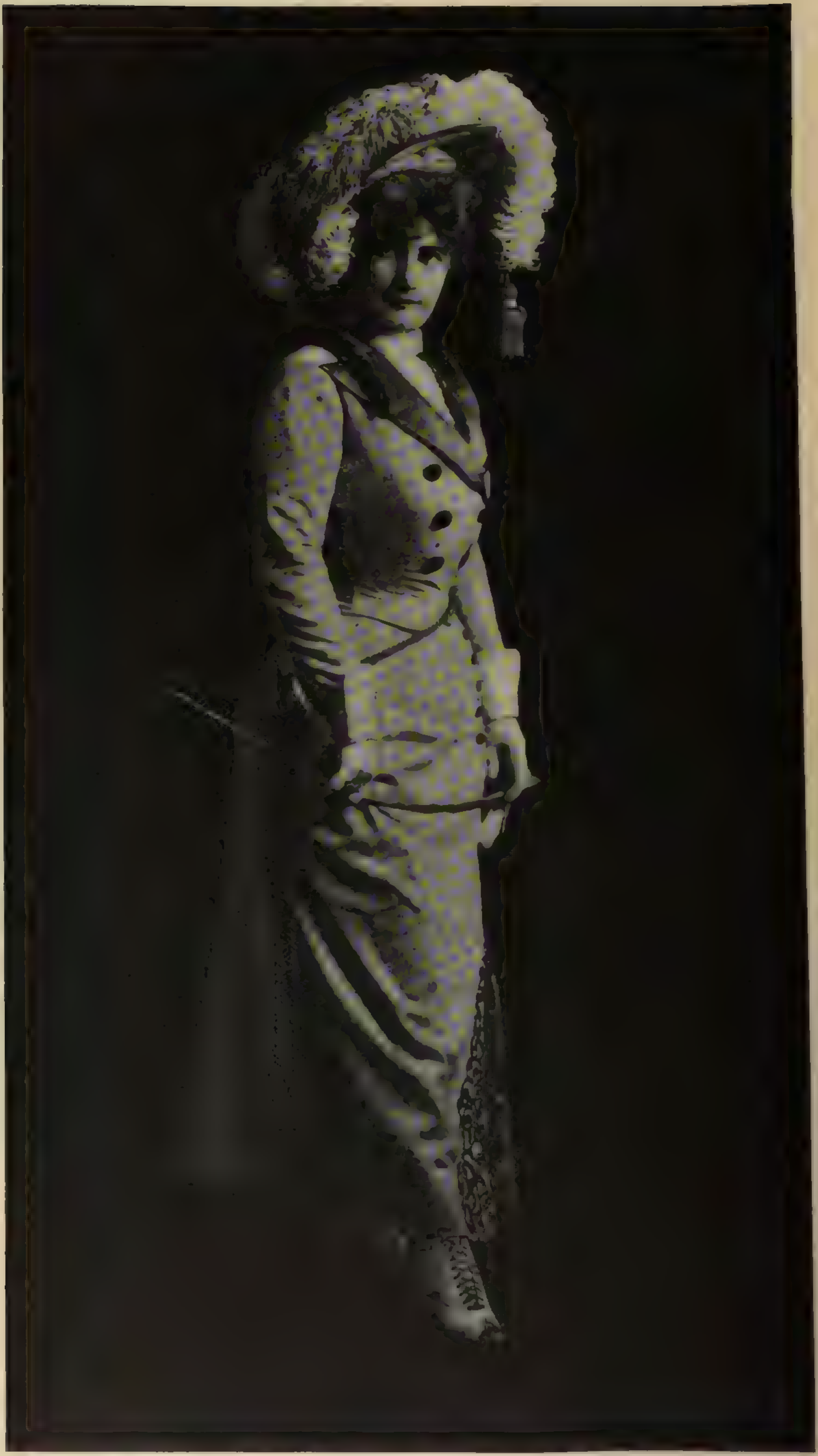

PAULA EDWARDES

Who has made such a pronounced hit as the star of "Winsome Winnie"

From a photograph by Otto Sarony, New York

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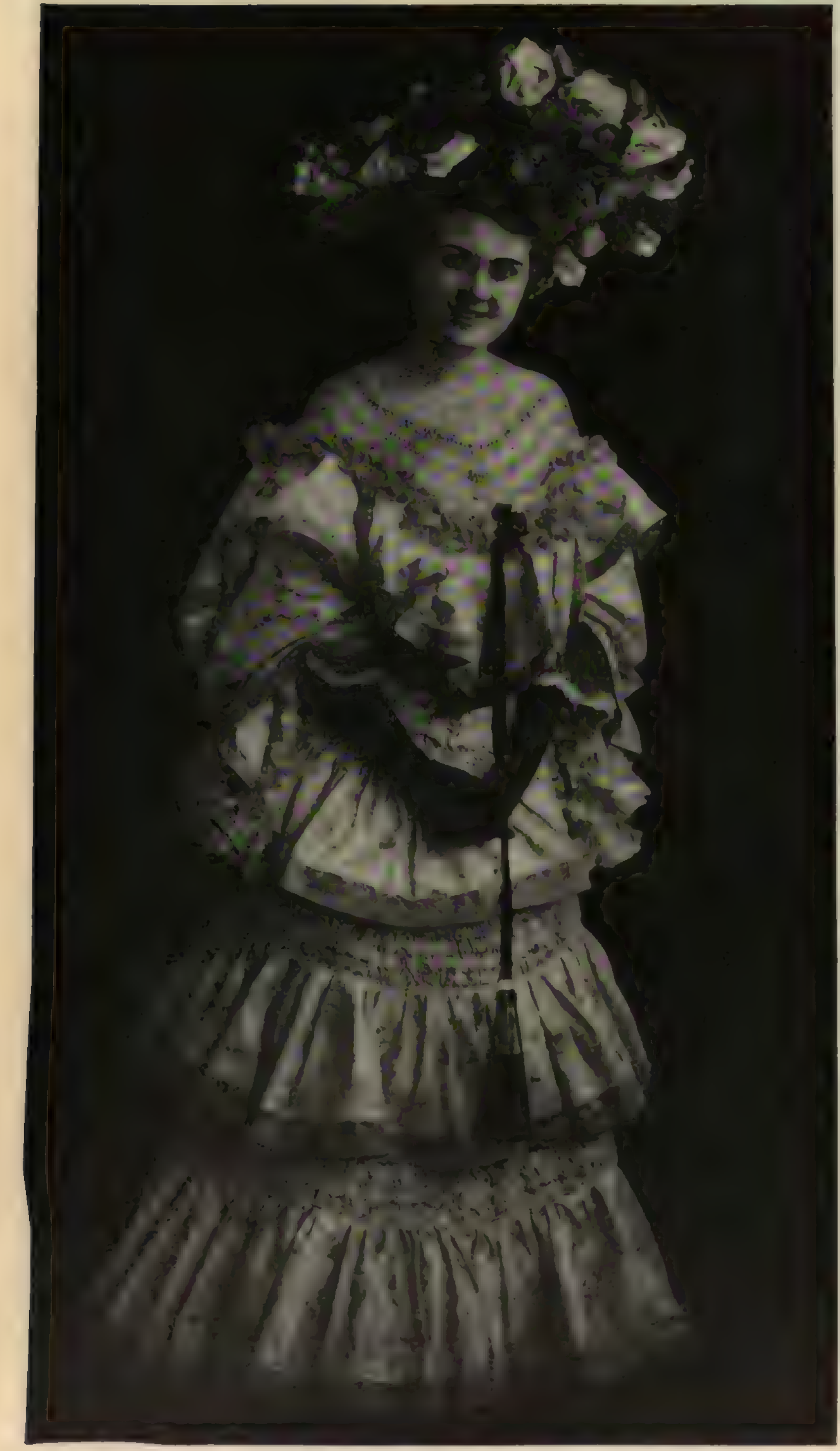

MISS
MARJORIE
MACK

One
of the
pretty girls
in "Winsome
Winnie"

From a
photograph
by
Will
Armstrong,
Boston

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From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York

OLA HUMPHREY, COMEDIENNE

Miss Humphrey is on the stage. She is ambitious; but even ambition does not lead to success without a background of ability. Miss Humphrey has some of this. She first made her appearance on the New York stage in a small part with May Irwin

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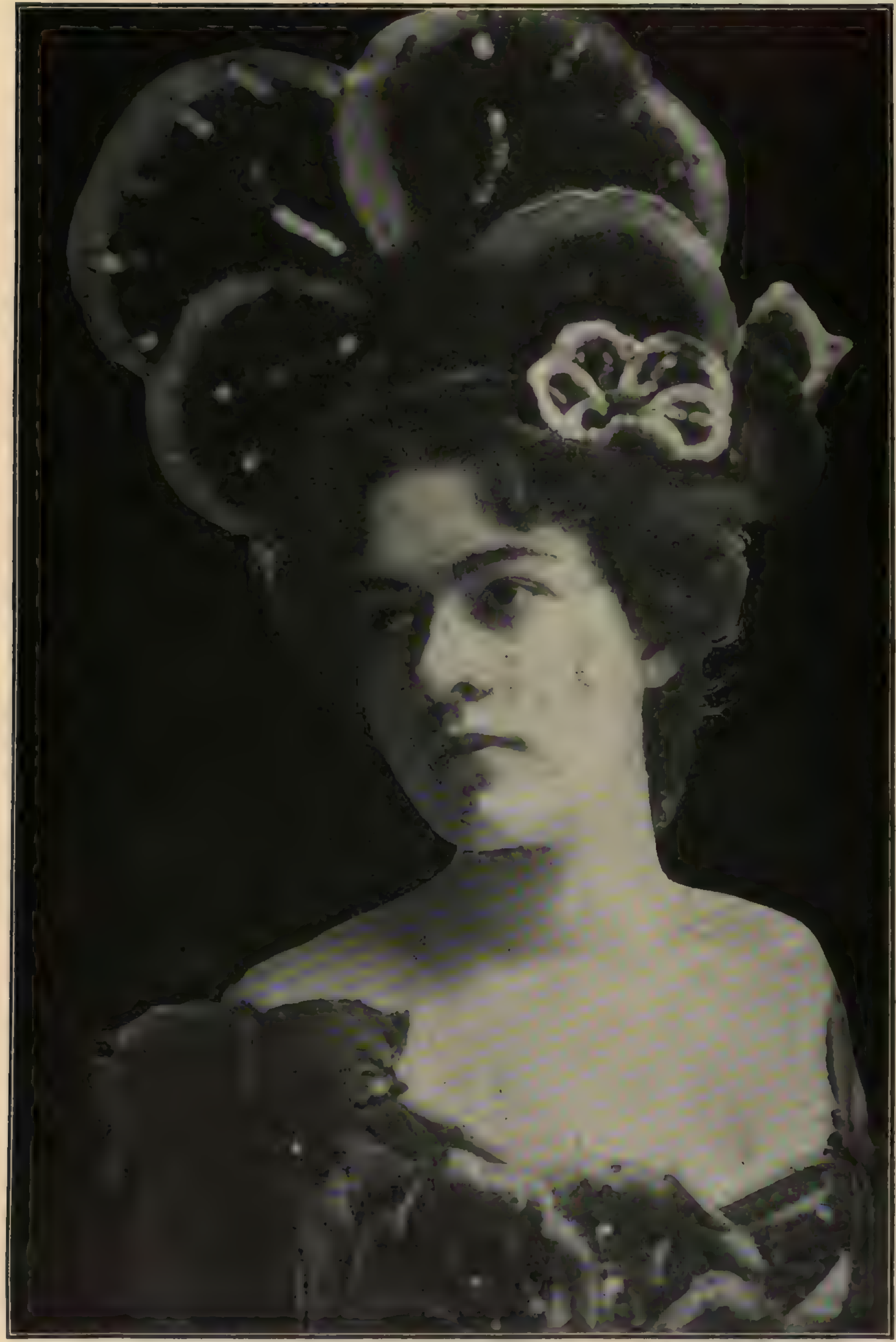

From a photograph by Hall, New York

GRACE GRINDELL
Of "Mother Goose" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

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ALICIA GRANPIER
A beauty of the Paris studios

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W. W. CLAM OF CHICAGO

By Graham Dent

WAGNER WATERBURY CLAM had few points that recommended him to outside favor, but whatever his shortcomings, he knew less about them than anybody who had been in his company for half an hour. Eldest son of a packer in a Western State, he went to Monte Carlo with a pocket full of what he called "greenbacks," though, in point of fact, they were issued by the Bank of England. He had unlimited credit, an assurance that was part of his birthright as an American citizen, and a full determination to live for all life was worth to him.

Chance brought me to the scene of his arrival in Monte Carlo at the moment when he issued from the sleeping-saloon at half-past ten in the morning, as the train drew up in the station. He was as fresh as the Sun god when he starts his daily journey across the sky, but unlike Phœbus Apollo, he wore a plum-colored suit with a white silk waistcoat, and a red cravat with a very big pearl in it. His hat sloped rakishly over one side of his flat head, he carried lemon kid gloves in one hand, and looked as though Monte Carlo had been built for him to revel in. His valet, whom he had picked up in Paris—because, in addition to being a good servant, he understood automobiles—was busily occupied with W. W. Clam's personal effects, jewel-case, revolver-case, and other impedimenta that pertain by right to the *jeunesse dorée*. Leaving him to struggle with them, his master strode haughtily into a cab and drove to the most expensive, if not the best, hotel in the Prince of Monaco's domains. He was rather disappointed with his reception. In that particular hotel, where Royal Princes and peers and members of all the aristocracies of Europe may be met or seen between January and March, he was received with less attention than his bank-balance seemed to demand. The manager was unmoved, even when he had chosen the bedroom, dressing-room, and sitting-room on the first floor that had been vacated by a Serene Highness—whom the bank had broken—the day before, and thinking, perhaps, that the plum-red suit ought to pay handsomely for all privileges, put up the price of the rooms by one hundred and twenty-five francs a week, only to regret a moment later that he had not added more to them—for Wagner Waterbury Clam selected bank-bills to cover a month's stay, and offered them then and there to the manager, who referred him frigidly to the bureau. "I like to pay in advance, d'ye see," said W. W. Clam, in no way abashed, "so that the Casino can't wreck me half way." And in half an hour he had the bureau receipt in his pocket-case and had sent telegrams to Chicago announcing his safe arrival to the elderly, much-moneyed packer who was directly responsible for his appearance upon this planet, as well as to a certain "star" of New York's lighter stage, who had far less aversion for his presents than his company. These duties done, he squared his shoulders and went out to have a good look at the place in whose history he intended to write his name.

It would serve no useful purpose to record in detail the modified triumphs of Wagner Waterbury Clam. He had the loudest automobile on the Côte d'Azur, and the company he put into it when he went along the Corniche Road and into Nice, in defiance of speed-regulations, matched it perfectly. He gave breakfasts and dinners and supper-parties, picnics and entertainments of every sort, and always to the wrong crowd—the people who can be had for the asking when anything is to be given away. In the Salle de Jeu he patronized roulette, and, as is so often the case with men who have no system and a lot of money, he seldom rose from the table a loser. In fact, for the first few weeks of his stay the "Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco" paid all his expenses, and they were very heavy. A good shot and a cool one, he played havoc with the pigeons on the slopes below Casino. Keen sportsmen, who had by birth and the disposition all that he lacked, looked at him with amusement and scorn, when he came on the ground in a plum suit and white waistcoat—these were his favorite colors, and he had several suits of varying shades of red. When he began to drop his birds dead within the limits of the ground, their feelings thawed to respect, only to freeze again to their former state as soon as he opened his mouth. He took no big prizes, but ran some of the best shots very hard for them; his nerve and assurance were remarkable. The local papers of the Littoral gave much space to his achievements, and copies were sent to the Chicago packer, for W. W. Clam was an affectionate son in his way. Indeed, he wanted to take a very rare present home to his father—nothing less than a scion of the old nobility, wherewith to gladden his father's heart, and put the crown on his own success. He had some vague ideas of reading in the papers that Mr. Wagner Waterbury Clam and his Duchess or Countess or Ladyship had attended such-and-such a social function. On these points of social standing he was not quite sure of his footing, for though he carried Debrett with him, you can't find everything within those red covers, if you start with as small a knowledge as he did. Moreover, he had nobody to coach him, though he asked discreet questions when opportunity offered, and examined his valet, who had served in a French noble family, until that young man guessed his master's ideas, being a very shrewd fellow who could enjoy the joke very much in his own silent way. W. W. Clam did not see that there was any joke in the matter at all.

One Sunday afternoon in late February, Wagner Waterbury Clam sat smoking a cigar in the Casino gardens, well pleased with himself and all the world. He had just left the table after bringing off three successful maximums on the red, and thereby "setting himself square," to use his own language, on the week's play. Down to that afternoon he had lost on six consecutive days. He hated being beaten, partly because he was very fond of money, and partly because it was a confession of failure, and he could not brook failure in any shape or form. As he watched the light-blue smoke lose itself in clear air, a lady came out of the Casino, followed by her maid, and sat down on a seat close by, with her back to him. He could not see her face, but her figure was very attractive, and he eyed her with lazy appreciation.

"Go to the villa, Marie," she said, addressing her maid, "take the key of my escritoire, and bring me the five-thousand-franc notes you will find in the left-hand corner drawer."

"But, your Highness—," began the maid, speaking, like her mistress, with a slightly foreign accent. The lady checked her at once.

"Hush, Marie! How often am I to tell you that I wish to preserve my incognito here? What would people say if they knew that I am living alone in a villa here and playing at the tables? Go at once, and don't forget to call me plain Madame, or I shall have to send you back to Vienna to save myself from your tongue." The maid replied respectfully, expressing her regrets, and hurried away, leaving her mistress to look out over the windless sea, and W. W. Clam watching her very eagerly indeed.

Fortune favors the brave, and success is for the men and women who can push when occasion offers. In two or three moments the lady rose and walked toward the terrace, leaving something on the seat. W. W. Clam rose quickly and seized it as soon as he had given one quick glance round to be sure the coast was clear. It was a card-case, open in front and with gold edges to the Russian leather that had such a fragrant scent. He stole a hurried look and saw "S. A. Princesse Adèle," and could not read any more, because his good fortune had taken his breath away and dimmed his sight. He took quick steps to the side of the unknown, and with a profound bow, asked leave to return what she had left on the seat. In that quick glance he saw a lady some thirty years of age, perhaps, handsome rather than pretty, and clearly of the class whose acquaintance he desired

"I thank you, sir," she said quite distantly, and then saw that he was handing her the card-case with the telltale titles full to view. Her face became very troubled. "I fear, sir, you must have seen my name," she said pressing a tiny handkerchief to her lips, as though to hide her confusion, "and you compel me to throw myself upon your courtesy. I would not on any account have it known that I am here. My friends would be very vexed, and I should get into serious trouble."

"Madame," said W. W. Clam, bowing low, "your secret is as safe with me as if it had never been spoken. I am a citizen of that great Republic—" Her smile interrupted him.

"I think I know you by sight," she said graciously. "Are you not the young millionaire from the States who troubles the bank and makes such good records down there?" She pointed in the direction of the pigeon ground.

"I am Wagner Waterbury Clam, Madame," he said, bowing once more, "very much at your service, now and at all times." She smiled again, a quiet little smile that attracted him.

"You are very kind," she said simply, and, bowing, turned away. But this action did not suit her new acquaintance.

"I trust, Madame," he said; "I trust that I may claim an acquaintance that does me so much honor and gives me so much pleasure."

She turned again. "I fear, sir," she said simply, "that to say 'yes' to your request would be to defy conventions more than ever. But I am not insensible of the service your discovery and discretion may prove to me, and your request will not be denied. At present I am living in strict retirement at the villa lent me by a friend; if circumstances permit me to declare my presence here, I shall hope to see my way to acknowledge my debt. In the meantime, I beg you not to follow me." She moved away with a very slight bow, and W. W. Clam remained where he was for five minutes, and then went back to his hotel to think over the events of the day; and after a few discreet inquiries that his valet was able to answer, he consulted the "Almanach de Gotha," which left no doubt about the lady's high rank and widowhood. The ball was at his feet; he had but to watch his opportunities.

He saw her several times after that at the Concerts, going there to look for her—for he could not see what the world wanted with Beethoven now it had John Philip Sousa. He went to the Opera, too, and twice at the gaming-tables he had the good fortune to have a seat very near her. He played heavily and boastfully, and his winnings were always in excess of his losses when he came to balance his books. She watched him and played on his stakes more than once, and then they drifted from a brief exchange of courtesies into conversation. In the gardens they met once more, when the first interview was ten days old.

"I have some news," she remarked. "I hear that the Emperor is leaving the capital for a fortnight's shooting, and is then likely to cross the frontier to visit a very high personage. If he goes, I shall drop my incognito and open my villa to my friends."

"To be reckoned the least of them," said Wagner Waterbury Clam, "will make me the proudest man in the Principality."

She acknowledged the compliment with another of her fascinating smiles, and began to talk about the play.

"I wonder," she said, "why you do not make a big attempt to break a bank? With your luck, you ought to do so. It seems to be the one thing in Monte Carlo you have not done."

"I'll try," said the enamored little man. "Thursday's always been my lucky day. I'll try then. I'll go right there after dinner to-morrow night, with my letters of credit cashed, and if the ordinary rooms won't do, I'll try the *cercle privé* itself."

"Don't try in the evening at all," she said; "try in the afternoon and stop at five o'clock. My aunt, the old Grand Duchess Augustina, and her daughter may be coming to tea with me at the villa, and if they are, I'll send one of my servants down to meet you at five o'clock, and you shall come up and tell us your news."

"Madame," said Wagner Waterbury Clam, "if my luck does not forsake me, one of those tables will go into mourning."

It did not forsake him. On that eventful Thursday afternoon, W. W. Clam, in a new suit of the hue affected by ripe plums, attacked the roulette table nearest the entrance, with a capital of thirty thousand dollars, United States money, of which one-third may have represented his earlier

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winnings. He started at two o'clock, when there was little play in progress; but a crowd soon gathered, and at twenty minutes after four the bank capitulated. One wealthy Russian landowner and a Jewish financier from Hamburg began following the American's game soon after three o'clock, and the bank could not withstand the trebled attack. There was a scene of great excitement; W. W. Clam had almost doubled his capital, and by a series of happy *coups* at another table, he added nearly ten thousand dollars to his store before he stayed his hand.

He had scarcely finished before a young man in neat black livery came up to him with a heavily sealed letter.

"Shall be pleased to see you," it ran, "if you do not mind facing a party of eight ladies. My aunt has brought some friends. I hope you require congratulation, not consolation." The paper was heavily crested and stamped in gold "Villa Espagnole."

Outside the Casino the lucky player's automobile was waiting by the steps.

"The Villa Espagnole, Alphonse, as quickly as you can," he said, as he wrapped himself in his heavy fur coat.

"Pardon, but I do not know it," said the valet; "perhaps you can direct me?"

"Hang it all!" said W. W. Clam; "afraid I can't. Run and fetch the servant; he'll direct us."

It was late afternoon; the cool air was very comforting after the heat and glare of the Casino. Alphonse drove the car, his master at his side and the footman behind. They turned skilfully into a long, empty lane, in the direction of a very beautiful villa that stood on a spur of the hills, with big terraced grounds below.

"That is the Villa Espagnole," remarked the footman; "and see, there is Her Highness's Major-domo. He has something to say to us."

Another man in livery was standing by the edge of the little wood that started at the end of the lane, and, receiving permission from his master's eye, Alphonse checked the car. W. W. Clam saw that the man who came toward them had a gray beard and the traditional aspect of the old retainer, rose in his seat to greet him, and then his feet were caught suddenly, a big muffler shot round his mouth from behind, and he shot forward on to the spring turf. Before he could struggle, his loose fur coat was removed, his hands were tied behind his back, his feet were lashed together, his eyes were bound, and the muffler was loosened just in time to allow him to breathe freely.

"If you say a word," said a threatening voice in his ear, "you will get a bullet through your head. Feel this; it is your own revolver."

The cold muzzle of the accursed thing touched his shrinking forehead.

Wagner Waterbury Clam could not see what followed, and it is as well. The gray-bearded retainer removed beard and wig and became forty years younger and far less respectable; the powdered gray of the first footman became black. Wigs, frogged liveries, were hidden in a ditch, and other clothing taken from a bundle in the ex-graybeard's possession. Then long strips of white polished wood were produced from the same big bundle that lay in the dry ditch, and strange to say, they fitted exactly over all the woodwork of the automobile, and were screwed on into holes already prepared, by the aid of screws that the ingenious Alphonse drew from his pocket. The number-plate was unscrewed and another took its place.

"Time to be off now," said the man who had been so benign and gray-headed at first sight, when he had gone carefully over the pockets of the prostrate victim and removed the rich booty they contained. "What's the matter, Alphonse?"

"I don't like to leave that terrible red suit," responded the valet, irritably. "I cut all the others at the hotel into ribbons when I went for his jewel case, after he broke the bank. Mon Dieu, what I have endured! It was terrible. I want to cut that one up too."

"Be quick, then," said the elder man indulgently, and Alphonse took out a pair of scissors and sliced the offending garments, while W. W. Clam suffered an agony of apprehension.

"Now," he whispered to his prostrate master, "I'm going to uncover your mouth to give you a drink. Shout and you die." He motioned the nearer man to hold a flask, and W. W. Clam drank eagerly. It was strong spirit, and he needed it. His mouth was tied again, not cruelly, but securely.

"This way!" cried Alphonse, and they carried their victim to the wood and laid him in his thick fur coat. "Listen," he added, as he drew the glittering rings off those square fingers, "there was something in the cognac. You will go to sleep for some hours—perhaps till morning, when the laborers will find you. If you had lost this afternoon, my friend in livery had a letter to say that the Grand Duchess had not arrived. Do you understand? I'm leaving it in your pocket to explain itself. You won't find us. There is no Villa Espagnole, there is no Serene Highness, there is nothing—except us, and we are going. Good-night."

. . . .

W. W. Clam was found next morning by laborers on their way to the olive plantation, and left Monte Carlo on the following day. His pride had suffered worse than his pocket, and he made no attempt to advertise his misfortunes. But he has gone on a grand tour through Europe, searching with admirable energy in every capital for the lady with the fascinating smile, the young footman, the gray-bearded retainer, and the valet who is so expert with automobiles.

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ALWAYS THE WAY

By W. J. Elder

THE New Arm-chair in the front-parlor was grumbling. "I shall have to do something,' he muttered; "I really cannot stand this sort of thing."

"What are you growling about?" asked the Sofa. "You just wait until you're as old as I am. When you've been covered three times, and your springs are broken (you may think yourself lucky if one of *your* hind legs is not replaced by a nasty sharp stick), then you may have something to creak about."

"Haven't I now?" the New Arm-chair went on. He was very angry indeed. "How would you like to be me, to have your arms sprained in this unfeeling way? Last night they *both* sat in me. My poor arms were almost torn out of my back. I don't mind the weight, although I wasn't made to bear two human beings;-but I do object when they sit down on me side-by-side, and force out my poor arms. I'm sure the right one is dislocated. I did my best to crush them, but it was no good. Next time the gas is turned down low and the silly things come in again, I shall give way altogether. I know I shall. It's too much."

"Well," said the ancient Sofa, surveying his own ample proportions with pardonable pride, "I wouldn't get so straight in the back over it. But I really think it's not your own fault for being broader. You know—" and he said this very gently—"you know you're not *very* comfortable."

"I can't help that, can I?" snapped the New Arm-chair.

"No, indeed you can't," the Sofa responded calmly. "This new-fashioned furniture is only made to be looked at. Besides, you know, no arm-chair is ever really cozy and comfortable until it's old and shabby."

"Well, I shall soon be that," sulked the New Arm-chair. "If this sort of thing goes on, I shall be prematurely old and broken."

"That comes of being veneered," said the cheerful Sofa. "You've no solidity."

The clock ticked loudly in the silence.

"If you knew all about it," the Sofa volunteered, "you wouldn't grumble about a few aches and pains. You'd feel pleased that things were brighter. I've been here longer than you, and the things I've seen have made my old springs flutter. I've seen a lot of this business in my time, and I know a thing or two about it."

"I don't know what you mean," said the New Arm-chair, "but I believe there's a screw loose in my front castor."

"Not the only screw loose in your anatomy," scornfully replied the Sofa.

"Don't!" interposed the Arm-chair, with a shudder that made his springs hum again.

"Well," returned the ancient Sofa, "you have a lot to learn. It was before your time when he first began to come. You weren't bought till after he brought her that ring she wears, so I'd better tell you all about it. Then, perhaps, you won't creak and groan. When he came at first, they both sat on the ordinary chairs. They talked in whispers, and the carpet got worn where he hitched his chair up to hers. After a while they forsook the chairs and sat on me. How happy they were! They didn't find fault with my old springs then. But one night—and I think it's the most miserable I ever had—they fell out and were both angry and unreasonable. This was two or three days ago, and you were strange to the room, so you couldn't understand. But you will remember how he went out and slammed the door."

"I remember," said the Arm-chair, peevishly. "It jarred my springs terribly. I'm so highly strung."

"I suppose you were too much taken up with your precious springs," remarked the Sofa, who was warm-hearted and put out at the other's callousness, "to see how the poor thing threw herself on her knees and buried her face in my threadbare cover. My pattern is brighter now where the hot, salt tears fell. I nearly forgot our old tradition of silence. I did so want to comfort her. Her curly hair was nestling on my dusty old coat, and I felt I loved her more than he did. But when he came in again last night and drew her to him, I knew it was all right. I thought I was to be selected for the reconciliation," said the genial old Sofa, with a sigh.

"Wish you had been," put in the New Arm-chair.

"But I *was* pleased," remarked the chintz-covered Sofa, "to see them make it up. And you needn't grumble. They're going to be married soon. They won't sit in the same chair then."

"Thank goodness!" said the New Arm-chair.

"Ah, I know all about these things," concluded the ancient Sofa. "It's always the way."

And he sighed a rusty old sigh.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE intends to make Fiction one of the strongest features of its Editorial make-up during the coming months. The Editor, therefore, solicits short stories from one thousand to four thousand words in length.

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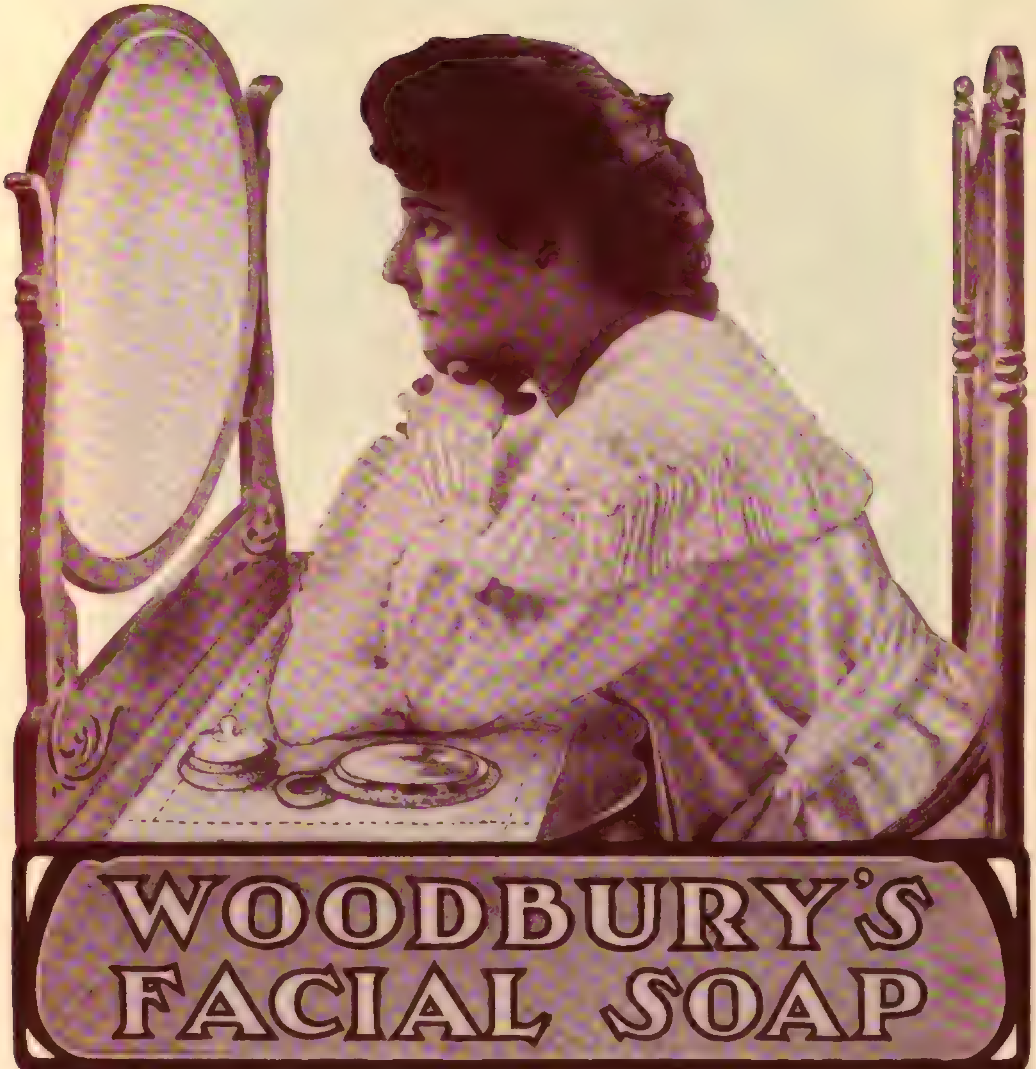

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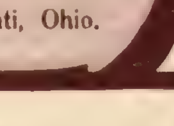

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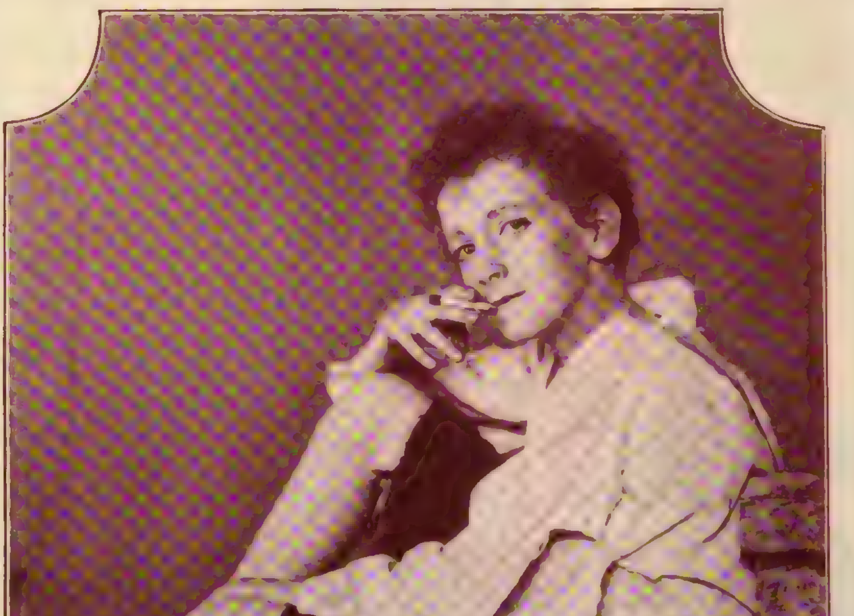

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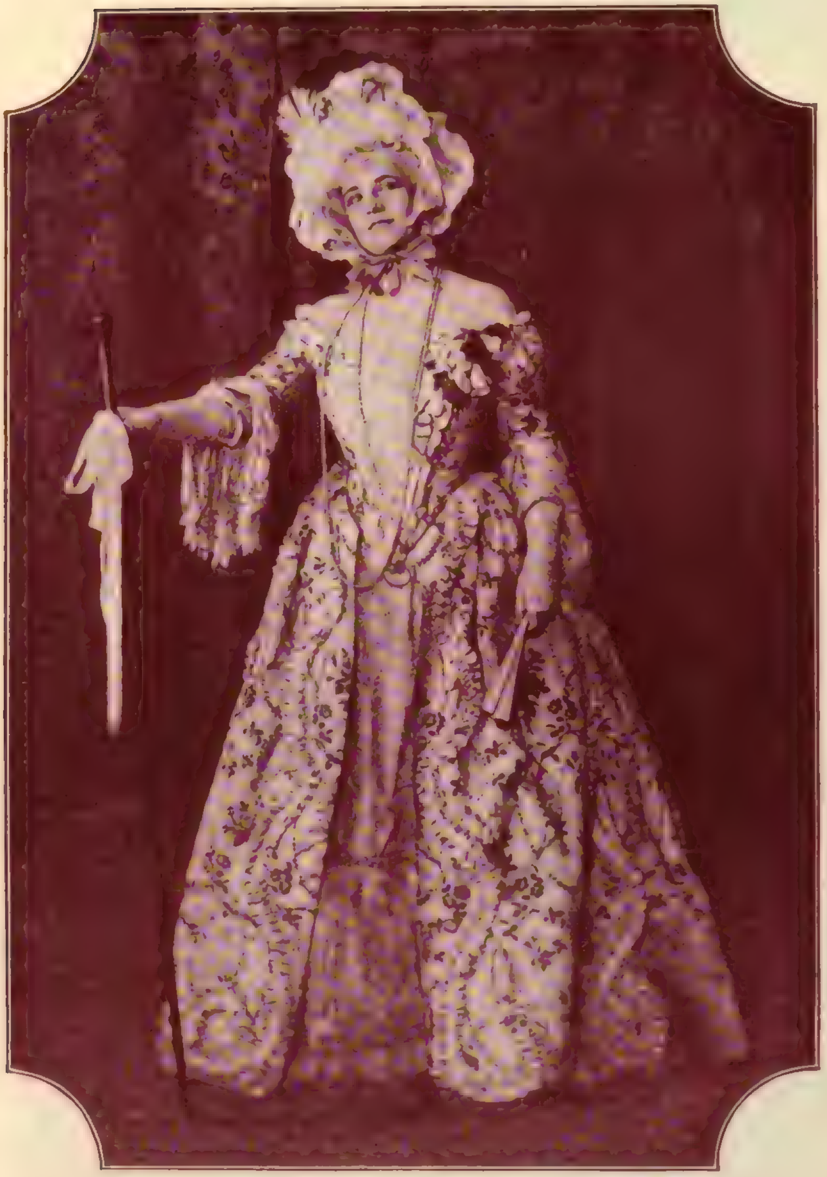

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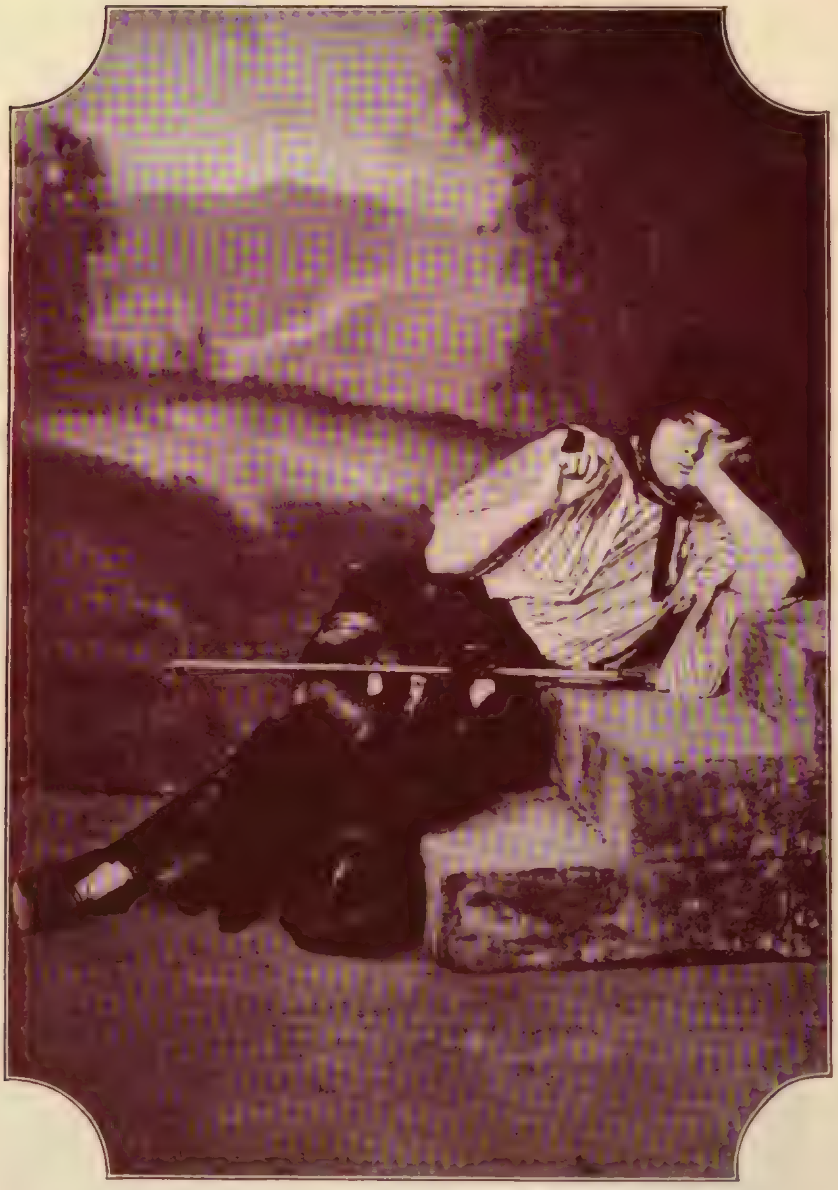

THE VIOLIN PLAYER
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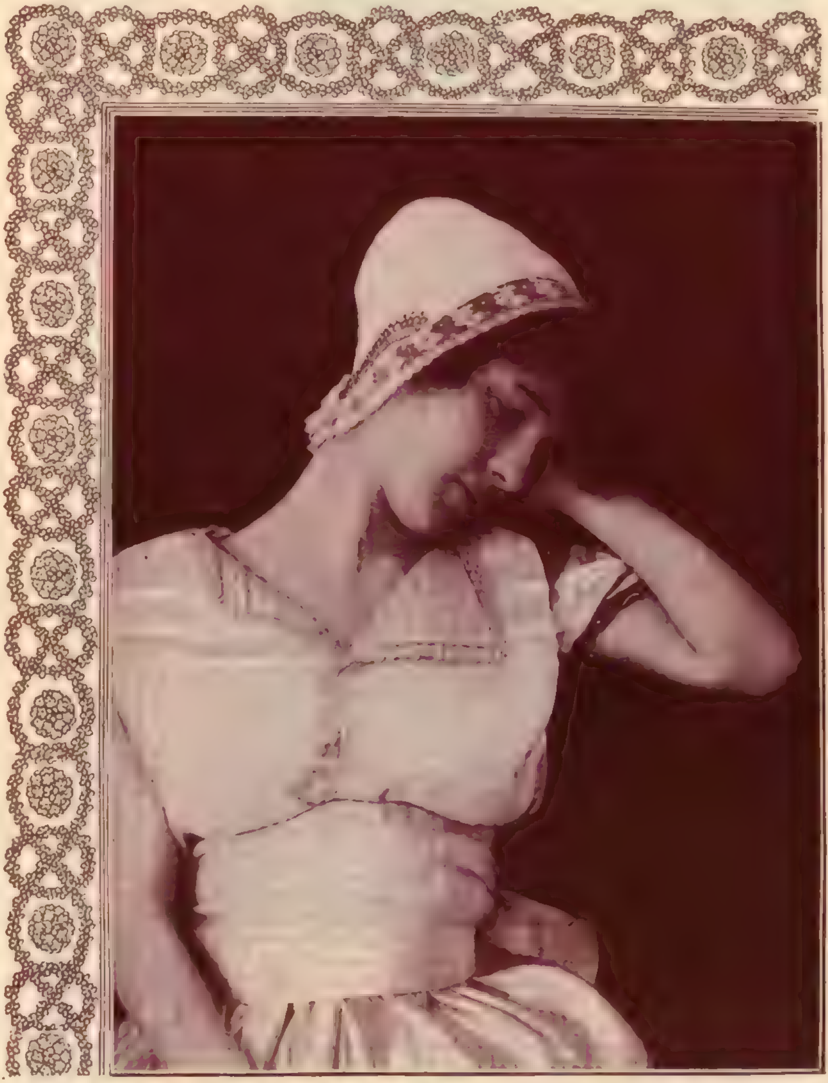
BEAUTY AND THE CAMERA



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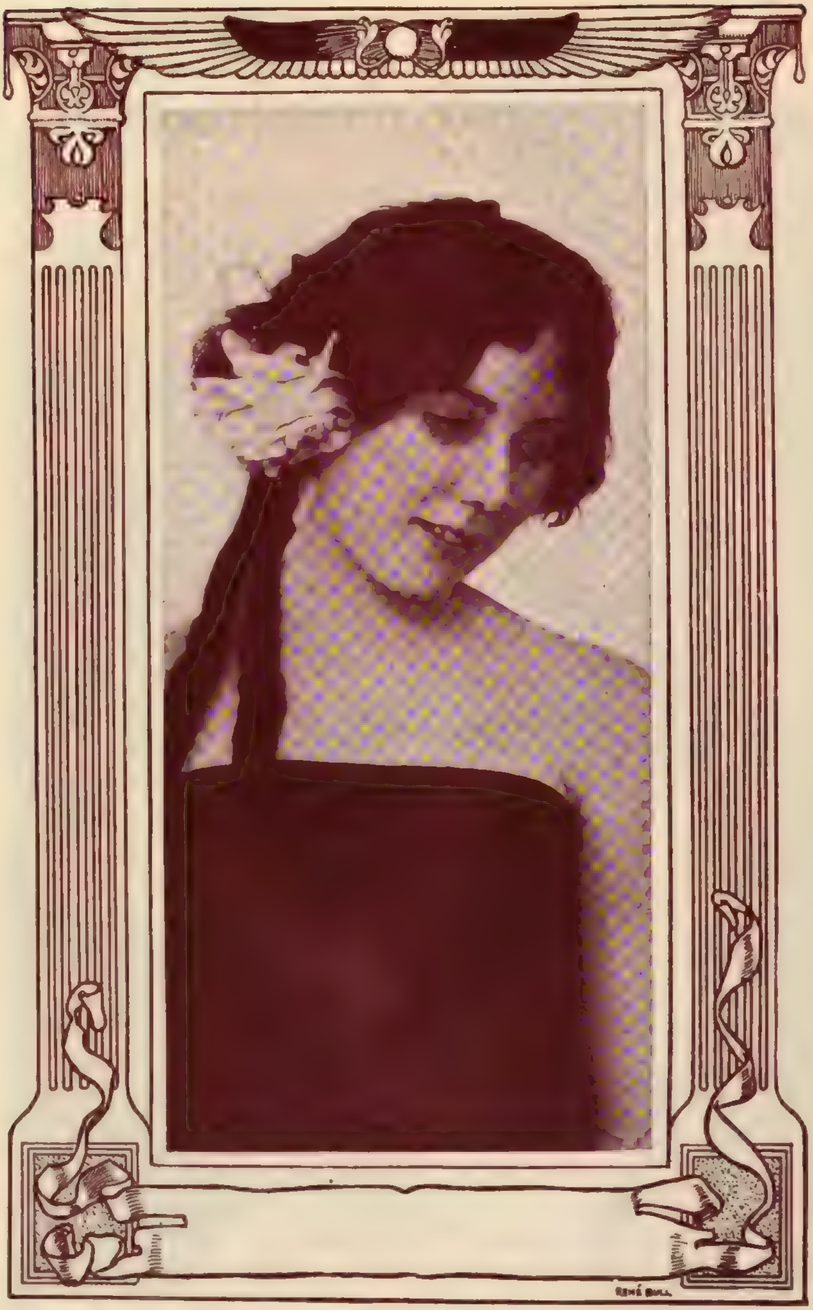

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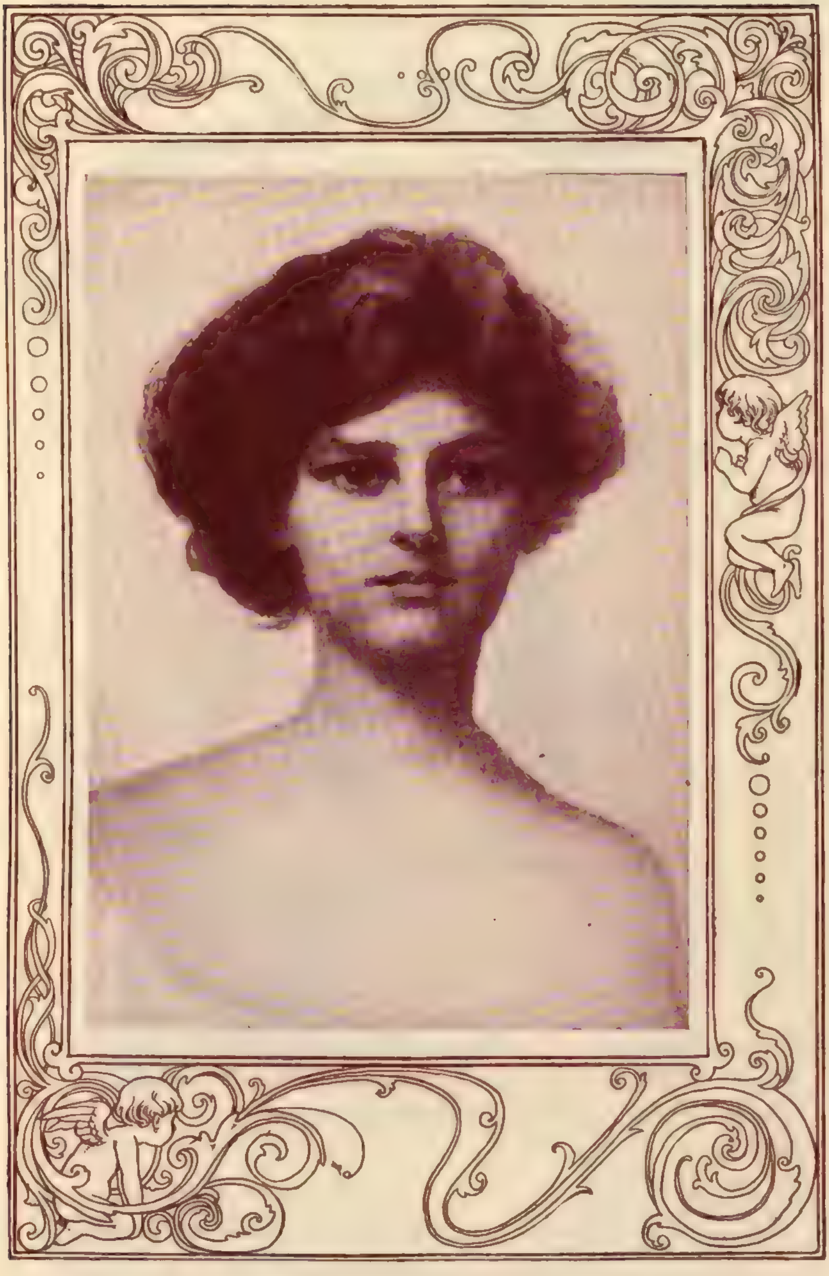

THE MAIDEN WITH THE SEARCHING EYES

From a pose by Miss J——

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THE FLOWERS OF YOUTH

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, 1904

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Stories by Writers Who Know How to Write

The publishers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE want the very best fiction that brains can evolve. Fiction hereafter will be a strong feature of this magazine. Stories of human passion—of breathing men and women—will be needed every month. They will be welcomed by the Editor. Short stories ranging from one thousand to four thousand words, are especially wanted.

If you have a manuscript which you think the intelligent subscribers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE would read and consider clever, send at once, with return stamps, to

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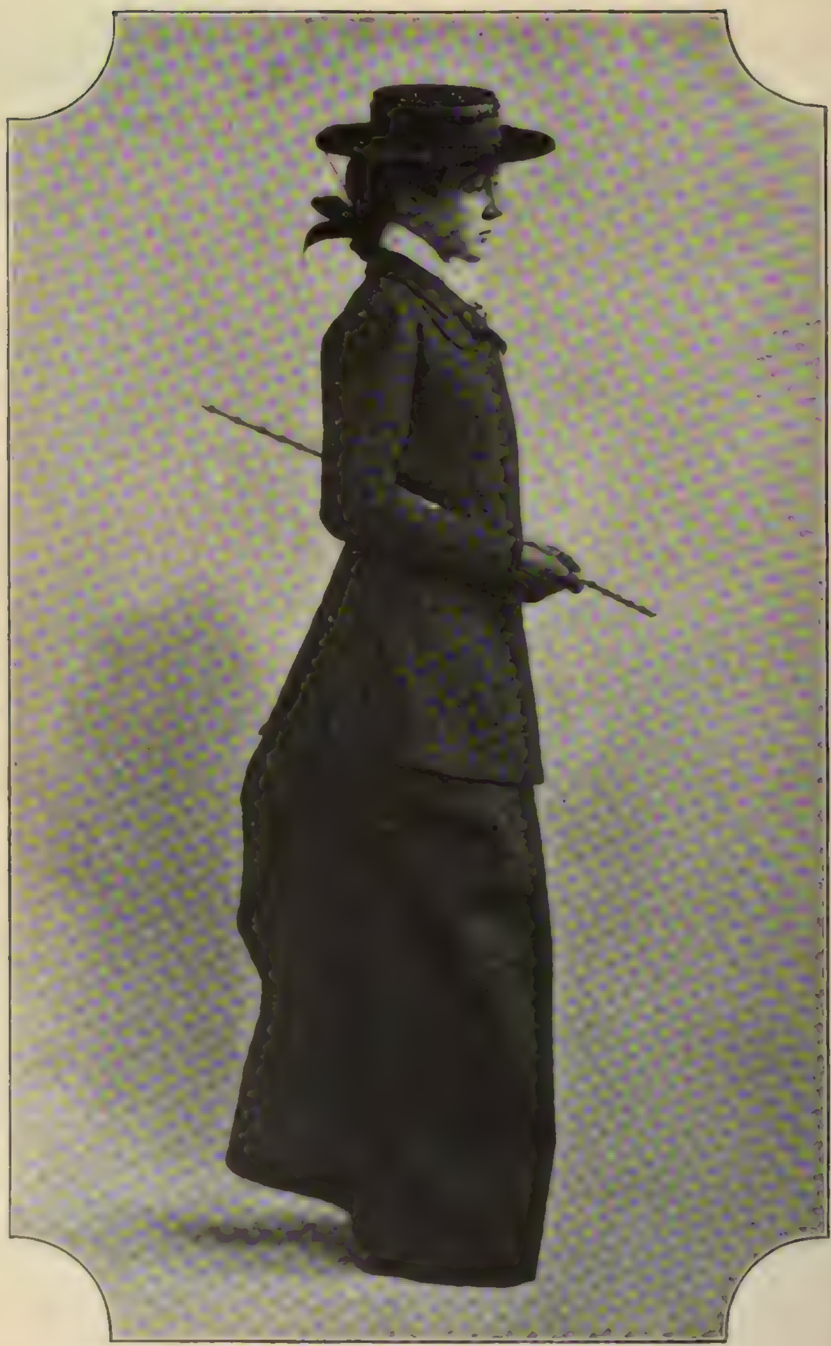

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Miss Cynthia Roche

(See article "The Smart Set")

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XII MARCH, 1904 No. 6

THE MEN WHO DRIVE THE ENGINES

By Irving L. Keene

EARLY in childhood the glamor and enchantment of the "choo-choo" take hold of the innocent idea, perhaps never to relinquish it. There is something so inspiring in the sight of a steam locomotive racing at a tremendous rate of speed to cover the ground on time, and even children of older growth never cease to marvel and stand almost stunned by the swift-moving mechanism which appears almost a superhuman monster.

Then, too, there are so many tales of hair-breadth escapes, thrilling encounters and deeds of great heroism that there never seems to be a falling off in the interest which surrounds the great drive-wheels and the personality of the man behind the throttle. Indeed, whether he takes it so or not, the real engine-driver is, indeed, a man of heroism, and worthy of our sincerest regard. What other men in whatsoever department of industry takes so many lives in his hands every work-day of the year, and brings them safely from point to point? And yet how few who ride comfortably and safely in their Pullmans and their dining-cars, watching the whirling scene, give more than a passing thought to the man who sits in the little engine-cab, hand on the throttle, watching that all the lights be white and all the flags likewise, the signal of "All's well," never flinching to do his duty even in the face of disaster. Indeed, whenever an engine goes down in a collision or a disaster of some kind, the engine-driver usually goes down with it, man of his duty to the last, hand clenching the fateful lever even in death. There is not a single engineer who draws the throttle out of New York that cannot tell wonderful experiences of the road—tales that never cease to interest, facts stranger than fiction.

"Big" Arthur Allen is perhaps the best known of the engine-drivers of the New York Central, and is a character aside from the interest which devolves upon him from the fact that he has been in the profession from early manhood, and will soon celebrate his golden jubilee, as it were;

"Big" Arthur Allen

One of the oldest New York Central engine-drivers. Forty-eight years in the engine cab and never an accident

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Leon Smith
With the eagle eye

that is, his fiftieth year of occupancy of the cab and wielder of the long-spouted can with never one accident to his discredit. Certainly this record is one worthy of being enrolled in the chronicles of one of the greatest roads of the world.

Engine-drivers grow attached to their locomotives and know their every caprice and fault as well as their virtues. No two engines are turned out of the works exactly alike, and every engine-driver makes it his business to learn the fine and the weak points of his engine before he ventures on any very long or hard run. A man with an old engine, with whose every point he is familiar, will accomplish infinitely more than with a new and perhaps more up-to-date engine of higher power and speed, so important is the question of knowing just how to get the most out of the locomotive.

"It seems very easy to be an engine-driver," said a man to a veteran of the road one day in conversation, "for all you have to do is to sit in the cab, watch the signals, open and close the throttle, blow the whistle and see that the gearings are oiled."

"That's what it seems," replied the veteran, "but there is more in engine-driving than merely pulling the throttle and closing it, just as there is more in medicine than feeling a pulse and administering a pill. In smooth times it is all right; but just let something happen, and then see where the test comes in."

And that is just the point. "Let something happen." It is the ability to meet the extraordinary emergency, to cope with unforeseen needs and to prove the strategist in any crisis that marks the superior locomotive engineer. Suppose, for in-

Edward Allen

Ready for a long run

stance, that an engine should break down some hundreds of miles from the points where relief could be afforded, and that hundreds of lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property were stalled in a ravine where all sorts of perils and dangers by fire, blizzard or flood threatened them. What could the engine-driver do in that emergency were he not a trained and skilled tactician as well as a man of infinite skill in dealing with men? It is these emergencies which try the abilities of the locomotive engineer as very few people realize.

A few years ago the profession of engine-driver was one which did not require such an amount of skill as to-day is necessary. Men who entered the ranks were brought up from the brakesmen and firemen class and were rather men of superior intelligence. To-day, however, all is changed for the reason that a higher grade of ability is demanded and high speed locomotives are infinitely intricate and demand a higher grade of scientific knowledge.

The old engines were very clumsily built and were liable to break down at almost any vital pass. Sometimes the result was very disastrous, but to-day an engine will last for years and keep in the best condition because of the perfection of every part and its perfect working harmony with every other part. High-speed engines cost twice as much to-day as the old-style locomotive, which is saying that forty thousand dollars is not a high price for a first-class limited flyer. Many that are used on the leading roads cost much more than that sum, so that one can realize the proficiency demanded of a man

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A. Cook

One of the handsomest of the craft

who handles so much valuable property under various vicissitudes and who learns to regard it as a part and parcel of his very life.

The block system has made the life of the locomotive engineer much more bearable than it ever was before, in that it eliminates a large percentage of his risk and gives him greater peace of mind. Under the old method much more depended upon the skill of the engineer to be ready for any emergency than exists to-day, and every year sees the burden more and more lifted from his shoulders. However, the demands upon him are more severe from another standpoint, and that is the necessity of being on time and of making the highest speed that the locomotive can stand. Thus, although the signal system saves him an amount of worriment on the score of accidents, at the same time the increased demands upon him are such as to make the life of the average man at the throttle anything but a round of pleasure.

And yet when once a man achieves the dignity of taking the big lever in his hand and projecting a train from one great city to another, he is duly impressed with his importance and rarely relinquishes the cab except under great stress.

There is, too, a tremendous fascination in being able with the turn of the wrist to command such a mighty aggregation of forces and to feel that one is an all-important factor in the swift-moving monster of the rails. There is an exhilaration in seeing the landscape floating by and to note the familiar pictures of city and country life which are every day presented to him. "Once an engine-driver, always

Google

Daniel Meeker
Who resembles James J. Corbett

an engine-driver" is an adage which is well-known throughout the craft. Besides it is work which is conducive to health, with constant recreations and an enforced sobriety which makes for strength of mind and body. Locomotive engineers seldom die of consumption, and never perish of over-indulgence while on duty. To be seen under the influence of liquor or a drug is the deepest offense that an engine-driver can commit, and his life being so free and active, with a vast deal of that change and variety which few men are afforded, he does not need the stimulant which laborers in other fields seem to think is a part of their life and a necessity. The closest watch is kept on all engineers who have responsibilities, and the greater the responsibility the keener the watch. When it is realized that by missing a single signal or forgetting some trifling detail of duty the man at the throttle may thrust hundreds of souls into eternity—then one realizes that only the best physical and mental health will suffice for this difficult life.

There are a large number of societies and associations composed of locomotive engineers. Some of them are merely social or instituted for purposes of amalgamated labor or insurance against old age, accident or death. These organizations are run on practical lines and count among their numbers most of the locomotive engineers in the world.

Loyalty is one of the characteristics of the engineers' confraternity, for every man realizes the perils and dangers that beset every one of the great body representing no less than a hundred thousand trained and

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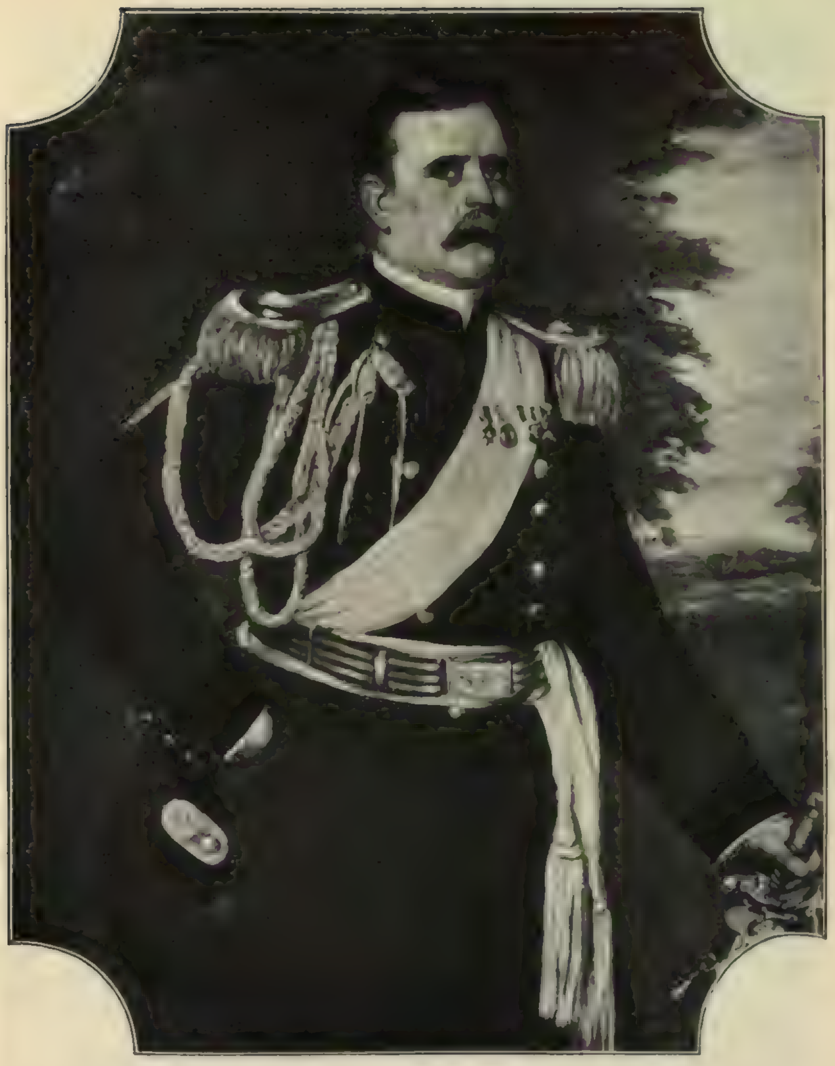
James Babb

On the famous "212," running out of New York on the New Haven road

trusted men behind the throttle. There is not a moment in the engine-driver's life while on duty that is not fraught with dangers, and generally from an unseen source. Not only is the man at the lever in imminent peril of his own life, but he knows that there are constantly occurring the most dreadful accidents which his fellows are held to be responsible for—held to be so whether justly or otherwise. He is therefore in as great if not in greater terror of taking the lives of others as his own unknowingly, for he knows that he will be held more or less accountable whether rightly so or not. The entire craft feels the shudder and thrill when a railroad accident takes human life, for if the man at the throttle survives, he is regarded as a marked man, even though he did all he could to prevent the catastrophe. This makes the life of the engine-driver all the more hazardous. It is no wonder then that the engineers' federation stands solidly in support of every constituent in whatsoever crisis, understanding the great perils and so making allowances for the possible shortcomings of a brother "throttle-jerker."

While the hours are long and the responsibilities in comparison with the pay received are beyond all proportion, nevertheless the profession of engine-driver—and it does indeed assume the dignity of a profession—is one that offers to a young man the highest opportunities. Engineers on the great roads are well recompensed in other ways than mere money. They are of necessity men of action and emergency. There is no chance for a weakling or a sluggard in this thrilling game.



Ury's Portrait of Major-General Corbin

THE ART OF THE PORTRAIT CANVAS

By Muller-Ury

With Examples of this Painter's Work from Photographs by Stark, New York

THERE is nothing more interesting than a fine, rugged old face beseamed with character and experience. Such a type is a delight to a painter, and far preferable to beauty, although beauty is Nature's masterpiece. I rejoice in drawing out in color and line on my canvas the secret element of a strong man who has forced his way to success. Every line in his face is a record in the volume of his life.

I have painted James J. Dill, William McKinley and Ewald Mendefer—three men who have won distinction in three

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Mrs. William F. Sheehan, wife of former Lt. Governor Sheehan

different careers. Such work is an experience that counts for more with an artist than a portrayal of mere beauty.

I love to paint a beautiful woman if this charm be combined with intellect and character. As to the latter, no face is altogether lacking in individuality. The artist who is a student of human nature discovers

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The late Oswald Ottendorfer

Editor New York *Staats Zeitung*

the salient point and fixes upon it unerringly, almost by instinct. I have yet to find a face devoid of character or of an interesting moment.

A young girl is not only fresh and innocent. She is more than that. She possesses a personality that is all her own. She is perhaps arch, or perhaps gay, occasionally sedate and serious. Her dominant quality is the one that must be sought for and portrayed.

I always refuse to idealize, although I am constantly requested, especially by women, to make them "as pretty as possible"—prettier than they really are. "Madame," I reply, "I would not pay you

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From a late Ury portrait

Miss Pfizer, of New York

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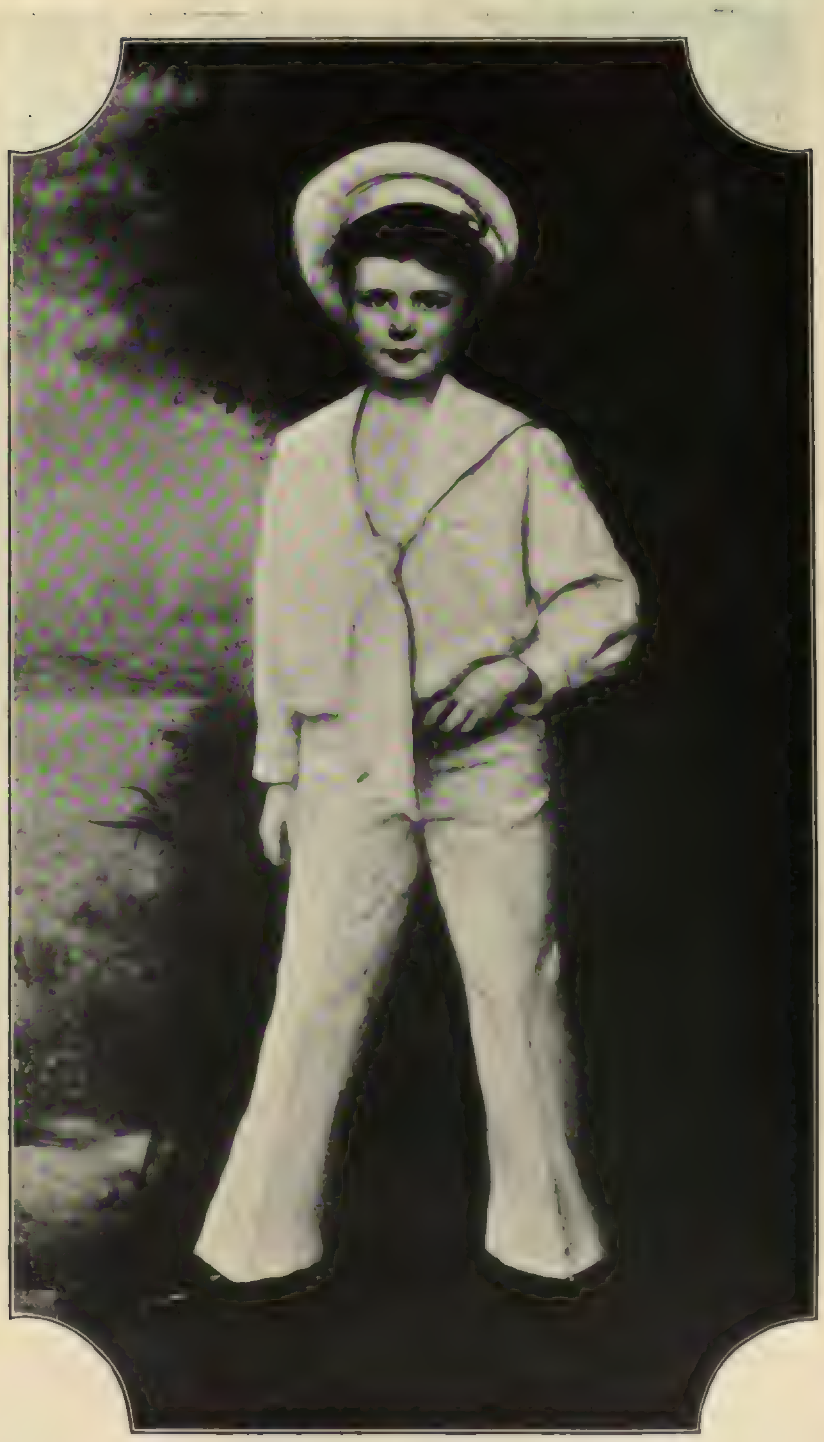

Ury's portrait of the young son of Charles M. Schwab

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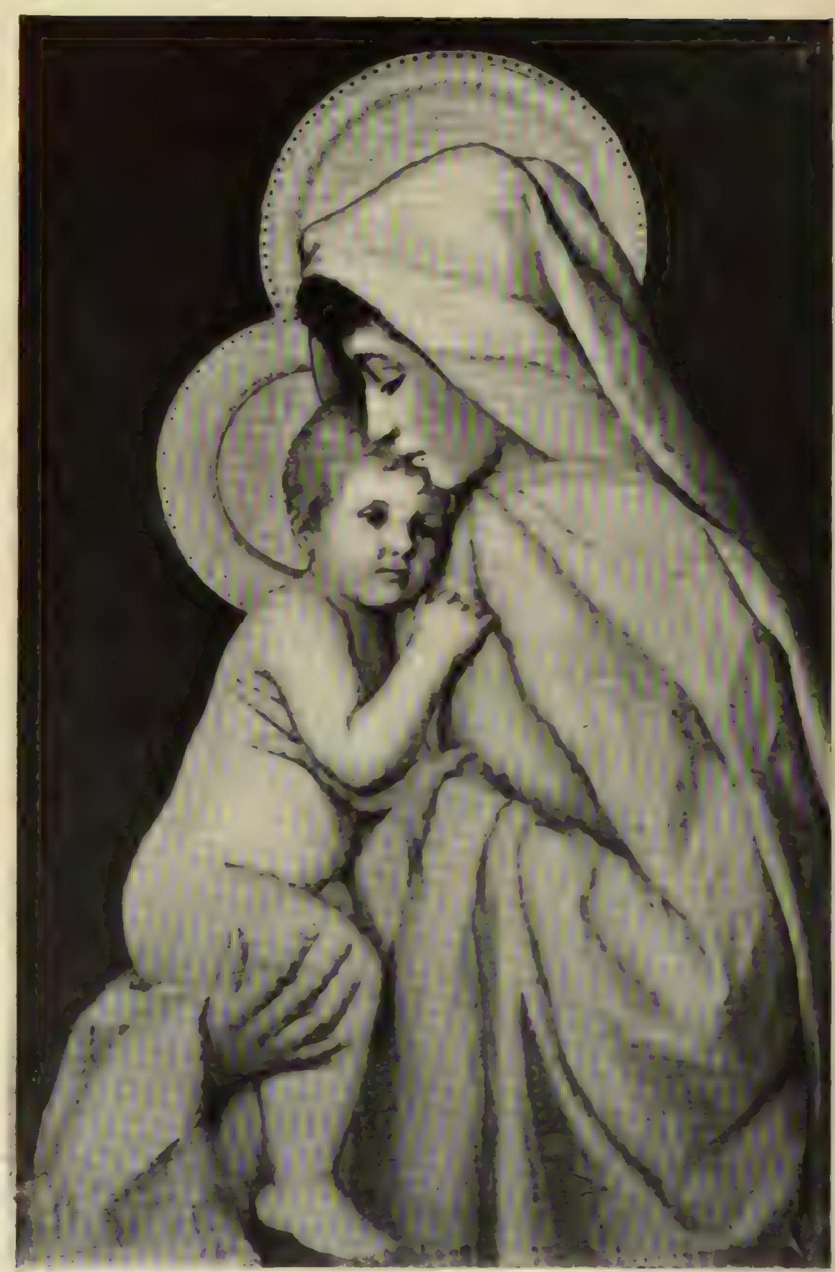

Madonna and child—by Ury

so poor a compliment. Permit me, I beseech, to select your best moment, and there will be no necessity to idealize."

I am too polite in saying "idealize." "Humbug" is the word. Who wants a portrait of a dream instead of a reality especially when every human reality is endowed with its own especial charm, as distinct as the coloring and fragrance of a flower?

I am not willing to create an expression, to invent a smile, when the experience and life of the person who is sitting before me

From a photograph by B. J. Falk, New York

Muller-Ury, portraitist

has an expression and a smile that are infinitely superior to any that I could imagine, since every real life is superior to a fictitious one.

How do I bring about this best moment in a stranger who comes to have a portrait painted? I make no effort toward discovering it. I trust to my instinct and leave the rest to chance. I think the artistic temperament presupposes a knowledge of and a feeling for the beautiful in every individual and object. The old

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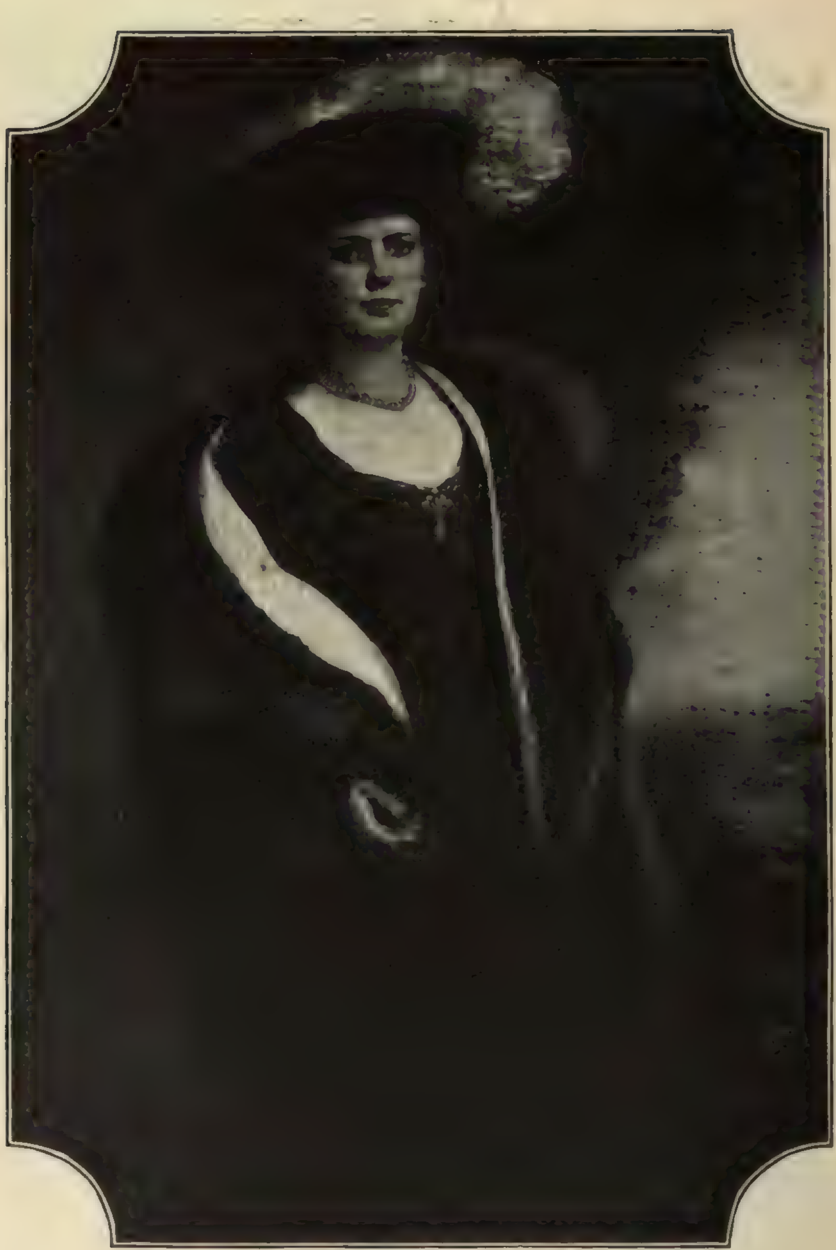

Portrait of a Lady—By Muller-Ury

Dutch masters found beauty in homely kitchen utensils, in the products of the vegetable garden, and immortalized them in their wonderful canvases. For these the carrot and cabbage possessed elements of grace and loveliness, and the proof that they were correct in their point of view is proved by the fact that they have managed to convince us also that a tarnished kettle and a yellow pumpkin lying in a patch of sunlight are worthy of imitation and consideration.

I have a keen admiration for the modern costume. Since the days of Watteau, women's clothes have never been so picturesque and beautiful. I, personally, should not feel satisfied that any modern society woman should be presented in a costume of ancient Greece, or in the draperies or fittings of a century entirely foreign to her personality. The toilets of to-day are certainly as interesting as those of our great-grandmothers. And since these old portraits have lost none of their charm because of their antiquated modes, why should not the portrait of the modern artist, if it be sincere art, outlive his little day? It is certainly a question of art, pure and simple, and not of costume. The man's costume of to-day is extremely trying to the artistic temperament of a portrait painter: but who would feel satisfied that the fine and stately personality of the lovable William McKinley had been satisfactorily dealt with, if he were presented on canvas, delivering a speech in a Roman toga?

The portrait painter must deal with his century as he finds it, and not attempt to rig up the modern with the antique, and imagine in this way that he has learned the secret of the old masters. Art is always natural, if it is sincere; and what is more artificial than a dress of the sixteenth century on a young girl of the twentieth? Her very type is different, and such as it is, it has evolved her garb and her being in it.

The artist must, as far as possible, select that which is beautiful in the gown decided upon by his sitter. The lines of the figure should always be preserved, and the dominant note of a personality should dominate the costume. A stately woman lends herself to furs and jewels. A young mother is most beautiful with her child in her arms. A young girl is eminently lovely in delicate colors surrounded by flowers.

In fact, there are no cut-and-dried rules. After the artist has gone through his apprenticeship, he would do well to study nature, and there learn that all things are beautiful to those who love and seek beauty.

There is one final thing that may be said about the art of the portrait painter. Portraiture is beginning to be understood by the multitude—by the many who look upon art merely as something to be admired but not understood. In the last century the Gainsboroughs and the Reynolds portraits were discussed widely, but only by the elect. The great crowd understood them not. But in this age of illustrations, the reading public is able to make comparisons, to criticize and to *know*. Hence, portraiture is more nearly a matter of wide knowledge than any other branch of the great art

---

LOVE LAMENT OF A BOSTON CHILD

By C. H. L. Russell

O Golliwog, O Golliwog,
  The world is lorn and dark,
And things below are drear—or so
  My copy-books remark;
By love alone a lamp is lit
  That lights our dismal days:
But you—you do not care a bit;
  You simply sit and gaze.

O Golliwog, O Golliwog,
  'Tis sad, alas! but true:
The smiles that move all others prove
  Inoperant with you.
I smile, and smile, and smile again,
  And you behold, behold;
But still remain, I note with pain,
  Inexorably cold.

O Golliwog, O Golliwog,
  I have a Persian cat—
I had a dog, O Golliwog,
  But we got rid of that—
But Puss, you never met her match:
  She whines until I come;
She purrs when stroked (though can't she scratch!),
  But you are always dumb.

O Golliwog, O Golliwog,
  Those ebon hairs erect
Bespeak surprise—those round white eyes
  Have much the same effect.
What is 't you wonder at? I know
  How odd we seem to be;
But if you would but answer—oh,
  The difference to me!

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"LO-THE-POOR-INDIAN" IN NEW YORK

By James B. Brownell

CERTAINLY very few people in New York are aware that we have, in a certain way, the nucleus of an Indian colony. We have a German quarter, peopled from the land of Thor and Teutonia; a French colony from sunny Provence; an Italian district which is numerically stronger than all, from the region between the Alps and Mt. Ætna, Greeks from Athens and Thermopylæ, and Syrians from the Lebanon and the Mount of Olives. But few people realize that we also have representatives from the plains and mountains of the great West, which in elder time was quite as savage as were the haunts of the ancestors of these other colonies hundreds of centuries ago. Yet such is undeniably the truth. Scattered about in different parts of New York is Mr. "Lo-the-poor-Indian," together with Mrs. "Lo" and all the little "Los" of the West, and many of them well worth our interest from an artistic as well as from a sociological standpoint.

"Bright Eyes," Bessie Tahamout

Abenaki Indian, sister of "Prairie Flower"

The one thing which was accomplished by the Indian school at Carlisle was to make the savage of the Western plains self-supporting and self-respecting. This was attained after a great deal of hard labor, for the reason that as soon as the Indian was taken from his savage environment and placed upon a reservation, whether he was a Winnebago a Sioux, or an Abenaki, he became imbued with the idea that he was no longer compelled to roam the prairies and to set up his teepee in the snow drifts and forage through the dense forest in search of game to provide for himself and his own. He got the idea that the great White Father in Washington was not only his protector but his supporter, and the result was that while he was taken out of his own sphere, he was placed in a false position with himself and the world as well as his benefactors. Then came the necessity of establishing schools under government inspection, whether they were Federal institutions or built by philanthropic people for the inculcation of religious and utilitarian knowledge. But here was encountered another difficulty. It was found that those Indians who had received the advantages of a smattering education absorbed enough light to make them ambitious; the result was that many of them entered schools of the higher grade, and even the universities, and undertook to cope with their "pale face" brothers in the professions and in trade.

Many of these returned to their native haunts, but there the contrast between the

"Ah-wa-ne-da"
In Indian costume

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"Soaring Dove" (Mrs Tahamout)

Abenaki Indian mother of "Prairie Flower" and "Bright Eyes," in Indian costume

life which they had lived in darkness and ignorance became very distasteful to them. Moreover they saw the wide gulf between their own kinsmen and themselves. For that reason many of them returned to the East and established themselves in colonies, where they took up the struggle for existence with the ivory pale-faced school comrades.

For that reason we have here in New York representatives of the various Indian tribes, some of them from the vast uplands of Wyoming, some from the arid plains of Arizona, and others from the everglades of Florida. The men have undertaken various kinds of work of which they were capable, sometimes not only excelling, but even distinguishing themselves. The women, however, received a new inspiration beyond anything which they had hitherto enjoyed, and that is the purpose of this article.

Many of the missionary societies saw that there was a growing demand for all kinds of beadwork and needlework of another description, which combined refinement of the artistic white needle-worker with the savage originality of the educated Indian.

Many schools were established and the lacework and beadwork of the old and young of the Indian families have been in great vogue with wealthy people for a considerable period.

In the United Charities Building there has been established a bureau and an exchange where this beautiful product has been placed on sale, and many are the patrons who have availed themselves of this unique feature.

Some of the designs have reached the dignity of the classic, being unique and individual, displaying the refinements of civilization combined with the rude native originality of the genius of the plains.

Recently there was sold in New York a lace counterpane worked by two young Indian girls which brought the tidy sum of one thousand dollars, and an Indian bead work of a high order of native art has brought correspondingly good prices.

The Indian girl is very reticent, whereas she is perhaps not strongly imaginative, yet she is very true and loyal. The artistic element in the Indian nature, particu-

"Ah-wa-ne-da" ("Sparkling Spring")

In American costume

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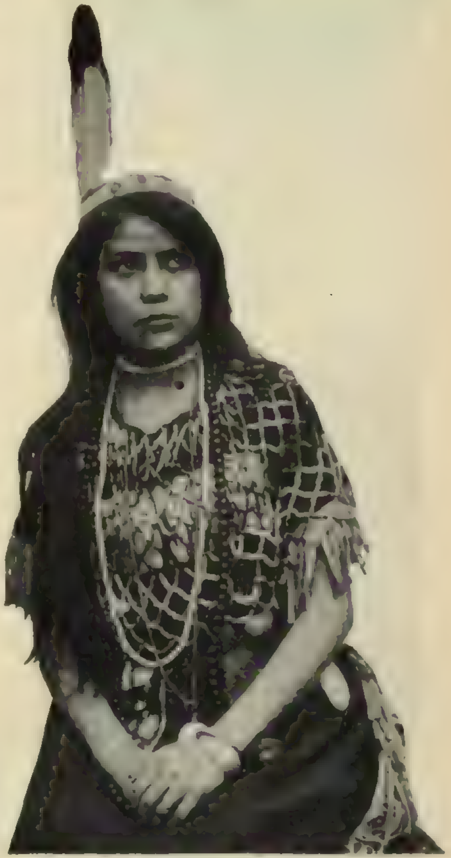
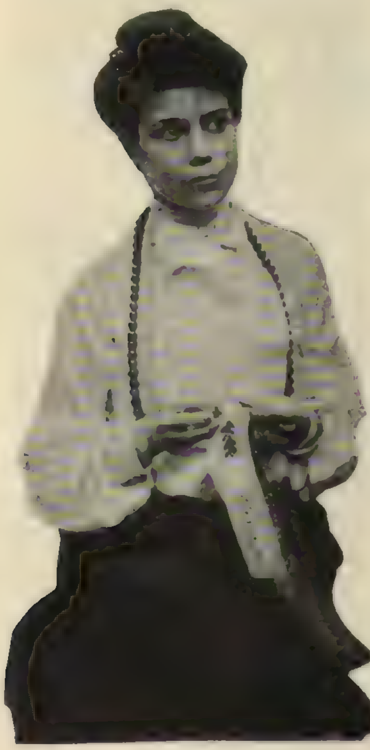
larly with the women, has been so long neglected that it has been slow of cultivation. But from the present indications there is no doubt that the most flattering results will follow the enterprises which have given work to these denizens of the wilderness who have made our great forest of humanity their homes. Certainly, therefore, Mrs. "Lo" and her striking daughters are interesting to every New Yorker who bids them a hearty welcome.

Those who have come closely in contact with the North-American Indian vouch for the fact that, notwithstanding tradition, the Indian has not only a sense of humor, but also a deep regard for artistic harmony. Several branches of the societies which have had the interest of the North-American Indian at heart, have established lace schools and other institutions throughout the Western reservations where the Indian girls have been taught the intricacies of various textural arts, including decoration, embroidery, tapestry making, and general designing.


" Prairie Flower "
In Indian costume


" Prairie Flower " (Beulah Tahamout)
With her Indian beadwork

Some of these schools have developed rare talent and sent individual graduates to the cities, where they have competed successfully with the more cultured races. In some points they have excelled, particularly in an expression of the barbaric love for out-door life and for the color values as presented in savage nature.

Prizes have been offered from time to time, and these have brought thousands of contestants among the Indians into the ranks, all anxious to develop their talents and succeed in something which is in nowise expressive of their traditional habits and environment. In point of fact (particularly in the case of the pure breed of Indian), there are many latent talents which are capable of the very highest development.

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BRAINS VERSUS MUSCLE

By Eugen Sandow

EVERYONE knows that in our time it is no virtue to be strong. It is, rather, a crime not to be so. I meet everywhere men of intellect who have small and sometimes weak bodies, who could do such wonderful things in this world if their muscular development was anywhere commensurate with their brain power.

"Muscle is a matter of brains first and sinew afterwards"

Lawyers, statesmen, financiers, members of Congress and Parliament, and men of title—in fact, all who play the big parts in the progress of nations—are perhaps first of all, men of great mental scope and concentration; but more than that, they are well developed from a physical standpoint.

It is within the power of every man to become physically strong, but like everything else it requires a certain concentration of the faculties, and that is not an easy thing. I know this of my own experience, for I was not born a strong man. Indeed, quite the contrary. At an early age my father took me to Italy, after a fit of sickness. There I realized the immense advantages of a proper physical development to back up whatever advantages there were of mind. We were living in our native home in Germany, near the Russian frontier, and the climate was very severe for a boy not endowed with the best of health. But in Rome, while gazing upon the magnificent statues of Apollo, of Hercules, Laocoon, The Dying Gladiator, and other masterpieces of classic sculpture, I was led to ask why it was that these men were

"Concentrate the mind on each muscle that you exercise" so strong, and I destined to be so weak. My father replied, "My son, there is only one answer to that question, and that is, a combination of brains with brawn."

I felt that I had the brains, but I knew that I did not have the brawn; and from that time forth I set out to obtain this one desideratum. It was no easy task, and I was very shortly convinced that it was a matter of mind first and brawn afterward. I have never ceased to be convinced of this truism, and to realize that without brains it is quite impossible ever to achieve the high grade of sinew.

Of course, when it comes to mere brute force, I admit that the ignorant stone-worker or workman in a boiler factory can show a fuller development of muscle than the athlete, and can do certain kinds of what might be called draught-horse work better than one who is built like an Apollo, and yet who can cover his chest with medals for all-round athletic proficiency. But we must not forget that every man is possessed of at least three natures, so far as we know, and every one of them has a separate intelligence. The intelligence of our brain-power as exercised at the desk, is an example of the first. The intelligence exercised by our intuitions, for instance in case of an accident, when self-preservation is the first law of nature, is another in evidence. But we forget that there is a third intelligence. This intimately concerns every nerve cell in the human organism, and responds very quickly to the superior intelligence of the brain.

"If a man does not have nowadays a sound mind and a sound body of what avail is all his effort?"

"A man must have the inspiration to work at times, when he does not feel like it"

A man can so concentrate his faculties upon a single muscle, or indeed a single fiber of that muscle, that he can develop it not only to the highest degree of strength, but to responsiveness to every need and emergency. Thus, when a man makes a grand leap, or throws the hammer a record-breaking distance, his brain is like a commander over a million other smaller brains within his own body, which are contained in every fiber of his anatomy, all of which are concerned in the accomplishment of this feat. This is a point that is very often lost sight of by athletes and others.

A bevy of budding East Side beauties at a Fresh Air entertainment

NEW YORK'S CHILDREN OF THE POOR

By Elmer P. Grandin

POLITICAL economists and scientists generally recognize the fact that all questions of sociology resolve themselves back to the problem of the children: how they are brought into the world, and how they are taken care of after their coming. Great stress has been laid upon the hereditary aspect in contradistinction with environment, and just how far each of these bears upon the problems of the child's moral, mental, and spiritual growth. The problem will never be solved, for the reason that with every new generation there appear new paradoxes that are as baffling to the great minds of that generation as were the simple questions with which Pestalozzi contended many generations ago.

In this country particularly are these problems cumulative. Particularly is this true for the reason that the varied factors of our population make these difficulties more severe and trying than those of any concerte nation or any city which holds only its own local classes.

For instance, within the region of Mulberry Park, in lower New York, there is a school where no less than twenty-seven nationalities are represented. The parents of these scholars come from all points of the globe, from the Arctic regions to the Equator, and from the rain-sodden lowlands of Ireland to the sunny steppes of central Asia.

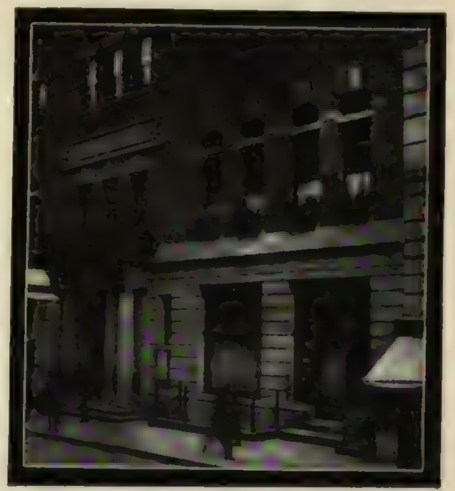
In no city of the country and in no country of the world is the problem, What to do with the children and What not to do,

Mulberry school where twenty-seven nations are represented brought so strenuously to our notice; and it allows of no delay or quibbling, for the reason that sufficient unto the day are the needs thereof.

The children of the poor are proverbially happy in their own way, keenly sensitive and alive to all gradations of emotion and feeling, innately proud, and for the most part ambitious in whatsoever direction they may project their talents, be it good or evil. The children of the poor are innocent, although they are not by any means ignorant. They have come close to vice and virtue in their most homely and sometimes grosser phases. They are little thinkers, who have solved for themselves many of the common problems of life long before their time. The awful struggle for existence among the lower classes throws hundreds of thousands of these little ones into the streets for certain hours of the day. There they feel their way with their confederates, and have ground into them the rules and tactics of the great battle of life. It is a pitiful game for those who are so young, and it often makes one's heart bleed to see weak and ignorant babes battling with problems with which even older heads cannot cope with success. However, these are some of the darker sides of the children's lives, and while typical, in a certain way, are not by any means universal.

Thanks to University Settlements and to the various charitable institutions whose members have undertaken to help the children solve before their time the problem of existence, to eliminate from their lives the things which bring them sorrow, and to afford them the things which give them contentment—the problem of our babes of the poor is not such a momentous one as it was a decade ago. It is steadily being met on every hand with better advantages in the interest of the multitude rather than the individual. Under monarchical systems, it has been the prevailing idea that only one in a hundred or perhaps a thousand of these *sotto populo* were worth giving a thorough education, and affording the privileges which make for higher mentality and training. There are, of course, signal instances where men of the lower classes have risen to high estate and have become ornaments to their art, science, or profession. But these instances only prove the rule that under a monarchical system the individual is all and the masses are nothing—as Napoleon said, "human lumber for other people's building." Under a republican form, however, we see this system reversed; as Tennyson says, "The individual is less, the mass is more and more."

We in this country begin to thoroughly realize that it is part of the duty of the State to take care first of all that the children are properly housed and educated. Our tenement laws forbid deplor-



The University Settlement building, Eldridge Street

The heart of old Mulberry Bend

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able overcrowding, which has been at other times so shockingly prevalent, and as far as education is concerned, aims to place every advantage at the disposal of the poor; not only that, but to compel every child to avail himself or herself of these advantages. In other words, society, in order to rid its penal institutions (including juvenile asylums, reformatories, and penitentiaries) of recruits is to begin at the cradle and make ignorance the first great crime with which humanity can be charged. The first duty of the State is to see that no child, even through its own fault or that of the parent, is deprived of the advantages of such an education as shall not only make that child self-supporting in after years, but to inculcate the principles of right and wrong, and enable each child to draw conclusions for his or her own personal and lasting benefit.

In steps from babyhood to youth.

The cry of fire brings a swarm of children

But there is another side of the problem of child life among the poor of New York. It concerns the question of proper recreation. Of course, during the severer months of the year, the child is more or less housed in the tenements and lacks the opportunities to go abroad and breathe the free air of heaven to its nourishment and joy. But during the summer, when the sizzling pavements swarm with tender feet, and life within doors is a penance beyond all endurance, then the greatest good is accomplished by the various charitable institutions, which enable hundreds of thousands of these little ones to leave the city, at least for a portion of the heated term, and to recuperate their wasted bodies and their stunted intellectual faculties.

Statistics show that with the very poor, when there are more than four children in the family, the fifth, be it a boy or girl, sooner or later goes to the reformatory or to some institution which shelters and protects juvenile delinquents. This distressing percentage illustrates the tremendous importance of making the most vital efforts toward educating not only the four younger members of the family to self-support and right living, but also the unfortunate fifth, sixth, or as in some cases, the tenth or twelfth.

The people of the tenements hold with Cicero that "children are poor men's riches," and certainly a glimpse of the streets at dusk of midsummer, or at any time of the year when a conflagration or some other stirring event calls them from their honeycombs of masonry, disperses any illusions one may have with regard to the theory of race suicide.

Thanks to the many protecting societies and the severity of the courts, abuses of the rights and privileges of the children are growing less every year. Not only that, but the children of the poor are better cared for individually, better housed, clothed and fed than the children of any great capital of the world.

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THE SMART SET

By Adelaide Louise Samson

THE New York smart set, known in summer as the "Newport colony," and gazed at during the winter in the boxes of the Opera House, is unique, typical and always interesting. It is not exactly *nouveau riche*, inasmuch as a generation or so has passed since it rubbed shoulders with trade; nor is it altogether classified and to the manner born, as in older countries. It is in the peculiar condition of formation and dissolution that makes it delightfully uncertain. The leader of yesterday may be ordered to the ranks to-morrow. When Ward McAllister joined his fathers, society lost a real leader—a man of wit, knowledge, and fine manners. There was a man with an ideal, and whose ideal was exclusiveness and more exclusiveness! Harry Lehr stepped into the gap, not because he was big enough for it, but because he was clever, and clever enough to conceal it under a guise of amiable and gentle whimsicality. Harry Lehr was an excellent reader of human nature and its foibles as revealed by the smart set. He was also poor and ambitious, and possessed the art of appearing ingenuous when he was really exceedingly truthful. Mrs. Astor took young Lehr under her protecting wing, and Harry Lehr made society dance to his tune. He married a charming and wealthy woman. The real Harry Lehr is now in evidence. He holds himself from his old frolics. He is dignified and conservative.

Photograph by Alman, New York

Mrs. James Stillman, Jr.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, as well as the Goelets, led the society pace amicably for a number of years. In the numerous splits brought about in the sets through what is known as the "re-married divorcé" group, Mrs. Oelrichs naturally sided with Mrs. Oliver Belmont, who had arranged the marriage of her young sister Virginia with a Vanderbilt, and who had managed to bring a duchess into the family through the alliance of her daughter Consuelo with the young Duke of Marlborough. Mrs. Oelrichs unfortunately, when all was progressing, *on ne peut mieux*, made a mistake by showing so unmistakable a greed for money and the sordid details pertaining thereto, that society, which has taken to treating the coin of the realm as vulgar dross, took offense, and began showing her the cold shoulder.

Another split in the "smart set" was brought about by the English craze, which, while it ignores all that pertains to trade, except American heiresses, knuckles and bends to a title. "An Englishman loves a lord," and so do those who have caught the Anglomania. Now, in good society a dinner engagement is looked upon as the most pretentious of social appointments. Nothing short of a most serious

From a photograph by Alman, New York

Miss Greta Pomeroy

calamity will justify a broken fiat in this most important function. The Duke Boris scandal is old history. It was a case of social rivalry, and the ultimate triumph of one society woman over another. At the last moment a member of the "smart set," in high standing, sent her excuses for non-appearance at a dinner, and that same evening appeared at the house of the rival to assist in receiving the Russian Duke Boris.

The "Smart Set" lacks manner and manners in trifles of this sort, and for this reason there are so many warring elements that it is almost impossible to find a common ground of polite footing.

Does society lack the culture that comes only through a serious education? The recent revelation as to how education and discipline are carried on in one at least of the fashionable boarding schools hardly

From a photograph by Alman, New York

Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt

justifies the hope that future débutantes are being prepared in any way to sustain worthy social ideals.

Mrs. Paran Stevens, who had the gift of a brilliant intellect, and an intellectual training as well, attempted a *salon*, but as soon as her pretty daughter became Lady Paget she retired on her laurels. This was much to be regretted, as Mrs. Stevens was one of the few in this country who understood the art of entertaining a lord and an artist in the same evening. The "Thursday Club" recently inaugurated by Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon savors of high aspirations, and is an attempt at something more than has been so far reached by the "Smart Set."

It is a pity that Mr. William C. Whit-

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From a photograph by Alman, New York

Miss Natalie Schenck

ney's eldest daughter, Pauline, is so rarely seen in New York society. She was graduated at the Sacré Cœur, and like all convent girls, is highly educated and distinguished in manner.

Katherine Barney, her cousin, who is a bud of this season, has received a serious education, as has also her sister Helen; Miss Cynthia Roche is another charming, cultured girl; and little Fifi Potter, now Mrs. Stillman, but still young and shy, was brought up most strictly under the tutelage of her father.

The younger set, with Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt as the leader, is the set that will dominate in a few years. It is already feeling its way, for the old set has lost its bearings, through manifold dissensions.

From a photograph by Alman, New York

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

When all is said and done, it must be admitted that the Smart Set is gradually becoming more definite in scope, and that it has to-day a form of which it could not boast even during the time that Ward McAllister held full sway.

Ten years ago the daily newspaper devoted only fugitive paragraphs to the Smart Set. To-day clever writers and able artists and photographers contribute their best to the pages of our Sunday newspapers. In fact, the society department has become more important, not only in the square inches it occupies, but also in a new dignity and impressiveness which merely show the trend of our times.

The scoffers may scoff and the profane may indulge in profanity, but it is nevertheless true that the Smart Set has taken a prominent place in our civilization.

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HAVE AMERICAN PLAYERS TEMPERAMENT?

By J. Arthur Fedies

HOW far nationality is responsible for the temperament of an artist is rather an interesting question, especially as nowadays talent and temperament are supposed to be synonymous. Indeed, genius has been defined as temperament controlled by technique.

It is a great grievance among American musicians, that the foreign artist is imported at enormous prices in preference to musicians at home. In fact, this preference for the foreign has led to the present condition of "singing stars" at the Metropolitan Opera House. To all arguments the American manager replies with the unanswerable ultimatum, "The foreign artist has temperament." As a matter of fact, the most important personages for some years past during the opera season, those who have commanded the highest prices and the most unquestioned popularity, have been the de Reszkes and Madame Marcella Sembrich, coming from Poland, the home of Ignace Paderewski and Helena Modjeska. It is true that Mme. Nellie Melba possesses an incomparable gift of voice, but no one has ever yet accorded to this phlegmatic Australian songstress any greater endowment than that of a fine vocal instrument. Mme. Ternina and Mme. Schumann-Heink are in truth great singers and great interpreters, and both are Germans; but Ternina unquestionably is the higher gifted of the two, for Ternina, like Duse, stands apart, has a strain of Italian ancestry. Mme. Schumann-Heink is Teutonic pure and simple.

A voice is always a gift, a sort of accidental instrument lodged by the grace of God in the throat, but it presupposes nothing more. A great vocalist is by no means a great actress. Mme. Emma Calvé is an exception to this rule, and she admits frankly that she has sacrificed her histrionic career for the limitations of the lyric. Even with these limitations, Emma Calvé is unquestionably one of the greatest, if not the greatest, actress of pure French extraction on the stage. Sara Bernhardt is not of pure Gaelic descent. She was born in Paris, of a Dutch mother. Therefore, if nationality is responsible for the gift and temperament, Coquelin, Rejane and Calvé have a prior claim over the incomparable genius of "la grande Sara," who owes somewhat to her Holland ancestry.

Mme. Charlotte Wiehe is a delightful comedienne and is supposed to represent by her work not only the methods, but the temperament, of the Parisian artist. As a matter of fact, la Wiehe is Parisian by training only. She is of Danish birth—a daughter of Danish artists. I believe her parents were musicians.

Indeed it is difficult to confine temperament, that elusive quality without which the greatest heights become impossible, to an unmixed nationality.

Lillian Nordica is the most gifted perhaps of our American prima donnas. Her dramatic genius is on a par with her superb voice. She is of fine old Yankee stock, and is proud to trace her American ancestry back a couple of hundred years. No American can do better than that in this young republic. Miss Julia Marlowe, claimed by Americans, was born in England, of English-Irish parentage. Annie Russell is Irish, as are Margaret Anglin, Ada Rehan, and that greatest of all our emotional actresses, Clara Morris. But then Miss Morris can hardly be considered as belonging to our present generation, for in that case consideration should have to be given to those giants of the American stage, Booth and Barrett. Joseph Jefferson, who is the last representative of our greatest American coterie of actors, is of Irish descent. Booth, by the way, was a Southerner, as is Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mary Anderson, although identified with Kentucky, is California born.

In looking for temperament in the American, one must invariably go either in the Western or Southern States. David Warfield is counted by some as the one actor on our stage with the spark of divine genius He is a native of San Francisco. Maude

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Adams was born in Salt Lake City; but to go a step further—the Barrymores, Lionel and Ethel, are natives of Philadelphia, root and branches. Joseph Jefferson, by the way, although of Irish descent, was born in Philadelphia.

It is said in Paris, as far as histrionic art is concerned, that no good thing can come out of England. The French will not admit that Irving has temperament; they draw a fine line and call his peculiar quality "the gift of personality." As for Ellen Terry, they consider her lacking in nearly all the essentials of her profession. Be that as it may, little Irene Van Briugh proved herself well-nigh a genius in a modest rôle; she is essentially an English girl, while Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the most temperamental of all English-speaking actresses, outside of Olga Nethersole, is very, very English. Olga Nethersole does not hesitate to avow her Jewish origin; and when all is said and done, the drop of blood that blesses in art is that of the Chosen People.

In Germany, on the stage one sees admirable art and method, as for instance, in Agnes Sorina and Helene Odillon; but the actor only rarely rises to the height of histrionic aspiration. Sonnenthal is a man of great temperament, and was recognized as one of the greatest of our visiting artists when he appeared at the little theatre in Irving Place.

Italy is a country, par excellence, where one finds in its highest form the unions of temperament and nationality in the history of the drama. Eleanora Duse, Rossi, the Salvinis, and indeed every member of an Italian theatrical company, present a group of artists to the manner born, from the star to the man who comes on to fill in the picture. There are no great schools of acting in Italy, as in Paris—(and Paris of course represents France). One is not taught to cultivate and develop one's magnetism or temperament, but there are traditions, and these traditions inculcate an understanding of nature so profound that it evolves into intuition.

This is perhaps the keynote of temperament: a knowledge of those elemental passions on which all human nature is based, and then a sympathy sufficiently deep to analyze their workings and present them by gesture and voice.

NEW YORK'S FASHIONABLE CHURCHES

By Alice J. Harriott

CHURCH-GOING on Sundays has become a necessity as well as a virtue, in order to obtain recognition by the leaders of the Four Hundred, and none need expect the honor of a pleasant bow from Mrs. Astor unless he or she is known to be a regular attendant at service. It matters not what creed one may observe, but it has been noticed that the highest society authority in this country has shown especial regard for the Episcopal and Roman Catholic forms of belief.

It may be truly said that one may see more of the best element of New York society on Fifth Avenue after church hour than at any other time or place. The devout people come from every direction, and they seem to be more amiable and more attractively attired than on any other occasion.

When she is not abroad or at Newport, Mrs. Astor is frequently seen at either Grace or Trinity church. She is seldom accompanied by anyone except the matronly woman who is her domestic companion.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., or rather "Mrs." Vanderbilt, as she is authoritatively known, attends St. Bartholomew's Church. Alfred Gwynne, her second son, and his wife also go there.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., with her mother and sisters, when they are in town, go to St. Thomas'. They are all Episcopalians—these Wilsons—and Cornelius Vanderbilt frequently goes with his wife.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., holds a pew near the side altar in the left aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral. She attended the church when she was Miss Fair, with her sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, and all her

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children have been baptized there. Her marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Father Murphy, pastor of the Newport church she attends, and he came to New York for that purpose.

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt being a Catholic, as was her sister, Belle Neilson, attends St. Leo's Church. She did not attend the latter's wedding to Hollis Honiwell, because she would have fallen under the ban of the church, Belle having secured a divorce from Arthur Kemp. Harry Lehr, who was the most popular young cotillion leader before he married Mrs. John V. Dahllgren, goes either to St. Leo's or the Cathedral.

Another fashionable leader who attends St. Francis Xavier's is Mrs. Henry Siegel, a cousin of the late Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.

The Rockefeller's go to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, while nearly all the Belmonts are to be seen at one or other of the Episcopal churches. The Mackays are divided—Clarence Mackay going to mass at the Cathedral, and his wife to St. Thomas'. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is also a worshiper at the latter, as are the families of both the late Ogden and Robert Goelet.

The Gerrys are Episcopalians, and like Mrs. Colgate, later the Countess Stafford, attend Grace Church. So do the Van Alens, the Burton Harrisons, and the Hays.

The Cuttings, Pierpont Morgans, and Tailers go to St. George's in Stuyvesant Square.

Young Peter Collier, being a Catholic, attends St. Patrick's Cathedral with his father and the Collier family. Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew is also a worshiper there, while her husband attends St. Bartholomew's.

The Couderts are mostly to be found in the pews of Father Ducey's church, St. Leo's. In fact, the proportion of churchgoers among the fashionable may be reckoned upon the same basis and percentages as have been computed for the general church-going population of the city.

The churches of the several denominations at which one may always find members of the exclusive and smart sets during the winter are St. Thomas' Episcopal Church; St. Patrick's Cathedral; the Cathedral Crypt Chapel of the new Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine; St. Leo's Catholic Church, of which Father Ducey is pastor; St. Francis Xavier's Church on Sixteenth Street; St. Vincent de Paul's; the French church on Twenty-third Street; St. Bartholomew's Church; the Marble Collegiate Church; the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church; Grace Church; Trinity Church; St. Paul's Church; Trinity Chapel; Church of the Incarnation, and the First Church of Christian Scientists.

There are of course other places of worship in which are scattered millionaire and aristocratic worshipers, but the principal pew holders attend the churches named.

The churches at Hempstead, Southampton, Westbury, and of other Long Island colonies, are also visited by those who spend week ends in the country, and their guests. Then at Newport it has become a *sine qua non* for recognition by the society leaders that members of the close sets should belong to some church—Episcopal or Roman Catholic preferred. It is no longer considered fashionable to be irreligious, and there is an inclination to snub divorced couples.

In this respect the fashionable sets model their deportment entirely upon the English customs. At Christmas the younger women and matrons of society took entire charge of the decorations of many churches, principally those of the villages near which the great country estates are located. The designs of ivy, holly, greenery and berries were suggested by them, and they supplied all the altar and other requisites, even to the cassocks and surplices for the boy choirs.

HOW WILL IT BE?

WHISPER to me in my dreams, love,
  And tell me how it will be;
I want to know what you're like, love,
  Who'll rule o'er my destiny.

Will my ambition be yours, love,
  Our souls in purpose unite,
And through life walk hand-in-hand, love,
  Into the shadows of night? —*P. A.*

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AS I SEE MY CAREER

By Mathilde Bauermeister

MY career has been a long and busy one. How long I am not willing to confess—that is the privilege of a woman and an artist; but I am willing to admit that I was—oh, how long ago!—just thirteen when I made my début as *Queen of the Night* in "The Magic Flute," at her Majesty's Theatre, London. It was an important rôle for a mere child. Mlle. Titiens and Bevignani were in the cast. Both afterward became my teachers. At that time, however, I was a pupil at the Academy of Music. I was born in Hamburg, but I was little more than an infant when my father settled in London with a large family of children. We were poor, very poor, and when it was discovered that I possessed a voice, I became the hope and the possible mainstay of the household. From the age of six I received engagements to sing in private musicals and concerts, and those were indeed red-letter days in our struggling home when I returned to my brothers and sisters with a gold piece clutched tightly in my chubby hand.

I had been studying at the Academy for more than a year, when I was suddenly told by my teacher that I was to sing that evening in the opera, to replace the soprano who was ill. I had, even as a child, an extraordinary musical memory. I never forgot a rôle once learned, and, indeed, could master a rôle after hearing it sung a few times by others.

What a time they had in fitting me out and building me up so I should look sufficiently grown up for the stately Queen! I had been nursed and fed on Mozart. He was the musical god of those days. He is still my musical god. I was utterly fearless as to the music—but oh, how fearful I was lest it should be discovered I was only thirteen years old! Now I am in a nervous tremor each time I appear before the public. When I was young and ignorant I made my bow as a conqueror, and strange to say, conquest comes to the young.

That evening was the beginning of my career, and was also the beginning of my acquaintance with my good friend and protector, Mlle. Titiens. At the close of the opera, Colonel Mapleson made me an offer to join the company for the munificent sum of ten dollars a week. My father accepted; we needed the money. It was arranged that I should keep one pound for my allowance, and send the other pound home to "help out." On this same momentous occasion Mlle. Titiens took me under her protection and agreed to undertake my musical education. She was strenuously opposed to my appearing in opera at so early an age. She prophesied that it would be a detriment both to my voice and my career. She counseled a period of complete devotion to study for at least four years, then a début in some big rôle; but in view of our circumstances, she was forced to admit my value as a wage-earner. She did the next best thing. She influenced the management to give me small and unimportant rôles, and she taught me how to sing so as to wear my voice as little as possible.

I do not complain; I have had a happy and a beautiful career. God gave me a voice and temperament, but Fate willed that I should be but one of a great chorus, standing by the side of the great, touching their hand, joining my voice to their voice; but never was I destined to take that one little step higher, that means greatness and fame.

I am called the "mascot" of grand opera. Always before a début the singer comes to me and says, "Mathilde, press thumbs with me to see if I shall succeed." We each take our thumb, and we press hard, hard; and I am so careful that they do not break apart, for that would mean a failure. I am so happy when the test is good. "Go, my dear, go without fear," I say, "the thumbs predict a triumph." Mme. Eames, Mme. Melba, Mme. Calvé, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, all have pressed thumbs with "Mathilde the mascot"; but when Mathilde Bauermeister tried the omen with

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her own destiny, the thumbs broke apart. But in those days of long, long ago, even to be a second artist meant more study than one gives nowadays in being a great prima donna. Now one studies a few rôles in a great hurry, then one gets into a sort of balloon, and behold! one is landed in the centre of a big stage in a big opera house, and the next morning one is famous.

I recall with amazement the years of severe study through which I had to pass. I remember one day that Mlle. Titiens, irritated with my awkwardness, forced me to courtesy before her three-quarters of an hour before she was satisfied; but after that I knew how to courtesy. I recall, too, those wonderful reunions of musicians at the home of Mlle. Titiens. There were Schira, Bevignani, and Mme. Rudersdorf, the latter the mother of Richard Mansfield, and one of the most superb artistes I have ever met. I look upon all these great lyric interpreters as my teachers, for they all took an interest in me and instructed me in turn. Many a time when singing a rôle before them, they would stop me and begin a discussion over a certain interpretation of some aria or cadenza. After a while I was quite forgotten. When some conclusion was reached Mlle. Titiens would call out, "Mathilde, if thou hast listened discreetly, thou canst continue."

Alas! I was obliged to sing too much. I was in no position, through our poverty, to harbor my voice. At this time Adelina Patti and the Italian opera were in their prime. La Patti was a woman of extraordinary intelligence and unflinching determination, and from the beginning she understood the necessity of caring for the treasure of her voice. In all the years of my association with her I never once remember her assisting at a rehearsal. Day after day Arditi would go through the pretense of expecting Madame Adelina. "What!" he would say with surprise, "la Patti not here—la, la! Eh bien, where is the little Bauermeister? She will have to be the great Adelina this morning."

In the evening, too, the little Bauermeister would stand in the wings, and while Mme. Patti would go through the pantomime of joining in the ensemble, I would do the actual vocalization.

I stood by the side of Emma Eames when she made her début in London as *Mèreille*. She was a tall, stately girl, and as I looked up at her and heard her glorious voice, I thought she was one of the most beautiful creatures ever fashioned by the hand of God.

I recall, too, the first time I ever heard Mme. Melba. It was at her first rehearsal of "Lucia" at Covent Garden with Sir Augustus Harris. She had been singing with some success in Brussels, but she was comparatively unknown, and Sir Augustus looked upon her as a possible failure. "Well, what do you think of her?" he asked. "She's a gold mine," I answered, and a gold mine she turned out to be.

Another interesting occasion was the first performance of "Cavalleria" in London, with Mascagni leading the orchestra. Belloncioni, who created *Santuzza*, appeared in that rôle, and I as *Lucia*, which I also created in London. It is always a delight for me to be associated with Italians in my work. My temperament is more akin to the Italian than the stolid German. I keenly enjoyed singing with Belloncioni under the baton of Mascagni.

After the stupendous success of the first night, Pietro put his arms around my neck in his boyish fashion and said, "Dear, dear *Mother Lucia*, I wish I were indeed your son, and you my mother!"

It was a pretty compliment, I think, one of the prettiest I ever received.

The happiest hour of my life was when I received the golden laurel wreath from my dear friends, the Germans of New York. Yes, it is gratifying to realize that if my career has not been of the greatest it has been, perhaps, of the most useful, owing to my curious aptitude for memorizing a rôle. I do not think there is a rôle in any modern opera, excepting the Wagnerian, that I have not sung at an hour's notice. One evening during a performance of "The Magic Flute," I sang in the three rôles of the *Queen*, the *first boy*, and *Papagaena*.

It is more difficult than one realizes to appear in the secondary parts, for one must adapt oneself to the temperament and the lack of temperament of the prima donna. It is the cold, restrained temperament that is the undoing of the second singer, for the latter must never forget she is subservient —that her temperament must set off, not dominate.

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Mathilde Bauermeister
From a favorite portrait

I have decided that this shall be my farewell visit to America, and after the Covent Garden I shall make my adieu to the stage. For this reason this season has had a touch of pathos unknown to my dear audiences, who for sixteen years have received me so kindly. But I wish to retire while my public still receives me with affection. So these few words of mine may fittingly terminate with that saddest of all words—"Farewell!"

A BOUDOIR SOLILOQUY

By Anne S. Behring

No use for me to shirk the truth,
  Or close my eyes upon it,
Because I have the air of youth
  And do not wear a bonnet;
My cheeks may just as rosy be
  As when I went to college;
But youth has long deserted me,
  I must at last acknowledge.

I wear a youthful kind of dress;
  I laugh a girlish giggle;
But I've a birthday ne'ertheless
  From which I cannot wriggle;
The only solace I desire
  Is from opinions plenty,
That though to-day I'm forty-five,
  I don't look five-and-twenty!

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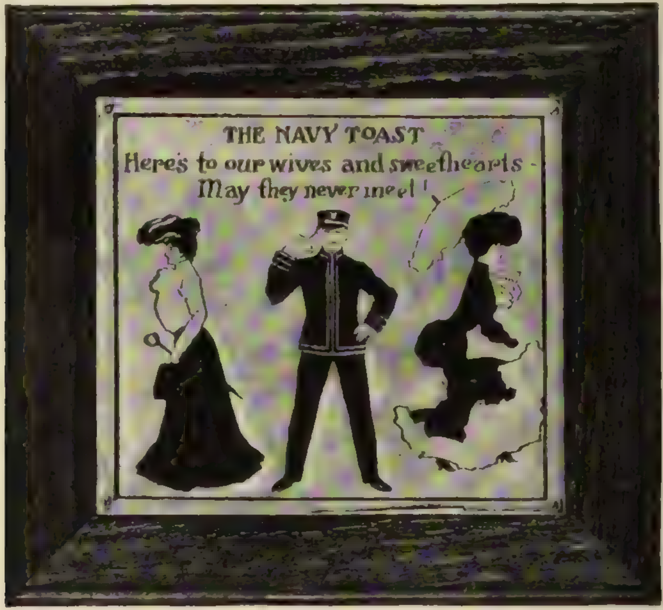
A NEW FAD FOR AMERICANS

By A. L. Gordon

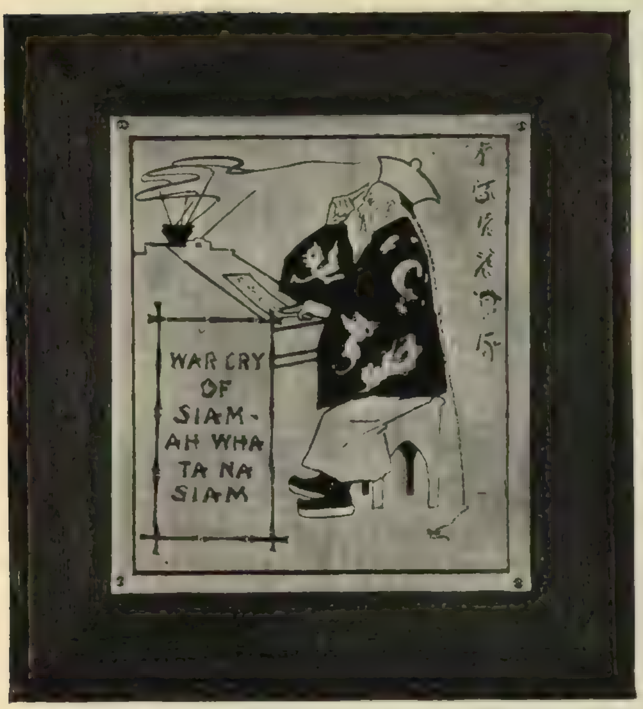
SOCIETY has its foibles and its vanities, many of which have a foundation in something more than the usual inanities of sport and afternoon tea-talk. Some of these fads are even picturesque and decorative, offering to the individual taste a unique opportunity to display varied talents.


THE NAVY TOAST
Here's to our wives and sweethearts -
May they never meet!

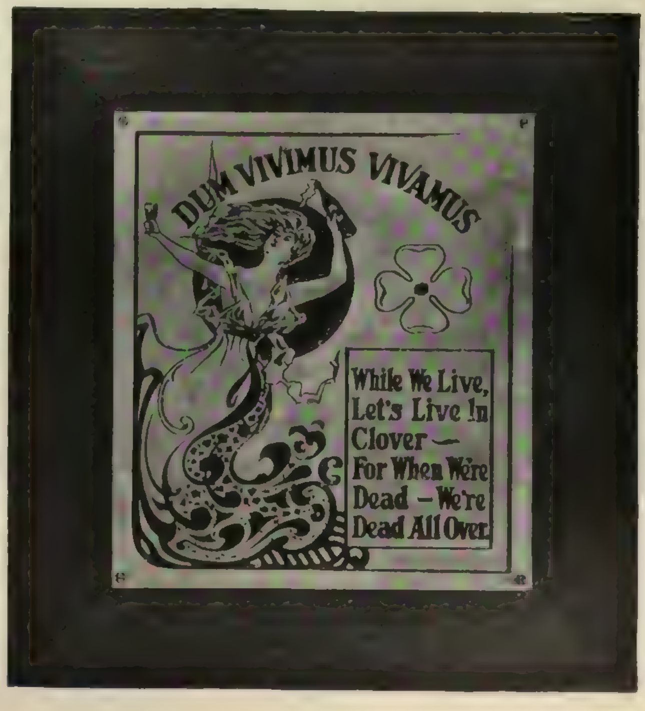
One of the latest of these fads is the brass placque containing some sentiment more or less apropos of dining, wining, and the pledging of health. These placques are artistically framed, and in the matter of sentiment range through various phases of humor and sentiment. Many of them are quotations from favorite authors, illustrated by well-known artists, some of them having no legend whatsoever, the drawings alone telling the story.

The motto idea is one which has been handed down from the old English days of the stage coach and the country inn. In those times pictures were luxuries which only the very rich could enjoy. For adornment to the great bleak walls of the old English hostelry there were painted mottos extolling the virtues of the good cook and lampooning the man of parsimonious habits, or him of small purse. Some of these proverbs are rather clumsy and oftentimes broad in suggestion, but on the other hand, many were written by famous authors of the Elizabethan age, and even previous to that, and have a distinct literary value. So much of an institution was this of English life of two centuries ago that many volumes have been written upon the subject, and some of the choicest *bon mots* have been copied from generation to generation, and are to be found upon the walls of our own hostelries, clubs, and even the dining-rooms of the lover of that sort of curio.

In the introduction of the etched placque


WAR CRY OF SIAM - AH WHA TA NA SIAM

we have a distinct departure from the old method, and whereas many of the sentiments are copied from old prints, the pictorial value is far above that of the old motto. Not only are these toasts suitable for the dining-room and the hall, but some of them are placed on the bedroom chamber wall, offering some phrase designed to be conducive to pleasant thoughts upon retiring.


DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS
While We Live, Let's Live In Clover — For When We're Dead — We're Dead All Over

Some are suitable for birthdays and other anniversary events, while still others are purely caricatures in the valentine sense of the word. But whatever may be the sentiment of the picture, the idea is usually that which will create a spirit of levity and good cheer. Thousands of these toasts have been sent broadcast through the country, and even England and the Continent, where they have found great favor among the *jeunesse dorée* in the army, the navy, and in private life. Some are made to order and offer ideas which are at once original and of a distinctly personal character.

One must not expect to get designs that are very garish or too posterlike. The makers of these placques have shown the best of taste in design and execution.

On the whole, this society fad may be said to be very acceptable and certainly harmless, besides being highly decorative. It is merely a revival of the ancient spirit of good fellowship, and whatever perpetuates that calls for kindly indulgence.

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MY SINGING MASTERS

By Caruso

The New Tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House

WHEN I am asked concerning the Italian method of singing, my ideas on the subject, and the names of the masters with whom I studied, I am at a loss to give a satisfactory reply.

I am a Neapolitan. In our country we do not talk of method. We have *bel canto;* that is our tradition—the tradition of the great ones who have left their memories in our heart. We sing because we are a singing nation. Our parents sing as they work. We live out in the open air under the blue skies. When the lungs are filled with pure air and sunshine, it seems to me that this air and sunshine become song. Our children sing in the street with the voices of angels. Our peasants lift their voices in melodious chorals in the vineyards and olive groves. When a child is born, and, as he grows, begins to show he has a voice, the father and mother are filled with joy. My father had a deep basso, my mother a beautiful, rich contralto, my little sister a voice like a flute. When I was a lad I had a voice combining the qualities of my mother and sister. And because of this voice I was the king of our little home. My first teacher was the priest in the little private school to which I was sent. He was a good musician and he took extraordinary pains to form my taste. One day the bishop came, and I was called upon to sing a solo. He was so pleased, that a short time afterward I received an offer to join the choir of one of the big churches in Naples.

It was a great event. I sang at Benediction. That evening, at vespers hour, I learned for the first time that the public was to be my teacher. As I sang I looked down upon the faces of the kneeling congregation. There was a band of thirty brass instruments, and as my voice rose above it, strong and clear, the faces before me changed. That of my dear mother broke into a delightful smile. After I had finished, in spite of the sacred edifice, she turned around to those about her, saying proudly: "He is my little boy. He who sings is my son, I tell you."

I sang in the churches of Naples for almost four years, until I was fourteen years old and my voice changed. During that time I acquired the habit of studying the faces of those who listened to me. I became an adept in reading their slightest change of expression. I learned in this way, too, when I had succeeded in pleasing them a very great deal, or only moderately. When once in a while, after a great solo, I would hear smothered exclamations of approval, then indeed I was raised to a delirium of joy. In this way the public became my teacher.

From fourteen to eighteen I was without a voice, and was, to my dismay, destined to enter a warehouse, when my voice suddenly returned and I at once began lessons with Signor Vergine, a great exponent of *bel canto*. I remained with him three years, and then just as I was about to make my début I was forced to join the army. It was a terrible blow. We were too poor to purchase a substitute. I wept continually. One day I received an order giving me my freedom. My brother had offered to sacrifice himself in my place in order that I might become an artist.

I then made my first début at Naples in an opera composed and given to an invited audience by an enormously wealthy Italian nobleman. It was then I met my third and last master, the "Press." The morning following the representation the critics of the newspapers spoke of the opera and the new tenor. I read all that was written of me with the greatest respect and attention. I repeated to myself when a certain fault was noted, "That is true." That was the beginning of my studies under the criticisms of the press. A few weeks later I made my début before a public audience at Caserta, singing alternately in "Faust" and "Cavalleria."

The morning after a performance, I make it a habit of sending at once for all the re-

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Caruso, of the Metropolitan Opera House

liable daily papers. Then I carefully read over and over every criticism, favorable or unfavorable, regarding my performance. If I find the critic is a man of musical discrimination, I attempt to apply all that he suggests to my next performance. Otherwise, if the critic appear to be careless and indifferent, complimenting and finding fault without justification, I do not pay much attention to him. I unfold the rest of the paper and read the news.

I feel quite certain I have discovered three great masters—the Public, Vergine, and the Press.

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THE POET-JEWELERS OF NEW YORK

By Elmer K. Prindle

LOVE of personal ornament is as old as feminine vanity, which began long before the first pleistocene stone-chipper's wife gathered up the prettiest shells and stones, and making a hole through them, strung them about her neck for the purposes of display.

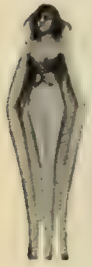
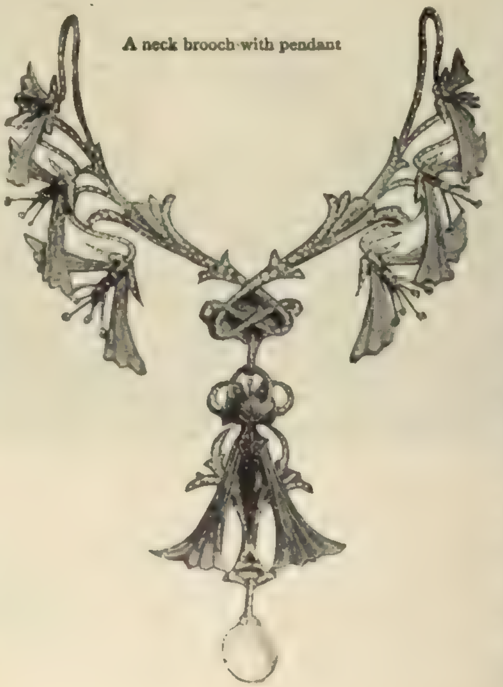


Figure design in coral hair pin

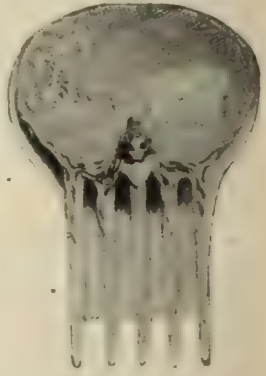
When a recent audience at a well-known theatre beheld a beautiful singer arrayed in almost an entire caparison of jewels, many exclaimed that such a display was unrefined, barbarous and out of taste. However, no woman can resist the charm and beauty of a rare jewel any more than she can pass by unregarding a Parisian gown that brings envy and delight to a thousand eyes.

Recently in Paris there was started what might be called "the renaissance" of the jeweler's art. For years before this movement, jewelry was used more to express the amount of one's capital, just as in olden times dress proclaimed the man, and unless he was covered from head to foot with the most gorgeous apparel he was not regarded as possessing any great amount of wealth, social prominence or ability. But now all this is changed; bad taste in jewelry has become a grievous fault, and is no longer used as a chattel to be turned into money value upon demand.



A neck brooch with pendant

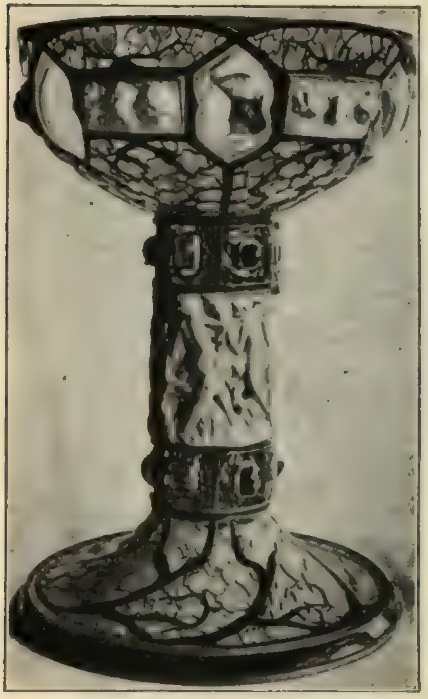
In Oriental countries the women save up their copper pieces until they acquire the dignity of silver, and then hang them about their necks as a barbaric display of their dowries. There is something picturesque about these necklaces, armlets and anklets, but they can hardly be considered esthetic. So great has been the objection to earrings that even these simple ornaments have been more or less tabooed among people of Western civilization.



A hair comb of raised figure work

The pioneers of this new art jewelry were men like Lalique, Foy, Fouguet, Vever and others who are regarded as real artists in the rare metals and in gems. These men have many followers here in New York, and every year the output of art jewelry is greater.

The trend of method with the new jewelry seems to make the gem subservient to an artistic idea. The old scheme which involved the idea of mounting a jewel so as to make a blaze and a great display of material wealth



A goblet of mosaic effect, with raised figures

rather than of artistic discrimination, has given way to the method which may be said to be an artistic harmonizing of the brilliancy and beauty of a gem of nature with the charm and delicacy of an intellectual idea expressed in a beautiful setting.

This may be called new, in a way, but in point of fact it is merely a revival of a method which is as ancient as the Etruscan or even the Egyptian jewelers, examples of whose work are to be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Whatever appeals to the eye, the ear or any other sense cannot be called new, since the best modern expressions of any esthetic idea are merely a survival and a renewal of an antique mode.

In the matter of pottery, for instance, we are to-day compelled to go back to the Assyrians and the Phœnicians, who, ages ago, exhausted all the graceful forms which are possibly represented by the receptacles for any sort of material usage, and so with regard to the new art jewelry. The beautiful examples which have been found in ruins, in Thebes, Baalbeck, Corinth, Larnaka and throughout the central portion of Italy, are standard for these creations which now adorn the pets of society and the most exclusive of our representative people.

Of course, the chief genius of this new school is Dame Nature herself, from whose treasure-house have been taken the priceless gems of marvelous lustre and color, and which have afforded the jeweler-poet the myriad designs which are the foundation of all that is expressive in the art of any nation.

The Corinthian column, for instance, is a composite of several earlier forms, each of which expresses a phase of nature, and to the man who can read the symbol of both pedestal and capital (one of which expresses the stem and the other the leaf and flower of the lotus), he can read the oracle of the seasons.

And so in these designs of jewelry, Mother Nature has given the first clew. These free double curves, these color harmonies and floral forms of infinite variety are patterns after nature's own gems of the garden. It is the province of the poet-jeweler of the metropolis to discover which forms are the most available to carry out an artistic idea.

Flowers and plants of all kinds are used extensively in the setting of rare gems.

Deep brooch design with pendant

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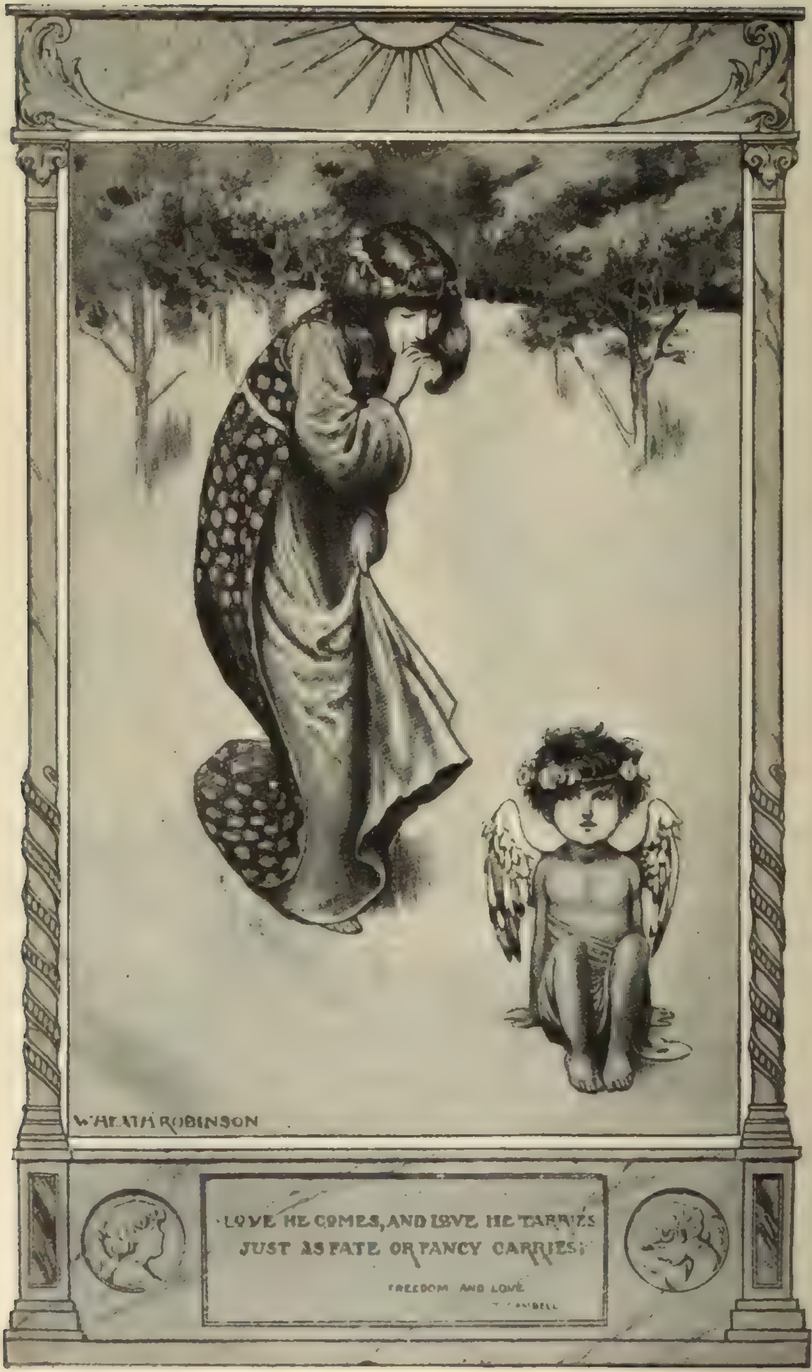
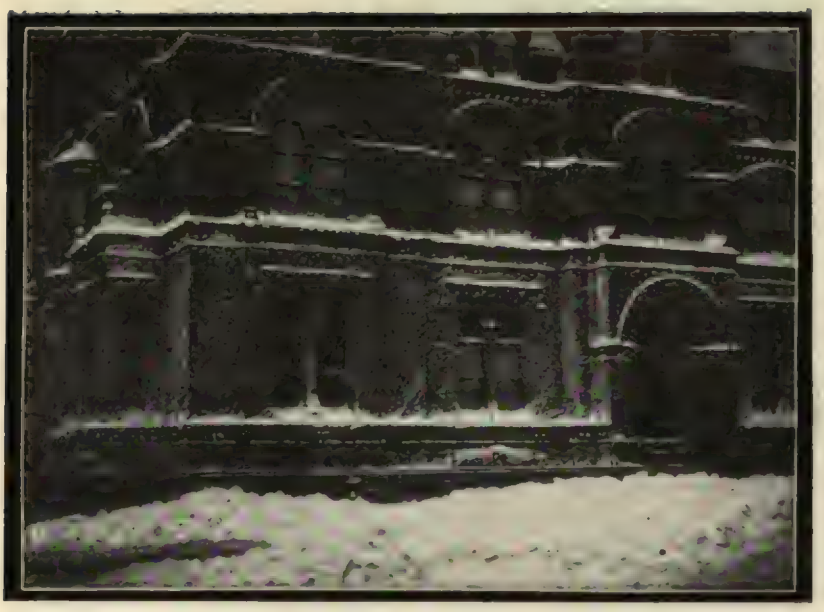

W. HEATH ROBINSON
LOVE HE COMES, AND LOVE HE TARRIES
JUST AS FATE OR FANCY CARRIES;
FREEDOM AND LOVE
T. CAMPBELL



Photograph by Van der Wyde, New York

The Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth Avenue after a blizzard

THE STORM KING IN NEW YORK

By John Allen King

ALIKE on the rich and the humble, the furious Storm King descends. A snowstorm in a great city is an object lesson in the utter futility of man's attempting to build a structure which winter cannot penetrate, nor within which to incarcerate him. During these blizzard periods the wealthy people of New York are as much prisoners in their magnificent mansions as the humblest member of the social body in the slums. Perhaps even more so, for the reason that the poor, which we have "always with us," are of necessity driven more out of doors in search of food and fuel, whereas the rich remain behind closed doors.

The winter season in New York, when it is severe, is quite as serious as that which visits any city of the continent. Indeed, from a climatic standpoint, New York is not particularly fortunate. The extreme of heat in summer, when the thermometer goes up beyond the hundred mark, is said to overcome even those who are acquainted with the intense heat of the tropics, and do not fear it. On the other hand, the fierceness of the New York winter during a blizzard, while perhaps being no more bitter than other cities of the North, nevertheless seems harder to bear because of the vast moving popluation which is compelled to depend upon a hand-to-mouth expedient for bodily subsistence.

It is safe to say that four-fifths of the people who live in New York live a day-to-day existence and have no particular help laid aside to serve a convenient treasury in time of great stress. These people are not all foreigners by any means. They comprise large numbers which come from the country in search of work, or in the vain belief that life in the city is less strenuous than in the country, and work easier to procure, paid better and hours shorter. Whereas skilled labor finds a ready market in New York (and never was there a time when there was more need of skilled labor than now), nevertheless for the ordinary,

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Photograph by Van der Wyde, New York

The Whitney mansion, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, draped in white

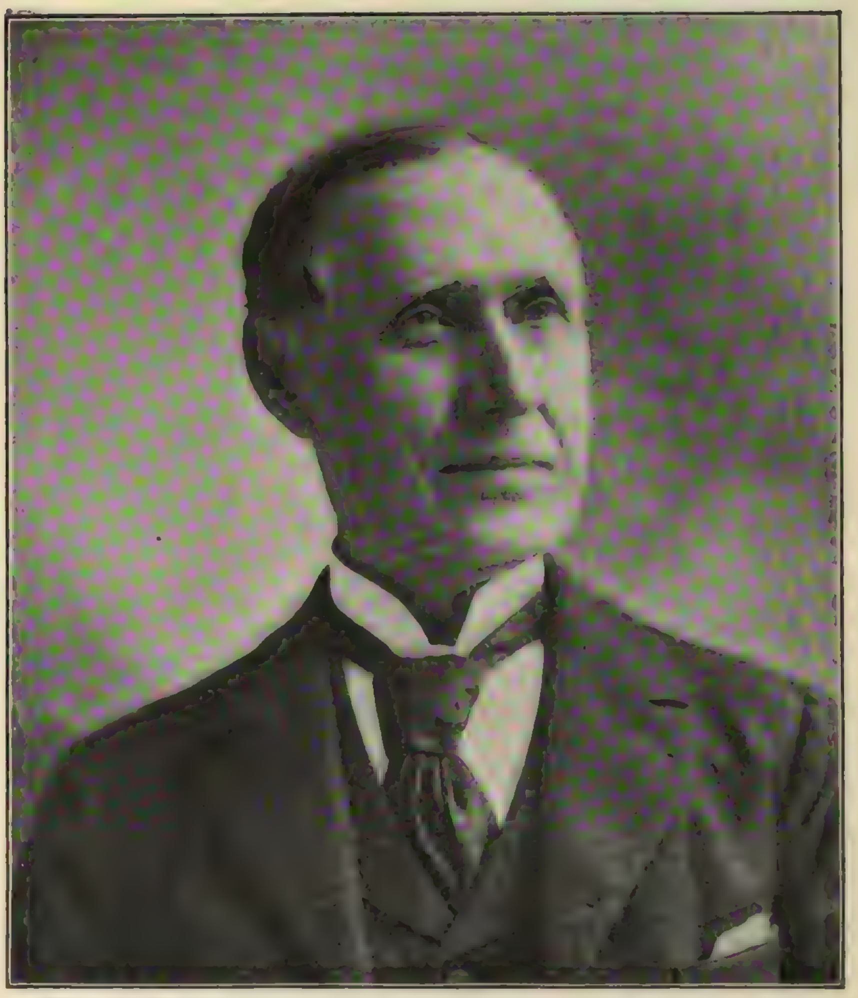
untrained seeker after a living, there are such bitter discouragements and so many distractions that they soon languish by the wayside, either through sheer despair or through indulgence in the petty vices which a great city engenders.

And these suffering people (and those who are dependent upon them, if unfortunately such there are), find winter very hard. The price of provisions in New York is away out of proportion to the general scale of wages and the earning capacity of a man of only mediocre talent. Whereas winter is the most expensive season of the year, because of the increased necessity for food, fuel and raiment, and the increased price of these necessities, the ability to find work is less than at any other period. Employers are not prone to take new ventures upon themselves during a blizzard season. We have not yet overcome the hibernating instincts of our far ancestors, and being housed up so much carbonizes the blood, making the mind and body sluggish and unambitious as well as unventuresome.

Nor is this hibernating instinct true of the poor alone. It may be called the season of night, since many of the wealthy seldom leave their homes during the daytime at all, and only by electric light are seen at the opera or the dinner dance, to and from which functions they are carried in warmth and ease.

Photograph by Van der Wyde, New York

Storm-bound Union Square



Photograph by Rockwood, N. Y.

Russell Sage, the Grand Old Man of Wall Street

RUSSELL SAGE AS HE REALLY IS

By P. T. Larson

IF anyone were to ask who is the best-informed of the Wall Street magnates, and that on every conceivable form of security in the market, there is no doubt that the answer would be, Russell Sage. For a period of nearly half a century this old man of the Street has been a massive figure, with one foot in the past generation and the other in the present, and still reaching out toward the future.

Mr. Sage is already beyond the fourscore years on his highway of life, and yet he is active and forceful in every department of finance where he is interested—and where is he not? Every conceivable form of security Mr. Sage has studied with that keen sense of proportion which is the very stock in trade with these men of might in finance, and as for shrewdness, he has scarcely an equal.

There are, of course, many reasons for this. In the first place, Mr. Sage has

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grown up with the Street, as it were. When he entered it, there was no New New York Clearing House, only the nucleus of an Exchange, and as for the great enterprises which have since occupied the attentions of the great financiers and industrial promoters throughout the country and also in the metropolis, these were in their infancy.

Mr. Sage enjoyed the advantages of contact with the great masters of money in the past—the Commodore Vanderbilts, Jay Goulds, John Drews, and others who have gone before, but whose influence has been felt and is still felt throughout the domain of finance and industrial advancement.

Naturally it happens that when Mr. Sage sees a new generation growing up to fill the rifts left by the powers that were, he has sought to make himself known to them, and to be among them, thus keeping young and aggressive as he was thirty years ago. In fact, if there is one thing that has characterized this remarkable man's career, it is his thorough spirit of the present—his timeliness on every occasion, and his willingness to be taught something by the generations which he has seen spring up about him almost without his knowing.

If you approach Mr. Sage upon the subject of any particular security, whether old or in its industrial infancy, you will receive off-hand a positive and final record. When Mr. Sage points out the financial place of a particular stock, depend upon it, it is as nearly at the point which he claims for it as human ingenuity and prophetism may vouchsafe you. Of course, there are instances in which Mr. Sage has been somewhat at odds, but as a general rule, his advice is as near the absolute as a man dare affirm.

As an optimist, even in his advanced age, Mr. Sage shows himself a remarkable figure, for he has been a persistent bull. It has helped, no doubt, to keep his heart young, for his influence on the Street has never been anything but wholesome, and with a tendency to uplift rather than to depress. His methods have been of the old school — careful, conservative and straightforward, with no straining after sudden inflations. Conservatism is the keynote of the financier's methods, and as they have stood him in the best stead these many years, it is too late to abandon them now.

Mr. Sage lives on Fifth Avenue in a home where he has found happiness for many years, being cheered in his declining years by the presence and solace of his wife, a woman of culture and taste, given up to philanthropic works and good deeds, in which enterprises her husband heartily co-operates. Altogether the example of this venerable financier is one to be held up to young men throughout the land and worthy of the highest emulation.

THE WAIL OF THE TOWN

By Phil. Emerson

Tip, tip, tip, tip!
  As the cold hard palms upturn;
And I'd give my shroud to utter aloud
  The thoughts that within me burn.

Tip, tip, tip, tip!
  It's handfuls where'er I go;
The bribe must be up or you shall not sup—
  The Union decrees it so.

Tip, tip, tip, tip!
  In restaurant, playhouse or car;
A dime gets a sneer, a quarter a leer—
  What cowards we mortals are!

Tip, tip, tip, tip!
  Poor Gotham by force is stormed;
'Twas not for their health, but to gather up wealth
  That the Tip takers' Trust was formed.

Tip, tip, tip, tip!
  No question, no quibbles or doubt;
The bravest man living daren't curtail his giving:
  'Tis bred in the bone and must out!

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A SWINDLE FOR A HEART

By T. L. Blair

I

MORTIMER MANSELL sat in the study of his house in Riverside Drive poring over the pages of a typewritten document which lay open on the writing-desk before him. It was the rough draft of the prospectus of a new company he was about to bring out. Every now and then he would refer to a sheet of foolscap covered with figures and make rapid calculations in the margin. His portly figure and clean-shaven face were well known in Wall Street, and men would nudge one another as he passed by in his shabby frock coat and say, "That is that old scoundrel Mortimer Mansell—heaven only knows what he is worth." Nevertheless, he was much respected and feared in many quarters, for he held the fate of no inconsiderable number of those who traffic in stocks, in the palm of his hand His friends, or rather those people who had profited by his transactions—for a man of his monetary calibre has no friends—called him a "Napoleon of Finance"; whilst others who had not been so fortunate dubbed him "an infernal rogue." The truth lay between the two.

A knock came on the door. Mortimer Mansell laid down the paper he held in his hand, ran a loose sheet of blotting-paper over it, carefully removed his gold-rimmed *pince-nez*, and said, "Come in."

A footman entered carrying a card on a salver. The financier leaned back in his chair and scowled at the man, who stood trembling before him.

"I thought I told you that I was not to be disturbed," he said in a harsh, grating voice, taking no notice of the card.

"It is Mr. Stanhope, sir," replied the footman. "I told him that you was busy, sir, and was not to be disturbed, but he told me that you would see him, and insisted on my bringing in his card."

He did not mention that Mr. Stanhope's insistence lay safely ensconced in his waistcoat pocket, in the shape of a big green bill of the realm.

Mr. Mansell paused for a few moments, whilst he took a fat gold watch out of his pocket and glanced at the time. Shutting the watch with a snap, he said, "You can tell Mr. Stanhope that I am very busy, but can spare him exactly two minutes, if that will do."

The footman turned and left the room.

Presently the door was flung open, the footman announced "Mr. Stanhope" in an unnecessarily loud voice, and a broad-shouldered young man rather above the ordinary height stepped easily into the room. Women would not have called him handsome; but he had a bright, humorous face, with a pair of twinkling brown eyes. Just now there was a subdued, not to say resentful look in them. Mr. Mortimer Mansell noticed this, as with a casual "How d'ye do?" he pointed to a low leather chair facing him. He always put his visitors to disadvantage by sticking them into this low easy-chair, while he towered above them from his seat at the writing-table.

"Now what can I do for you?" he began in his most pompous manner. He knew perfectly well why young Stanhope had called to see him, but it was a customary formula in doing business with anyone. It was tantamount to saying, "I am Mr. Mortimer Mansell, and you have come to seek my assistance." It at once placed him on a coign of vantage.

"You know why I have come to see you," said Stanhope bluntly. "I came to see you about this"—taking a letter from the inside pocket of his frock coat, and pitching it on to the writing-table; "Val——"

"Miss Mansell," corrected the financier dryly. "Yes," he continued, "it is painful, but on due consideration I came to the conclusion that it was best, in the interests of both of you, to put an end to your engagement. Not that I object to you personally—far from it; but I cannot have my daughter marry a pauper. If you are reasonable you will see it in the same light."

"You did not speak like this a fortnight ago."

"A fortnight ago you were a comparatively rich man, and heir to a great property, but now——" He waved his hands deprecatingly in the air.

"And who was the cause of my father's ruin?" the young man broke in hotly. "Who hoodwinked him and advised him to invest his money to bolster up a rotten bubble concern, and cleared out just in time to leave him to stand the racket? Who posed as his great friend, a man to be trusted—eh?"

"You go too fast," said Mr. Mortimer Mansell blandly, picking up an ivory paper-knife and leaning back in his chair. "You go too fast. There is no such thing as friendship in business; there is no such thing as sentiment in business."

"You left my father to bear the whole brunt and it ruined him—and—and—it's not playing the game," he said lamely.

"It may not be 'playing the game,' whatever that may mean, but it certainly is business," said Mr. Mortimer Mansell, stroking his shaven cheek with the paper-knife. "Now to get back to my original question, 'What can I do for you?' You may take that letter of mine as final."

He took out his watch, and ostentatiously looked at the time.

"Will you give me a year, Mr. Mansell?" said

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Stanhope, leaning forward and speaking earnestly. There was no twinkle in his eyes now; they were full of pleading as they were fixed on Mr. Mansell's immovable face. "Val and I are both young, and a lot may happen in a year. One never knows what may happen in that time. I have a little money—not much, it is true, only a few thousands left out of the wreck; but many a big fortune has been built up on less. Will you let the matter stand in abeyance for a year? Val is willing to wait——"

"Valentine's wishes are my wishes. How do you know my daughter is willing to wait?"

"She told me so, not half an hour ago," replied the other quietly.

"Then you have seen her against——"

"Yes," he said.

Mr. Mortimer Mansell pushed back his chair, and rising, began to pace up and down the room. The financier was not at all easy in his mind. Miss Valentine had a will of her own, and he felt that if he put down the brake too suddenly the coach would be overturned; so he said:

"You asked me to give you a year, provided my daughter acquiesces. Very well, I will do so on one condition, and that is that you leave New York, say within a month, and go away until the time has expired. I have no objection to your corresponding with my daughter in the meanwhile."

Mr. Mansell knew that any objection of his would have very little weight as far as his daughter was concerned, so he surrendered the point gracefully.

"Where do you wish me to go?" said Stanhope.

Mr. Mansell would have liked to have told him to go to Jericho, but he merely said, "That is your business—and," he concluded, "at the end of a year, if you can come to me and say, 'I am worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' —not a dollar less—I will willingly give you my daughter's hand and—and my blessing."

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars!" echoed Stanhope, rising to his feet. "Are you mad? Where do you suppose I can get so much money in a year?"

Stanhope stood up bewildered, and mechanically shook the hand stretched out to him. When he was at the door Mr. Mansell, re-seating himself, said: "I have one last piece of advice to give you which you will do well to keep in mind if you want to get on, and that is, there is no such thing as friendship in business—friendship in business spells ruin; there is no such thing as sentiment in business—sentiment in business also spells ruin. Good-by."

When the door closed Mr. Mortimer Mansell said to himself, "A year will give me time to turn round in." When Stanhope found himself on the mat on the other side of the door he paused and said, "A year is a year, and it will give me time to look about me."

Miss Valentine Mansell made a very dainty picture as she sat in a low wicker chair in her pretty boudoir. A fresh breeze blew in at the open window, caressing her soft brown hair. "Here he is at last," she exclaimed with a sigh of relief, jumping up and dropping the book she had been trying to read on to the floor. "Come in."

"Well, Dick!" she exclaimed, as she ran forward to meet him. She put her hands on his shoulders and gazed steadily into his eyes. "Ah!" she said, "I was afraid. Never mind, Dick, he can say what he likes, and I shall do as I like—so there," with a toss of her head; "I suppose he stuck to the terms of his letter, and we are never to see one another again. I've a good mind to go down now and tell him—tell me, Dick, what did he say?"

Dick led her back to the chair in which she had been sitting. She curled herself on a footstool by his side, with her head resting on his knees, and he told her.

"A whole year, Dick," she whispered, as he stroked her hair; "what shall I do without you all that time?"

"It will soon pass, sweetheart," he said, as he soothed and petted her.

"Twelve months, fifty-two weeks, three hundred and sixty-five days—it is an eternity."

And so they talked in subdued tones until the long shadows began to fall, building up a future in which Dick should make his fortune and come back and marry her.

II

Dick Stanhope stood gazing listlessly in front of a jeweler's on Fifth Avenue. Since he had left Val on the previous afternoon he had come down to earth again, and fully realized the utter absurdity of his position. He had a month in which to choose some country to go to, and he had the whole world to choose from; but one place seemed pretty much the same as another, so in the meantime he thought he would go out and buy Val a present of some sort.

"Dicky Stanhope, by all that's holy!" said a voice behind him.

Turning round, he met the eyes of an enormous man with a tanned face, bearded like a pard, who held out an enormous hand.

"By Jove! Billings, where on earth did you spring from?" Stanhope cried, grasping the proffered hand. "I thought you were out in South Africa."

"I was until a few weeks ago, and I am off there again next Saturday. Grand place, South Africa."

"Are you doing anything this evening?" said Stanhope. "No?—then will you come over to my rooms? We'll have a jaw over old times, and go and have dinner somewhere. I'm living in the Albany."

"If you have nothing better to do we might stroll along now."

Dick Stanhope and Billings had been schoolfellows, and had always been great chums, though the latter was considerably the senior. Many years before Billings had gone out to South Africa as a mining engineer, and was now a mining expert of no mean repute.

"You know how to make yourself comfortable here," was Billings' comment as he entered the room, and threw himself into an easy-chair.

"Yes, they are not bad rooms; but it won't be for long. I shall be sorry to leave them."

"Why are you going?" said Billings. "Tired of the place?"

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"No," replied Stanhope; "the fact is I've busted up. Have a drink?"

"What do you mean?—Thanks, I'll have a whisky and soda, if you have any.—I don't understand."

"Exactly what I said," replied Dick, going to the sideboard and opening it. "Busted up—smashed—gone—anything you like to call it. Sorry I haven't got any soda, but there's some seltzer here if that will do!"

"Thanks—admirably—so-o! I don't like it too stiff this weather. I say, old man, I'm awfully sorry to hear that. Won't your father give you a hand?"

"He's busted too," replied Dick mournfully.

"That's bad," replied Billings, sipping. "How did it happen?"

"Rotten speculation. One of old Mortimer Mansell's things."

"I know him," said Billings. "He has his fingers in several pies out there," jerking his head in the direction of where he supposed South Africa should be. "I wonder at a shrewd man like your father having anything to do with him."

"They were old friends," said Dick; "my father had given him a hand many a time in the old days"

"Same old story," commented Billings as he rose to go. "I must run away if I am to get dressed in time. By Jove! what an awfully pretty girl," he added, crossing the room to a small table on which stood a large panel-photograph on a miniature easel. "Dick, you dog! who is she? Ah, well, Dick, you always were a lucky fellow where they were concerned."

Stanhope sat on the back of an easy-chair, and gazed silently at the photograph for a few moments; then he said quietly:

"It is Miss Mansell—we're engaged to be married."

"What! not the daughter of the man we have been speaking about?" cried Billings.

Dick nodded.

"Well, that beats me! Let me congratulate you. You have nothing to worry about; why, the old man must be worth—anything. I don't suppose he knows, himself."

"Doesn't affect me," said Dick gloomily. "He has given me a year to make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and if I have not made it in that time he told me I might consider the engagement 'off.'"

Billings looked at his companion, wondering if he had suddenly lost his senses.

"It's like this," said Dick; "sit down—you've lots of time. We had been engaged to be married for some weeks, the date had been fixed, and all was going well as a marriage bell, as they say in books, when suddenly the crash came and smashed us up. Old Mortimer Mansell, her father," nodding at the photograph, "induced my father to go in for the thing, and he could have warned us in time. However, it's no use crying over spilled milk, and when I saw we had busted, I went straght away to Val—that is Miss Mansell—and told her how matters stood, and offered to release her from her engagement. But she got quite angry, and said that I could not care for her and all that sort of thing, for wanting to break it off. On the following day I got a letter from the old man putting an end to it, and asking me not to come to the house; so I called there about half an hour after getting his letter."

"And you saw him?" said Billings. "Wasn't he ashamed of himself?"

"Ashamed be hanged—I told him that he was the cause of our ruin, and said everything I could without calling him names; but he only smiled blandly, and told me it was merely a matter of business, and wound up by saying that I could marry Val—that is, Miss Mansell—in a year, provided I had one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and in any case I was to leave New York within a month. Cheerful, isn't it?"

But Billings did not reply. He was smoking steadily, casting his eyes alternately from the photograph to the ceiling.

"Well, what are you thinking about?" said Dick.

Billings slowly blew a ring of smoke into the air, and burst into a fit of laughing:

"Ha! ha! ha! It beats all, Dick," he roared "Don't look like that, Dick; I've got an idea. Sit down, man, and I'll have another whisky, and take a cab. Now I'll talk seriously," he continued, as Dick took a chair opposite to him. "From what I gather, the old man first of all outrageously swindles your father and practically ruins him. That's number one. Then when you go to see him he tells you it's merely a matter of business, and recommends you to follow in his footsteps. That's number two. Then he breaks off your engagement, by imposing impossible terms with that very charming young woman there. You'll forgive me, Dick, but she is too delicious for anything, and it is for her sake as much as yours I am going to do what I am. By-the-by, you must introduce me to her, Dick; it's only fair after all the trouble I am going to take over you two."

"Certainly," replied Dick, "nothing will give me greater pleasure; but drive ahead. What do you propose?"

"I propose to try and get you that one hundred and fifty thousand dollars before the year is out."

Dick rose to his feet and stood in front of Billings. "You're not joking, are you?" he said.

"No," replied Billings; "I meant what I said—mind you, I don't promise; I said I'd try. First of all," said Billings, "I don't suppose you would care to a nicety how you got even with the old man, provided you did not injure anyone else in doing so."

"Certainly not."

"How much money can you lay your hands on?"

"About twenty thousand dollars, all told," said Dick.

"Good," replied Billings, reflectively.

There was a pause, while he leaned back in his chair and sent wreath after wreath of smoke up to the ceiling.

"Will you be ready to come out to South Africa with me on Saturday?" said Billings abruptly. "You have four days."

"Rather—although it is a long way from Madison Square," replied Dick promptly. "I'd start for Timbuctoo to-morrow, if it would help me to get the money."

"Very good," said Billings rising. "I'll tell you

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the remainder at dinner. I want to think the matter over. So long! I'll meet you at the Waldorf at eight sharp. I know my way. So long!"

Dinner was over, and the two men sat facing one another in the Waldorf.

"Very good dinner that," said Billings, sipping his coffee; "that is one of the things you miss when you leave New York."

"It's a ticklish business," said Dick suddenly. "Do you think we can pull it off?"

"Can't say," replied Billings carelessly. "We can try."

"If this thing comes off, I'll do anything for you. You're a brick," said Dick.

"Don't mention it," replied the other. "He deserves it, and don't forget about the gold plates to-morrow."

"I'll send you a check to-night," said Stanhope. "I suppose two hundred and fifty will cover it."

"Quite," replied Billings. "By-the-by, when will you be seeing your—er—Miss Mansell?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Good. I want you to remember two things—er—the first, your promise to introduce me to her; second, to get her to find out who her father's agents are in Johannesburg, without arousing the old man's suspicions. Remember, not a word to Miss Mansell." Billings stretched his enormous limbs and rose lazily. "Good-night," he said with a yawn. "See you some time to-morrow."

On the following day Billings received a wire "*Palm Room, Waldorf, four-thirty. Can you manage it? Introduction.—Dick.*"

At twenty minutes past four as Mr Billings entered the palm room he espied two figures They were so absorbed that they did not notice him. As he came nearer he said to himself, "The photo does not half do her justice."

Just then they looked up, and Dick came forward.

"Dick has just told me how good you have been," said Miss Mansell, after the preliminary introductions were over. "But he won't tell me anything beyond the fact that he is going out to South Africa with you on Saturday"

She held her hand out prettily as she thanked him, and Billings enveloped it in his great paw, blushing like a school-girl.

"Dick says you are going to make his fortune out there."

"I don't know about making his fortune," he replied, "but we are going to try and raise one hundred and fifty thousand dollars before the year is over."

"But how?" she exclaimed suddenly, stopping short and poking her parasol into the carpet.

"That's our secret," said Dick. "If we succeed you shall know; if not—well——" He did not complete the sentence, and Val sighed.

"I wish I knew," she cried; "it would make it easier."

Billings stole a quick look down at the face looking up at him, and their eyes met.

"I must be running away," said Miss Mansell, "and will leave you two to your secret. Will you call a cab?"

As the hansom stood waiting by the curb she put her hand into Billings' and said, "Good-by for the present; I shall come and see you off." And, standing on her tip-toes, she whispered in his ear, "Mr. Billings, you're a brick!"

As the hansom disappeared down the street the two men turned and walked back to Stanhope's rooms. Billings was silent and preoccupied.

"What are you thinking about?" said Stanhope; "you haven't spoken a word for the last ten minutes."

Billings shook himself out of his fit of abstraction.

"By-the-by," he said, "did you get the name of the old man's agents?"

"Yes," replied Stanhope, pulling a sheet of notepaper from his pocket; "here it is—Messrs. Mockran & Rubenstein, Johannesburg."

"I know them," said Billings; "and about the gold plates—they will be ready to-morrow."

"Only two more days," said Dick, "and then good-by."

"Only two more days!" echoed Billings.

III

The burning rays of a pitiless sun beat down on the barren plain stretching away to the horizon, unbroken except for a solitary kopje dotted here and there in the distance. A number of abandoned workings lay around like enormous open graves waiting to be filled up with huge mounds of earth and stones piled up alongside. At the edge of one of these pits stood two men talking. They were clad in breeches and gaiters, with big slouch hats. Fresh mounds of earth piled up all round indicated that this particular working had been reopened, and that quite recently. A few hundred yards away stood a "Cape cart," with the "out-spanned" ponies nibbling at a bundle of grass by one of the wheels, while the Cape boy lay asleep in the shade under the axle. A group of Kaffirs squatted on the ground, with picks and shovels and some empty baskets by their sides.

"Everything's O. K. now," said the smaller man, pointing to a double row of white pegs, driven in at equal intervals, which stretched away across the arid veldt.

"And what about the 'beacons,' Dick?" asked the big man.

"They are all right; I went round early this morning."

"I think we have done enough work on it to commence operations," said Billings, looking down into the yawning abyss at his feet. "Did you set them to work with the 'jumpers'?"

"Yes," replied Stanhope, "they have bored the two holes where you told me."

"Good," replied Billings. "Now, Dick, I will show you something. It is not every day of the week you can see a gold mine manufactured that will give a good three ounces to the ton. Come along. Hey! you," he cried, making a sweep with his arms to the Kaffirs, who immediately sprang up and started off at a safe distance. "Come along!" He picked up a small hand-bag which lay at his feet, and plunged down a narrow path which led down to the bottom of the excavation.

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"See," he said, turning round and pointing to a broad sheet of rock which ran down diagonally on the other side of the gap, "there is your reef—see how it broadens as it dips; lower down it is quite ten feet. Some poor fellow thought he had got hold of untold riches when he opened that up, I'll bet."

"Isn't it sweltering hot?" said Dick, mopping his forehead.

"Always is sultry at this time of the year," replied Billings. "Here we are."

He stopped in front of a small circular hole which had been bored into the face of the rock, and opened his bag.

"Now, Dick, I am about to give you ocular demonstration of what I told you some months ago at that memorable dinner at the Waldorf." He took out what looked like a small cylinder covered with rough cartridge-paper, and handed it to Stanhope. "That is the dynamite, my boy," he said, diving his hand into the bottom of the bag. "This, you will perceive," he continued, taking out a neatly folded packet and opening it—"this contains twelve sheets of thinly beaten gold." He carefully extracted one sheet, and replaced the packet in the bag. "Give me that 'shot,'" he said, taking the dynamite. He carefully removed the cartridge-paper and folded the sheet of gold round the dynamite, after which he replaced the paper covering.

"I'm afraid we're a pair of rogues, Dick," he said with a grin, as he fixed the fuse into the dynamite. "Now clear!" he cried, striking a match; "I'm going to light the fuse."

Dick turned and went rapidly up the narrow footpath, followed by Billings. Presently a sound as of a loud clap of thunder rent the air, and a volume of dust and stones came hurtling up from the bottom of the opening.

"That's shot number one. Let's go and see."

A great gap yawned in the side of the rock, as if a giant hand had been thrust in and torn out its heart, and the ground was littered with fragments of stone. Billings picked up some pieces of quartz and dropped them into a sack.

"Call some of those niggers down, Dick," he said, "and tell the boy to 'inspan.' We will be off and see how this pans out."

In half an hour Billings and Dick, with a sack full of quartz under the seat of the Cape cart, were driving in a whirl of dust across the veldt as fast as the ponies could travel.

That evening, as Dick was lying down thoroughly worn out, in his room in the shanty which was termed by courtesy 'hotel,' Billings came in.

"Get up, you lazy beggar, and look here," he cried.

He carried in his hand a small tin basin, at the bottom of which lay some dark brown sediment, trailing off into a long streak of yellow.

"This is the result of our first crushing," he said gravely. "Look!"

Dick took the pan in his hand, but it conveyed nothing to him.

"What's that trail of yellow?" he said. "Surely not gold?"

"Yes, Dick, my son," said Billings. "Gold! I should calculate about four ounces to the ton, as good as any to be found in Maiden Lane—where it came from. I say Dick, we are two rascals. I don't know which is the worse, you or I."

"I had better start for Johannesburg to-morrow," said Dick eagerly.

"Yes," replied Billings, "the sooner the better."

On the following morning, at daybreak, Dick Stanhope climbed into a Cape cart which stood waiting at the door of the "hotel." Under the seat lay a sack full of dull gray quartz.

Johannesburg was yet in its infancy when Stanhope, with a look of anxiety on his face, stood outside a corrugated iron building with "Mockran & Rubenstein" inscribed on the door.

"They must have had time to assay that quartz by now," he said. "I'll go in and see."

He turned the handle and entered a narrow passage, on the right of which was a door with "Office" on it. He knocked, and a voice cried "Come in," and Dick found himself in the presence of a tall, oriental-looking gentleman.

"Ah! is that you, Mr. Stanhope?" he said, affably holding out a hand ornamented with three very fine diamonds. "Won't you sit down? I am glad you called."

Dick's face brightened.

"I dropped in to see if you had any news about that quartz."

"Exactly," said Mr. Rubenstein. "I haf news—goot news—Mr. Stanhope. I think you have got a good thing—I must gongratulate you." And he stood up and again shook Dick's hand warmly.

"Then you will send down an expert to look at it," said Dick.

"I haf already made arrangements," replied the other. "Mr. Woolamans, our expert and adviser, will be able to leaf with you to-morrow, if that will be gonvenient to you."

"Suit me admirably," said Dick, as he rose to go.

Billings was sitting down to his lunch, when a telegram was brought to him. His hand trembled slightly as he tore open the envelope.

"*All right,*" he read. "*Expert and self arrive to-morrow.—Dick.*"

He gave a sigh of relief as he slipped the message into his pocket.

After lunch he strolled into Dick's bedroom. On the mantelpiece stood the photograph he had admired so much in Dick's rooms in the Albany. He gazed at it for some moments. The large gray eyes seemed to look appealingly into his own.

"Yes, it's a great risk," he said, as if answering a question, "a dangerous game; but the first stage is over, and you shall have your happiness if I can give it to you."

He turned away and sauntered out, and in his mind's eye he saw the pretty tear-stained face under a white veil looking up at him as he had last seen it, when the great steamer was slowly drifting out from the pier.

Then he sighed heavily, and lighted a cigar.

On the following morning a "Cape cart," carrying two passengers, swung around the bend of the dusty road leading to the "hotel." As it drew up with a jerk, Billings came out on to the stoep.

"You got my wire all right?" said Stanhope, jumping out. "Let me introduce you to Mr. Woolamans, who has come to look at the property."

The latter, a shrewd-looking man dressed in khaki, came slowly forward and shook hands with Billings.

"Mr. Woolamans would like to go straight away now," said Stanhope, "as he wants to get back as soon as possible."

"I'm ready," said Billings. "I'll get the charges, and we can go off immediately."

He turned and went to his room.

Billings came up carrying his small bag, and all three got into the cart.

An hour's driving brought them to the mine.

Mr. Woolamans cast a critical eye around.

"Plenty of old workings round about here," he remarked. "This looks like one too."

"Yes," replied Billings, laconically. "Shall we go down?"

At the bottom of the pit were half a dozen Kaffirs, engaged in removing the *débris*.

"Where would you like the 'shots' put in?" said Billings.

Mr. Woolamans ran his eye over the reef.

"I'll have one here," he said, pointing with his finger at the spot, "and one there," indicating a place a little farther on, "and one down at the bottom there."

After the holes had been bored, Billings opened his bag and put a charge in each, and fired them.

"I think that will be sufficient," said Mr. Woolamans, as a couple of Kaffirs struggled with a sack full of specimens he had carefully selected. "I am returning to Johannesburg this afternoon," he said, "and you will hear from me in a few days' time."

As the days went slowly by and no news came from Johannesburg, Dick began to get irritable and impatient. He would wander into the telegraph office half a dozen times a day, and ask if there was a wire. He drank more whiskies and sodas than were good for him.

"I must wire and find out," he would say to Billings.

"Sit tight, and don't be a fool," said the latter.

When the fifth day arrived and still no message came, Stanhope began to get frightened.

"I believe they have found it out, and that's why we don't hear," he kept on repeating.

"It was always on the cards," said Billings, "you can't pick apples without a risk of rotten branches."

One day they were sitting in Stanhope's room smoking, when the latter suddenly said:

"Supposing they find out, Billings, what shall we do?"

"Bolt!" said Billings.

"Where?" asked Stanhope.

"Across the border into Portuguese territory, and get to Delagoa Bay—somehow"

"But suppose they catch us?"

Billings did not reply, but shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll stand the racket," he said quietly.

Then there was a silence for some minutes. Billings leaned back in his chair, blowing great clouds of smoke from his pipe.

"I say, old man," said Stanhope suddenly, "why have you risked all this for me? I have never quite realized until just now what it means if it is found out. Why?"

Billings removed his gaze from a photograph which stood on a table at the other end of the room, and said:

"Just for the fun of the thing. It's good for the liver."

"Oh, rot!" said Stanhope, relapsing into silence. "Hang it!" he said after a few minutes; "I can't stand this any longer. I'll start for Johannesburg to-morrow."

"You'll do nothing of the kind if I can prevent you," replied Billings. "Don't be an ass, man. Don't you know how to wait? Be a man, and not a boy."

"I'm going to turn in," said Stanhope sulkily.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you just now," said Billings, crossing over to him as soon as the words had left his lips; "but it is getting on my nerves too, though I don't show it. Sit tight, old man. Everything will come right."

Mr. Mortimer Mansell was seated in his private office when a cablegram was brought in to him. He tore it open and read, "*Alert sinecure windlass management stringent Knighthood.*" He crossed over to a safe and took out a private code-book, and sat down to decipher the cable. He whistled softly and slowly, and rubbed the palms of his hands together when the message lay before him: "*Most remarkable find. Assay shows 3 ozs. 5 dwts. to the ton. Owners wish to sell outright. Strongly advise you close at once. Delay hazardous. Others after it.*"

It was a sweltering hot afternoon, and Billings in his shirt-sleeves was writing in his room, when Stanhope dashed in.

"They want me to go to Johannesburg at once," he said. "They evidently want to make an offer. What do you think?" He was wildly excited. "At last! At last! I say, Billings, you have done this for me, you know."

"Steady on," said Billings. "Wait until we've quite pulled it off. I would not write anything yet." But he looked pleased.

That night they sat up until a late hour discussing the line Stanhope should take in the forthcoming negotiations.

"I've done my part," said Billings. "This is where you come in. Whatever you do, don't lose your head. Ask for a cool half million, and don't take less than four hundred thousand, and refuse to sign any document until that amount is placed to your credit at your bank."

On the following morning Stanhope left for Johannesburg. A week later he came out of Messrs. Mockran & Rubenstein's office and walked across to the telegraph office. He dispatched two messages. The first was addressed to "*Billings, Wilson's Hotel, Capetown,*" and ran, "*Everything settled. Signed papers this morning. Leave for Capetown to-night.—Dick.*" The other was a cablegram to "*Valentine Mansell, 160 Riverside Drive. Have managed it. Money at banker's. Returning by first steamer.—Dick.*"

Val was sitting in her boudoir when the cablegram was brought to her. She could hardly believe the evidence of her senses. She re-read the message again and again.

"You have kept your word," she said half aloud. "Dear Dick!"

"When I last saw you," said Mr. Mortimer Mansell, toying with his wine-glass and looking

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across the table at Stanhope, "I little thought I should see you again within a year, and that you would be in a position to claim the hand of my daughter. To tell you the candid truth, I didn't think you had it in you; but I see I was mistaken."

The two were alone, for the servants had withdrawn, and Miss Valentine was seated upstairs waiting, while her father and Dick talked business.

"You were mighty lucky," he continued, "mighty lucky; and to think that it should fall into my hands. I knew it was a good thing, but I did not know how good until I received the full report from my agents. It was a big stroke of business, and I don't mind telling you now that that property is worth ten times as much as the price paid for it; but you shan't be a loser."

"I am perfectly content with what I have," replied Dick, raising his eyes from the table and looking the elder man straight in the face. "It will go to help to make up my father's and my losses in—in that other affair."

"Tut! tut!" said Mr. Mortimer Mansell; "that is gone and done with."

"So is this," remarked Dick dryly.

"Exactly," said Mr. Mortimer Mansell, pouring himself out another glass of wine.

"Supposing it does not turn out as well as you anticipate," said Dick, watching Mr. Mansell from under his half-closed eyelids. "I am told mines are very curious things, and have a way of giving out when least expected."

"That's true," replied Mr. Mansell, "and if it happens in this case——" He paused, and Dick sat with his glass poised in mid-air, waiting for him to complete the sentence.

"Yes?" he said.

"So much the worse for you."

For a moment the color faded from Dick's face, as with a shaking hand he replaced the wine-glass on the table untouched. In a flash all the horrors of those few days at the hotel when he was waiting for the expert's verdict flashed through his mind. Did the old man suspect anything? he wondered.

"I—I don't understand," he faltered out.

"Well, I'll explain," said Mr. Mansell. "When Valentine married, I intended to settle two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on her; but now, as things have turned out, and she is going to marry you, I don't think I can do better than give her the mine as a wedding present. I admit it is a large fortune; but since it was by your energy—and shall I say good luck?—that it came to me, I don't think I can do better than to give it to you back. You must have been very loath to part with it, even for two hundred thousand."

"I was," replied Dick.

"The papers can be drawn up to-morrow or the day after," said Mr. Mansell, pushing back his chair. "Let us join Valentine."

When Stanhope got back to his hotel he found Billings waiting for him.

"Here you are at last," he said. "I could not go to bed before hearing how you got on?"

"Ripping!" said Stanhope, who was in the best of spirits. "And I say, old man, what do you think? Old Mansell is going to hand over the mine to Val as a wedding present."

"You don't say so," cried Billings excitedly, jumping up from his chair. "Really?"

"That's what he said," replied Dick, surprised at this sudden outburst.

"Thank God!" said Billings.

"Why?"

"Don't you see," said Billings, "as long as the old man alone was concerned, it did not matter. It was only justice, as he had swindled you and yours out of a fortune; but when others who had done you no harm were affected, it was quite a different bundle of sticks. Ever since the transaction was completed I have been waiting and dreading, not so much the discovery of the fraud, but that he would form a syndicate, and the syndicate would float a company, and hundreds of innocent people would be bit by it. Had it come to that I had fully made up my mind to put a stop to it somehow or other; but now, thank heaven, it will not be necessary. I tell you, Dick, I have had many a bad quarter of an hour since we left South Africa. When is it to be?" he continued, taking a cigar from his case and lighting it.

"When is what to be?"

"Why, your wedding; what else?" said Billings, drawing vigorously at his cigar.

"Oh!" said Dick, "as soon as possible—one day next month. The date isn't fixed yet. I forgot to mention it—Val wants you to come around to-morrow afternoon, if you can manage it."

"Thanks; it is very kind of her. Well, I'll be off!" said Billings, picking up his hat. "Good-night!"

Billings walked home that night, as he wanted to think over things.

"It is wonderful how unevenly things are distributed in this world," he said, as he slipped his latch-key into the door and passed in.

The wedding was everything that could have been desired, even by the daughter of a millionaire; and Billings, who was Stanhope's "best man," thought he had never seen such a vision of loveliness as Valentine when she swept up the aisle on her father's arm.

Later on, when she came down in her traveling-dress, he waited his opportunity, and at last managed to get a word with her.

"Miss Val—I—er—beg your pardon, Mrs. Stanhope—I want to give you something before you go;" taking a flat morocco case out of his pocket and putting it into her hand.

"What! another present! I haven't half thanked you for the lovely necklace you sent me."

"This is different; this is a *mascotte*—it should bring you luck. No, don't open it now," he said hastily, as she pressed the spring. "Wait till you are in the carriage."

But he was too late. The lid flew open, and disclosed five sheets of thinly beaten gold.

"What are they?" said Val wonderingly.

"Ask Dick," said Billings. "He will tell you all about them."

"How delightfully mysterious! Well, we shall meet when we come back. I am looking forward to seeing a great deal of you later on. I can never forget," she added, taking his hand and pressing it between her two tiny gloved ones, "that I owe my happiness to you. Good-by."

"Yes, I'm afraid it is 'Good-by,'" he said

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gravely, looking down at her; "for I leave for South Africa almost immediately."

She gave a little gasp. "Really! How sudden! Must you go? When do you expect to come back?"

"I—I don't know," he stammered.

With a swift upward glance she read the secret he had striven so hard to conceal. A whispered "Good-by," a silent pressure of the hand, and she was gone.

"What is that you have there, Val?" said Dick, as the carriage turned into the road.

She looked down, and saw that she still held the red morocco case.

"A parting gift," she said simply.

"Why, Val," he exclaimed, "I believe you're crying."

This happened many years ago. Billings is still a bachelor.

THE SCIENTIST AND THE CROWD

By Albert Parrish

THE great scientist had come all the way across the sea to lecture on other worlds than ours. He had handles on both ends of his name, and whiskers that might have looked better trimmed. His forehead was high and broad, and he stood upon the platform waiting to begin telling what he knew about astronomy.

It was at the great university, where more than three thousand students were enrolled. His fame had preceded him; he was sure of an honored place in the history of the world, and he carried a horse chestnut in his pocket to keep off rheumatism.

The working of his features would have shown that he was becoming impatient, even if he had not twiddled his thumbs and stood first on one foot and then on the other.

He looked anxiously toward the doors, and several times he took his watch from his pocket, holding it to his ear. Finally he leaned forward and, addressing the thin, pale, hollow-chested student who was waiting patiently for him to begin, asked:

"Do you know whether there has been any misunderstanding about my lecture or not? Perhaps there has been a mistake in announcing the time at which it was to begin."

"Oh! no, there's no mistake," the student replied. "Don't you hear the yelling? There's a bulletin-board announcing the championship welter-weight fight by rounds."

"Then there are others who see stars," said the scientist, grinding his teeth at this advent of a deadly rival.

ONE OF THESE DAYS

By Ethel M. Fond

ONE of these days there may come to fulfilment,
Out of the wreck of some dreams that are dead,
The hope of my life in a tardy atonement
For long years of waiting and bitter tears shed;
The future shall crown what the present denies,
A mystical harvest the soul's sight descries,
The veil shall be lifted and all things made clear,
And out of the darkness life's truth shall appear,
One of these days.

One of these days, beyond all peradventure,
In the fulness of time my dear one may be
Mine and mine only, all interludes past,
A faithful, true lover to me.
The heart chooses once, and this knowledge must soften
The pang that divines that the flesh chooses often,—
And can I not wait, with his heart all my own,
Serene till the time when such wild oats are sown,
One of these days?

One of these days things may come to fulfilment,
The work I have toiled to complete may be done,
The peace I have longed for at last may be won,
And the goal I desire may come into my sight,
Out of the whirlwind of painful endeavor,
Of hopes unrequited, of interests that sever,
Shall I find an oasis of beauty and rest
In a world of my own with the one I love best,
One of these days?

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THE STAGE OF THE MONTH

By Roland Burke Hennessy

"LITTLE MARY"

HITHERTO, H. V. Esmond and Bernard Shaw have been generally recognized as the predominating writers for the English stage along the line of whimsicality. Such plays as Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man" and Mr. Esmond's "The Wilderness" prove that the fantastic appeals to them. Mr. Barrie has hitherto been dainty and entertaining in his methods, but not until he wrote "Little Mary" could he be classed with Shaw and Esmond.

"Little Mary," as produced at the Empire Theatre, would be utterly impossible in the hands of an incompetent company. Such players as Henry E. Dixey and Jessie Busley help to disguise the fact that "Little Mary" would be futile and foolish without skilful stage management and able players.

"Little Mary" is a play of dialogue rather than incident. Back of it all, however, is an idea. An old Irish chemist believes that the Anglo-Saxon race is "ill, very ill." He bases this belief on the theory that the English over-eat. He has written a book on the subject, which he believes will undoubtedly cure this ill. He bequeaths it to his daughter, who in turn launches a propaganda. She refers to the book and its teachings as "Little Mary," and proceeds to work out the stomachic drama.

"Little Mary" has some pretty touches here and there—some of those touches which we know from the "Little Minister" and "Quality Street." But even these do not make "Little Mary" a drama of compelling force or great human interest.

It is distinctly a play for the better class of theatregoers, and for those who can lay some claim to more than the average intellect.

Miss Busley, as the granddaughter who spreads the propaganda, plays the little Irish girl with wonderful sweetness. As the twelve-year-old miss in Act I, Miss Busley is truly a revelation.

Mr. Dixey, as an *Earl* who finally marries the Irish girl, is graceful and manly and still very much Dixey. The charm of this man's personality does not become stale and withered with the passing of the years.

Fritz Williams as a twenty-one-year-old son of the *Earl* is not convincing as to age, but handles his rôle with the whimsical seriousness which the part requires.

MARY MANNERING IN "HARRIET'S HONEYMOON"

LEO DITRICHSTEIN has not been over-successful this season in his dramatic offerings. He has, however, bestirred himself in writing "Harriet's Honeymoon" for Miss Mannering, and as a consequence it has a number of scenes which are novel and dialogue that is bright without being clever.

Harriet and her husband, a New York broker, are at a German watering place. He loses his wallet containing all their available money, and

Scene from "The Virginian"

Dustin Farnum (man on right hand) as *The Virginian* and Agnes Ardeck as *The School Ma'am*

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From a flashlight by Byron, New York

The Virginian needs backing up

Harriet, who has a voice of her own, decides to give a concert. She is announced as an Italian prima donna, and gets into all sorts of scrapes because a real Italian prima donna has eloped with a Princeling to this very resort. Besides these characters, there are a German police inspector, a flirtatious Baroness, an officious American woman reporter, and other characters, most of which are definitely drawn.

Miss Mannering as *Harriet* is still handsome and smiling. Mr. Ditrichstein has asked her to be hysterical, which does not suit the Mannering style. *Harriet* is, however, a fascinating creature of many moods and much love for her husband, much jealousy, and a well-rounded belief that "obey" should be left out of the marriage service.

Arthur Byron as the broker-husband has ease and assurance—and the rôle calls for little else.

Thomas A. Wise as *Bock*, the police inspector, adds another carefully worked out character to his already long list of clever stage portraits. Truth to tell, Mr. Wise is a good deal bigger actor than *Bock* calls for—and the character is the gainer thereby.

Henry Kolker as the *Prince* is a newcomer to Broadway. He has a fine stage presence, the intricacies of stagecraft at his finger-tips, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, will be seen many times during the coming season in prominent productions.

Scene from "Waffles," the burlesque of "Raffles"

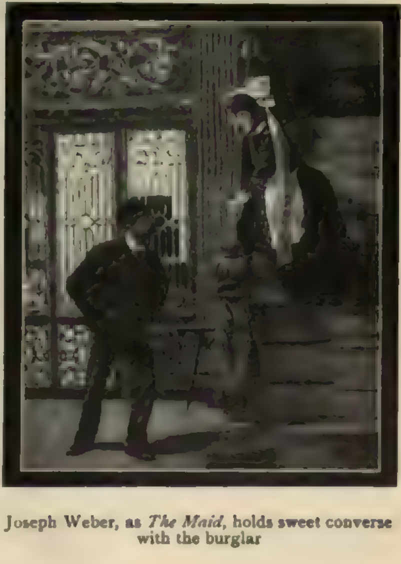
Lew Fields as the burglar and Peter F. Dailey (on the right) as *Waffles*

AMELIA BINGHAM IN "OLYMPE"

IT is possibly the intention of Amelia Bingham to follow in the footsteps of Fanny Davenport and take the place left vacant by that talented woman. Miss Bingham certainly could not have had this in mind as a final disposition of her dramatic talents when she first starred, for certainly such plays as "The Frisky Miss Johnson" hardly lead to this line of reasoning. However, in producing "Olympe" she shows ambition. "Olympe" is exactly the play that Miss Davenport, were she alive to-day, would try to secure for her repertoire. Miss Bingham is always conscientious in everything she undertakes. This much credit must surely be given her. On the other hand, conscientiousness alone does not take the place of actual ability to do certain things. "Olympe" is by Pierre Decourcelle, and, the program naïvely states, "suggested by the novel of Alexandre Dumas."

It is a heavy production full of heavy rôles and requiring the strongest and most forceful of stage portraits. Only a carefully balanced company of thoroughly experienced actors—experienced in the heaviest and most exacting dramatic work—could make of "Olympe" a performance of fine merit and splendid accomplishment, without descending to mere melodrama.

Neither Miss Bingham nor her company displays ability sufficient for the requirements of the Decourcelle play. The title rôle is a particularly exacting one, requiring not only great dramatic effort but also many of the finer subtleties of which Miss Bingham is not a past mistress. As a matter of fact, I can think of no player on the American stage who would fit the rôle as well as



Joseph Weber, as *The Maid*, holds sweet converse with the burglar

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The peasant-priest taking the lover's confession

The peasant-priest blesses the lovers and shows them the way of escape

SCENES FROM "THE SACRAMENT OF JUDAS," IN WHICH KYRLE BELLEW APPEARS

Jessie Busley and Henry E. Dixey in "Little Mary" at the Empire Theatre, New York

Blanche Walsh, who would give a fine performance of this difficult part.

"Olympe" is a splendidly written play and considerably more than "suggested" by Dumas' novel, but it becomes ineffective in the hands of Miss Bingham and her associates.

VIRGINIA EARLE IN "SERGEANT KITTY"

A FEW years ago a young girl appeared in a New York production made by George W. Lederer at the Casino. She was young and slight, with fluffy hair, a pair of laughing eyes and a decidedly fascinating manner. Her name was Virginia Earle, and she soon became the most-talked-of girl in town. When she left Mr. Lederer and went over to Augustin Daly, she became a prominent figure in the lighter productions on the American stage, then suddenly she retired from view and was practically not before the footlights for two years. Recently she returned to the stage in "Sergeant Kitty"—not quite so slight as of yore, but still pretty, and with eyes that still laughed and manner that was still fascinating.

"Sergeant Kitty" is by R. H. Burnside, who wrote the book, and A. Baldwin Sloane, who is responsible for the music. However, I am not trying to be disagreeable with Mr. Burnside. No doubt he got a very good price for his book. Mr. Sloane's music is very pretty and one of his songs, "Oh, Kitty," is already to be found on

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Group of pretty girls from "The Office Boy," in which Frank Daniels is starring

many uprights and grands throughout the country.

"Sergeant Kitty" is the old style of comic opera with up-to-date trimmings. Mr. Burnside, of course, has adopted the good old plan of having his heroine dress in soldier's clothes in order to be near her lover. It must be admitted that Miss Earle looks very handsome in the uniform of a Sergeant of Hussars.

Carrie E. Perkins as *Kitty's Aunt*, plays a low-comedy rôle in a high-comedy manner, and contributes much to the fun of the piece.

Junie McCree is the principal comedian and as *Jacques Jonquinniere*, is extremely funny. *Jacques* is a rôle which, in the hands of a player of no ability, would amount to absolutely nothing. Mr. McCree as the Captain of Hussars, who is perfectly willing to borrow money from anybody at any time, becomes distinctly amusing and entertaining.

"THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE"

WHEN such a winning play as "The Secret of Polichinelle" can draw big houses in New York and be praised generally by both critics and theatregoers, then indeed may we make up our minds that the drama is all right, notwithstanding all the mouthing pessimists who say that the contemporaneous stage has gone to the dogs. Truth to tell, I never have considered that it had; but there are just a few

Scene from "Merely Mary Ann," in which Eleanor Robson has been starring

Miss Robson, as *Mary Ann*, is in the centre of picture

Virginia Earle makes her appearance as *Kitty* in the new comic opera, "Sergeant Kitty"

dramatic writers on the American press who are continually harping on the much-frayed idea that the drama is not what it used to be. I do not think it is myself—I think it is very much better.

"The Secret of Polichinelle" is built around the marriage of a young Frenchman who is married and has a son of whom his parents know nothing. From his announcement right through to the falling of the curtain there is scheming by the grandfather, grandmother and a friend of the family to do everything in their power to make the child and its mother happy, but each does not want the other to know. It is the most charming piece of duplicity that the American stage has

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known in years. It all ends happily, of course, and the little mother is welcomed into the house of her parents-in-law, chiefly through the machinations of the family friend. Coupled with the main thread is the love affair of the old folks. They have been married twenty-five years, are lovers still, and furnish the sweetest example imaginable of marital felicity.

Mr. Thompson as the grandfather is capital. It is seldom that this player does anything which is not commendable, although at times I have wished that he would drop some of his *Friar Lawrence* manner. In "The Secret of Polichinelle," however, he is a fine, charming old French gentleman, very much in love with his wife, with his son and with the world in general, although occasionally given to choleric outbursts. He misses some of the sympathy of the character by giving too much stress to the humorous side.

Mrs. Helen Dellenbaugh, as the grandmother, is fascinating in her assumption of the manners of the grande dame, the dignity of the wife, the proud affection of the mother, and the winning beauty of the grandmotherly instinct. It would be hard to conceive of a more intelligent or tender presentment of such a rôle; and in fact, I know of only one other woman on the American stage who could play it as well; her name is Sarah Cowell Le Moyne.

"THE VIRGINIAN"

EM'LY, the Hen, is by all odds the most striking character in Owen Wister's novel. It was naturally difficult to transpose this barn-yard character to the stage with any degree of convincing force.

The Virginian himself is a strong and altogether human young man, with a large heart but very bad drawing-room manners. Can you imagine this cavorting son of the plains cooped up in a small New York flat? Compared with such a situation a bull in a china shop would be a meek and humble creature.

Dustan Farnum plays *The Virginian* with considerable strength and much good looks.

"THE MEDAL AND THE MAID"

JAMES T. POWERS likes Broadway, and Broadway seems to like Mr. Powers pretty well. At any rate, he manages to appear on Broadway oftener than any other comic-opera or musical-comedy star. In "The Medal and the Maid" he once more comes before New York audiences and gives the best imitation of James T. Powers seen in New York in years. In fact, it is very much better than the Fay Templeton imitation of Lillian Russell's imitation of Miss Fay Templeton's imitation of Miss Russell.

"The Medal and the Maid" is another one of those plays from London that John C. Fisher has presented during the past two or three seasons. From the box-office standpoint it seems to be immeasurably better than "The Princess of Kensington"—for which the mask of drama be thanked! It has at least two very whistley songs, and take it all in all, is a sprightly and amusing piece.

One of the hits of "The Medal and the Maid" is the bandit chief played by Stanley Forde. I have had occasion before to mention Mr. Forde's voice. It is still deep, rich and full of music.

Ruth Vincent, very blonde and very English, is the latest musical-comedy importation. She is pretty and has the true George Edwardes Gaiety manner.

"AN ENGLISH DAISY"

YOU may or may not like Charles Bigelow as a comedian. Of grace he has little, of buffoonery he has much. He is a low comedian of the school so plentiful on the stage of Paris, and yet not representative of French dramatic art. Instead of subtle suggestion, he uses grimaces; instead of making a point through the use of artifice, he goes at it with hammer and tongs, and gets his laugh as if it were a matter of life and death. Therefore, if you like this style of humor, you like Charles Bigelow. As far as I am concerned Bigelow makes me laugh; but so does a goat chewing a newspaper in a vacant lot, or a great hulking elephant daintily toying with a peanut. However, when all's said and done, it's all very much a matter of taste.

"An English Daisy" is full of Bigelow from the rising of the curtain to the fall thereof. The piece is sprightly, is full of funny lines, some jingly songs and—Bigelow.

"An English Daisy" is so many times better than some of the musical offerings of recent months that it should be framed and preserved as something very commendable indeed.

"THE OTHER GIRL"

THIS new comedy by Augustus Thomas is practically a dramatic canonization of the athletic clergyman. This dominie, played by Frank Worthing, who doesn't look the part, shepherds it over a fashionable New York flock. He takes to physical culture and engages as gymnasium companion a champion middleweight. A pretty inmate of the household falls in love with the prize-fighter and is saved from eloping with him by her companion, with whom the minister is in love. It ends very happily, though not altogether lucidly.

The prize-fighter, as played by Lionel Barrymore, is the hit of the performance. He is supposed to be a replica in the flesh of that dainty and shrinking figure of the prize ring, Mr. "Kid" McCoy.

Drina DeWolfe plays the foolish girl. The increase in her ability seems eager to keep pace with the beauty of her bronze hair. She is rapidly improving as an actress.

Miss Elsie DeWolfe, as the companion who sacrifices herself for her friend, is handsome and womanly.

Joseph Wheelock, Jr., who is in love with the girl who falls in love with the prize-fighter and then falls out again, has five very clever minutes in Act II.

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SPECIAL FICTION SECTION

BACK FROM THE CITY

By Temple Bailey

IT was an awful storm; the snow curled up over the tops of the fences, and there were no roads to be seen—nothing but white fields, broken here and there by black clumps of trees.

Dick Harwood bent his head to the wind and spoke softly to his horses. They were floundering sturdily through the snow, eager for the end of the journey, and for the comfort of the warm barn and well-filled mangers.

"Who-oo-oo-oo-pee!"

Dick lifted his head and looked out over the storm-swept night. That was Myra's cry, the one he had taught her when he was in short trousers and she wore long braids.

"Who-oo-oo-oo-pee!" again came the cry, but Myra was miles away in the big city. It came from the little schoolhouse at the crossroads, which was half-covered with drifting snow. Dick urged his horses nearer and discerned in the doorway a dark figure, then he caught the sound of a voice.

"Please, whoever you are, won't you stop?"

"Myra!" he cried, and flung the reins down and ran to her.

"Why, Dick Harwood." She held out both of her hands, and then, while he held them in his warm clasp, she broke down and explained with little, sobbing gasps:

"I started from the station before the storm—I thought I could get home, you know, and then it started—and at last I took shelter in here, hoping that some one would pass and give me a ride, and you are the first person who has come—and I am nearly frozen—nearly frozen, Dick."

"Wasn't there any wood in the stove?" asked Dick practically.

"Yes, but I hadn't any matches, and here I have been for hours with wood and stove and no fire."

Dick flung the door open and went into the schoolroom. The rows of battered little desks confronted him spectrally as he lighted a match and touched it to the ready laid fuel. The flames leaped up and at once began to give out comfort.

"Now, you get warm while I go and look after the horses," said Dick. "There is a shed back of the house and I can cover the team with the old robes and give them a feed of corn. I'll be back in a minute."

When he returned he found that she had drawn an old settle before the fire. She sat in one corner of it with her face pink in the reflected glow. Dick noticed the whiteness of the hands that she held in front of the blaze, and the gleam of gold in the hair that rippled under the modish turban.

He brought in several packages and laid them beside her.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Starved! Oh, you blessed boy, you were taking home groceries," and she held up a box of biscuit.

He thrilled at the sound of her old name for him. How often she had called him her "blessed boy" in the days before she had become ambitious for a career.

"It's so nice to see you, Myra," he said, as he rummaged in the little cupboard over the teacher's desk.

"Nice—that isn't the word for the way I feel," said Myra from the settle. "I was just dying to see you—all," she added the last word quickly, as Dick whirled around and looked at her with his soul in his eyes. She did not meet his look, however, and he turned away with a little sigh. "Do you like it in town?" he asked.

"Um—mm," she murmured.

"Does that mean 'yes' or 'no'?" He had brought out a little kettle and a teapot and was filling the kettle with water from a covered pail that stood behind the stove.

"Both," she laughed, "I like it and I don't like it."

"What don't you like?" he asked.

"Oh, it's all so cold. Everyone thinks of himself. Why, Dick, I might live and die with twenty people in the same house, and not one of them would know it until the undertaker came. That is the trouble—no one cares, no one cares," she declared passionately.

He leaned forward eagerly, then checked himself. "But you have your music?"

"Oh, music," she said disparagingly, and at her tone his heart leaped.

The water had boiled in the little kettle.

"I will let you make the tea," he said, and opened the package of the fragrant herb. While she heated the teapot and put the tea to steep he drew a little table in front of the settle and put on it crackers and cheese and sardines; then with a laugh and a flourish he set in the centre a great, creamy, custard pie.

"Aunt Priscilla sent it to mother," he said, "but I guess we need it the most."

Myra danced around the table and clapped her hands like the little girl Dick remembered so well. Finally she stopped in front of him. "Dick," she said, "did you ever eat a boarding-house pie?"

He shook his head.

"Well," she said, "you are in no condition to appreciate Aunt Priscilla's pie. I am the only one who will do its deliciousness justice"

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It was not a bad supper, that impromptu one served by candlelight in the old schoolhouse, and Dick felt himself in a blissful dream as he looked across the table at the fair face.

After the meal Myra fell into a retrospective mood.

"Do you remember the winter afternoons right here in this old room, when we children used to pop corn and roast apples, and Miss Betsey would read to us—dear Miss Betsey?"

"I remember you with the firelight on your face, and with your cheeks red as they are now," said Dick ardently.

"And how we used to slide down the long hill outside and how I lost my mittens once in the snow and you found them for me?"

"I remember the kiss that you gave me for a reward," said Dick.

Myra blushed. "Listen, how the wind blows," she said irrelevantly.

Dick got up and went to the door.

He looked out into the dark.

"It's an awful night," he said as he came back with his coat collar powdered white, "but when the horses are rested and you are thoroughly warm I think I can get you home—it isn't far."

He knelt in front of the stove and poked in more wood. Myra sat with her chin in her hand, as she leaned her elbow on her knee and gazed dreamily into the fire.

"It's good to be at home," she said.

Something in her tone gave him courage.

"I wish home might always be where our two hearts were, Myra," he said with unconscious poetry.

"I think that is the only home in which I shall ever be happy, Dick," she said simply.

"Do you mean it, Myra? My ways are such plain ways, dear."

She sighed happily as he drew her to him.

"Oh, you blessed boy," she said, "it was just because I loved the plain ways that I came back, and because I missed my friends and the dear old hills and you, Dick."

THE EYE OF THE SERPENT

By Gregory P. Allis

FLORENCE ARMLEY lay idly in a long chair, waiting for her husband. When, three months before, he had been sent out by a syndicate to manage some claims in South America, she had insisted upon going on the journey with him. The trip had been a delight to her, and their quaint little house of palm, with its thatch, its long verandahs, and many doors, had seemed like a big plaything.

But to-night she was home-sick. She rolled up the bamboo curtains, and the warm, damp breath of the tropics pressed in. The air hummed with the drowsy voice of insects.

Picking up her violin, she drew the bow half unconsciously across it. A long, yearning note replied. It quivered, clung about her like a live thing, and dissolved reluctantly.

With it there came a shivering in the thatch. She looked uneasily about; the wind was still, not even the tips of the palm-trees quivered against the copper sky.

The sun hung lazily at the edge of the horizon—a burning, crimson ball. It kissed the mountains and the river, and dropped suddenly into the sea. Then the swift, equatorial darkness was upon them. Torches of the natives began to glimmer from the hills, but still Warren did not come.

The music had drifted into a minor key, a little wailing melody of home, and again there came the shivering in the thatch.

A long, lithe body swung itself to the veranda. It glided into the bedroom and coiled and uncoiled in the shadow. The moon had risen above the black line of the jungle. Higher and higher she crept, till the lagoon lay a stream of molten silver.

Something was gliding across the floor. Slowly it advanced. Its flat head swayed rhythmically, its breast gleaming white as it reared itself. Florence felt a touch upon her hair; she turned, half expecting to find her husband, and then—

There was no outcry, but the violin slipped to the matting, and the player sank beside it.

When she opened her eyes, Warren was bending over her. The room was filled with lamplight, and the curtains were drawn. She looked bewilderedly about; then, all at once, the horror of the last hour came upon her.

"Where is it?" she cried, clinging to him. "Oh, Warren, where is it?"

Her husband held her close.

"Where is what, dear?" he asked. "Poor little girl," he went on, soothingly, "it's lonely for you here all day; no wonder you are nervous!"

That night, when the lights had been extinguished, Florence lay with her eyes open. In the darkness she seemed to feel again that touch upon her hair. The rising wind whispered in the camphor-trees, and all the superstitions of the natives came crowding fast upon her.

"The cobra brings death to the head of the house where he is made unwelcome."

The omens had all been bad. The night before a "deer had cried," and a vulture in the morning had "wheeled away to the left." The cobra must be propitiated. There was not a woman in the place who would not tell you so.

. . . .

"Why, Florence, in the dark again?" asked Warren a week later. "You used to light the lamps before the sun went down."

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He picked up the violin she had been playing and ran the bow across the strings, then turned sharply and looked behind him. There was a sound of something being dragged warily over the matting. He struck a match, but Florence caught his hand and drew him down to her.

"Put your arms about me—close," she whispered. "There!" She laid her head against him with a little sigh. "I'm so tired," she said.

That night Armley watched his wife furtively. She had changed in the last ten days, and there was a pathetic look in her eyes that haunted him. He drew her into the lamplight at last, and lifted her face to his.

"Dear," he said, "there is something the matter! What is it?"

She longed to tell him—to beg him to take her away somewhere—anywhere—away from the omens—away from the lagoon and the coffee-colored river, and that writhing, torturing thing that came in the dark from the thatch.

Yet the cobra was revengeful—and it was for Warren's sake.

A wave of something Armley could not analyze swept over him as he held her; he shivered a little and gently pushed her aside. He almost wished he had left her at home. This was no place for a woman.

"Do you know, Flossie," he suggested, "I must arrange for earlier hours. You're too much by yourself."

Her eyes were wistful, but she turned so that he should not see them.

"Why—I like it, Warren," she said, at last. "I like the solitude and the darkness and the stars."

"So do I," he laughed, but she shook her head.

"No, don't come," she urged. "Indeed, I'd rather be alone."

Her words hurt him and he shrugged his shoulders.

"As you like," he said indifferently.

The next night Armley came down the hillpath with his torch unlighted. He cautiously picked his way among the ferns and rhododendrons to the front veranda. The curtains were rolled high and the wail of the violin floated out to him.

The white-frocked figure of his wife was just visible in the moonlight. She was swaying as she played, and singing as the natives do. Now she bent over something on the mat, and Warren was sure that he heard her speak.

A fierce jealousy seized him. This, then, was why she wished to be alone. But who could it be? He would wait there in the night and know.

The hours dragged by; he was drenched with the heavy dew, and still she played over the one melody. There was something infinitely weary in the tones.

At last the music ended and the watcher without drew near. There was no word of parting, but he could have sworn that a figure slunk away in the shadow.

When he came in a little later, Florence was half lying in a big cane chair, the violin in her lap. He lighted the lamps and drew the blinds without a word. She did not seem to notice him. The tea was still waiting on the little table and there was no trace of a guest. He crossed over to his wife and stood looking down at her.

"Three hours late," he said ironically. "How worried you must have been."

She gave a startled look, stretched one hand half way toward him, let it languidly drop again, and closed her eyes.

She had grown very white of late, and Armley observed with alarm the violet shadows on her face.

He quenched a momentary impulse to put his arms about her.

But this sudden drowsiness was feigned; he had heard her play and speak, not ten minutes before, so he argued with himself, and sat down to a solitary tea.

Florence rose just as he had finished, and he watched her covertly. There was a look in her face that puzzled him. She took her place at the table and helped herself abundantly, but seemingly forgot to eat; her tea remained untasted in the cup.

Her husband did not speak, and soon she went into her own room, and he heard her fastening the curtains.

Armley lighted his pipe, but it failed to solace him. The air was murky and oppressive; he impatiently threw down his book and strode out to the verandah.

The sky had become suddenly overcast, large drops of rain were already pattering about him, a damp, sickly smell came up from the lagoon, and somewhere in the distance he heard the peculiar cry of a wah-wah.

The jungle stood, a dense, impenetrable fortress, teeming with death and disease. Turning from it with a shudder, he re-entered the house and threw himself, fully clothed, across the bed.

The rain was increasing; it spurted in little jets from the roof and was caught in splashing pools below the thatch. All at once Armley sat erect and listened. Then he rose and tip-toed to the door of his wife's room. For a moment he stood irresolute, then quietly turned the knob.

He could see distinctly by the light upon his own table. Florence, seated in the middle of the bed, was swaying from side to side, and singing in a low, droning monotone. Warren's brows contracted. It reminded him of old Nimuck writhing over his snakes.

"Flo!" he called. She raised her eyes unseeingly to his. "Flo!" he called again, starting toward her. The old tenderness was in his voice.

An expression of fear crept over her; she began talking hurriedly.

"You must go away," she said, bending over an imaginary object. "You must go away, for he'll be coming soon."

She extended both her slender hands, as if pushing something.

Warren grasped her by the shoulder and shook her roughly.

"Florence," he said, as consciousness flooded her eyes. "you have been dreaming." His voice was harsh, unnatural. "And by the way," he added, indifferently, "I shall be off early to morrow; you will breakfast alone."

In his own room, Armley sat looking blankly ahead of him.

"She is like all other women," he said, with a shrug, as he began divesting himself, "and I've been the regulation fool; but I'll find who he is, and then——"

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His eyes narrowed themselves into unpleasant little slits and he blew out the light.

The next day was the semi-weekly cleansing of the water-jars.

If Mrs. Armley had looked into her husband's jar late that afternoon she would have been surprised at its contents.

The native servant had trundled the huge thing up from the river with unusual care, had shoved it into place in his master's bathroom, and sunk down beside it exhausted. Warren found his position inside that same huge jar somewhat cramped, but the cool dampness was grateful to him, and it afforded excellent opportunities for observation.

He had not long to wait. As the sun pressed his last scorching caress upon the trees, Florence came from her room. She walked to the verandah, and stood leaning against the supports. The light tangled itself in her hair; she looked half a child in her white dress.

But the sun was going down. Gray shadows crept among the ferns; they touched the woman's face, and chased the brightness from her hair. Then all at once the burning sphere dropped out of sight; a chorus of frog voices rose in shrill treble from the lagoon, and twilight had come.

Florence, as she stood there, seemed to have suddenly grown old; her step became listless, heavy. She turned automatically and re-entered the house, took the violin out of its case, and drew a long, sobbing note from its heart.

There was a sound like the rubbing together of dried cornstalks; it came from the thatch overhead. The violin wailed out the melody of the night before; Armley knew its every cadence. He heard a whispering, like the wind of evening in the leaves at home, and then a dull, continuous pressure of the mat.

He raised his eyes to the rim of the water-jar. The waking moon had sent a silver herald through the bamboo curtains; it fell half way across the floor. His wife was standing in the shadow just beyond.

Warren had a vague consciousness of a presence near him. Mechanically his hand slipped to his belt. It was there, the little "Colt;" he felt its cold throat, and grimly smiled.

"The price of the game is death," he told himself; "no matter who the man!"

Something was pushing past his hiding-place. Armley, quivering with rage, stood half upright in the jar, but all he saw was the figure of his wife. The creeping moonbeam had reached her now.

She stood for a moment in its light, and then a flying cloud shut her from him. In the darkness the violin called and sobbed and called again, and in answer came the weary, lagging pressure on the mat.

Armley felt a sudden dread of something, he did not know of what—a sudden desire to be out of the water-jar, but its slippery earthen walls held him fast.

The cloud was passing; through its frayed edges the moonlight filtered again. Armley leaned forward. There were—yes, surely there were two heads! Then, as if by the stroke of a giant brush, the cobwebs were swept from the moon and light flooded the place.

Armley's heart contracted.

Something sinuous, brown, had reared itself out of the shadow; it was swaying very close to Florence.

He saw the white breast, the drawn hood of skin, the eyes glowing red like tiny danger lights. He saw the smooth, lithe body turning—retreating—advancing, and was powerless!

"Florence!" he called.

The cobra drew his hood erect and hissed, but the violin sang on. Florence did not hear; her eyes looked unseeingly ahead.

"Oh! Heaven," he cried, "what shall I do?"

His voice rang like a discord in the melody. The movements of the snake became less rhythmical, contortionate; it hissed again, and the light in the little red eyes grew bright. The forked tongue darted in and out; it licked the woman's hair; it touched her hand!

Another scudding cloud was hurrying past the moon; already the light was growing dim, uncertain. Armley, in an agony, leaned from his prison, and something clicked against the water-jar.

It was the butt of his revolver; he had forgotten it.

The woman and the snake were very close together now, and still the violin sang. Could his aim be true? The light was growing faint.

The room seemed filled with swaying, flat, brown heads.

Armley gathered himself together, and three bullets whizzed in the air.

. . . .

When Florence opened her eyes, the sun was smiling through the trees, and her husband was kneeling beside her.

"Why, Warren," she asked, "what is it? I feel so—queer. Am I ill?"

"Just a little, dear," he said, but he covered her hand with kisses. "And, dear," he went on, with a brave show of unconcern, "I've cabled to the syndicate to send out another man. We're going home, please God!"

DO IT QUICKLY

By Otho B. Senga

MR. WILLIAM STEVENSON, in the small side seat at the end of the car, waited for The Girl. She came in at the next station. He feigned absorption in his newspaper, but really lost no movement of the graceful figure, and managed to get a glimpse of the fresh color in her cheek and the pretty wave of her dark hair.

"She grows prettier every day," he remarked to the advertising column, "and I'm a goner."

He looked down the aisle, and encountered the gaze of The Girl. Her quickly averted eyes and heightened color were balm to his soul.

"Allah be praised!" he whispered, seemingly scanning the paper again, "that's the first indication that my lady is aware of my existence, and I've sat in this same seat, and watched for her every morning, for exactly 185 days. Hang the conventions! I'd like to walk up to her and say, 'Madam, would you be kind enough to give me your address? I intend to call upon you, to win your love, and eventually to marry you.' I wonder what she'd say."

"What do you ride sideways for?" cried a voice at his elbow. "Why don't you sit over here?"

Billy made a quick resolve. Bob Tennessee knew almost everyone, and was as white-souled and honorable as if his profession were preaching the gospel, instead of detecting criminals.

"Bob, go out and speak to the brakeman; when you come back look at the lady in the fifth seat from the rear, on the left side of the car. See if you know her."

Bob complied, unquestioningly, but when he re-entered the car, and looked toward the seat indicated, he hurried past the astonished Billy, and took the seat beside The Girl, who greeted him warmly.

When the train drew in at the South station, Bob looked up and waved a farewell to Stevenson, who stalked grimly out to the street.

"Bob Tennessee is a blatherskite," he muttered, savagely, "I'd like to punch his head!"

He was still chafing under his wrongs when Bob sauntered into his office.

"You did me a good turn this morning, old boy," said Bob, blithely.

"Go away," growled Billy, "I'm too busy."

"Stop writing a minute," whispered Bob, "I want to tell you about Her."

The pen went busily scratching on, and Billy made no reply.

"Her name is Murdock—Grace Murdock."

Mr. Stevenson was serenely unconscious.

"She is assistant editor on Brinsley's magazine," pursued Bob. "I've known her since she was a child. At one time I was terribly sweet on her older sister, but," sighing, "she preferred Tom Trevors."

"Showed her good taste," interposed Billy, vengefully.

"'Let dogs delight to bark an' bite," quoted Bob, soothingly, " only that I'm a second John Rogers, I'd never tell you that I'm to be on that same train to-morrow morning, and she says I may introduce you."

"Oh, don't trouble," loftily, "I may take an earlier train to-morrow morning."

"That's gratitude for you!" wailed Bob.

"It doesn't at all matter," indifferently, "and if it did I might find some way to attract her attention."

"Oh, of course you might," retorted Bob, witheringly, "you might forge a fit, and fall at her feet, frothing at the mouth! That would undoubtedly 'attract her attention.'"

But Stevenson was impregnable to his sarcasm, and Bob departed.

Billy was of many minds that day. He half resolved to take a different train, and in some way to make the acquaintance of the girl without Bob's assistance. Then, remembering the dignity of her bearing, he shivered at his own audacious thought. Diffidence was his one weakness. How he longed to possess Bob Tennessee's ready ease and absolute assurance. The self-conflict ended in his taking the usual train, weakly relying upon Bob's promised introduction.

When the girl came in, looking prettier than ever, he waited feverishly for Bob. A wave of indignation swept over him when no Bob appeared. His anger overcome his diffidence. Bob had taken unfair advantage of the situation. Even now, he might be somewhere on the train, enjoying his friend's disappointment and discomfiture. This thought spurred him on. Taking his cardcase from his pocket, he wrote on a card, "Our friend, Bob, promised to introduce me this morning. In his absence, may I not come and speak with you?"

A half-dollar and a whispered instruction to the train-boy, and the thing was done. Billy suffered agonies in a brief minute—his heart thumped against his ribs, and his number sixteen collar seemed four sizes too small. The girl read the pleading line, looked deliberately down the aisle, and nodded brightly. He made his way to her side, feeling like a man just rescued from drowning.

"Isn't this a delightful morning, Mr. Stevenson?" as if they were old friends.

"You are very kind, indeed," irrelevantly, "I particularly wanted to meet you to-day, for I am going away to-morrow, and I want permission to write to you."

He took the plunge like a hero. Not the slightest trace of the timidity that had given him the title of "Bashful Billy" among his college mates.

The girl caught her breath, but answered demurely, "I read all manuscripts that are sent to me."

"Yes, I know, but these will not be offered for publication, and I want something more than a printed slip in reply."

"And Bob calls this man bashful," thought the girl, but she only said, "I will consider the matter."

There was time for little else; the train came to a standstill, and Miss Murdock hurried away. Still, Billy felt that he had made good progress—for a bashful man.

Late that afternoon Bob came hurrying into his office, with apologies and protestations of regret.

"I had no chance to send a line to either you or Grace," he said, "and somehow, old fellow, you've made a good impression on her—she really wants to meet you."

"Never mind, Bob," answered Stevenson, kindly, "I leave to-morrow for a three months' trip abroad. It will do just as well when I return."

"Oh, better, much better," returned Bob, in a relieved tone, "she would forget all about you in that time. When you come back, I'll give you an introduction and a recommendation besides."

"You might put in the recommendations while I'm gone," poking his head into a closet, pretending to look for something, "and I say, Bob, make 'em strong. Tell all the good you know—the bad, keep to yourself."

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"No one could say anything but good of you, Billy," said Bob, with wondering earnestness, "and if you weren't so confoundedly bashful, you'd say it for yourself."

Billy had a very positive conviction that Miss Murdock would not mention the circumstance of the morning to Bob, and subsequent events proved the conviction well-founded.

From London and Edinburgh, from Paris and Berlin, came long, bright letters over which Miss Murdock laughed and cried by turns, as the writer touched upon the varying phases of life, seen from the viewpoint of a keen understanding and a quick sympathy with humanity.

Her brief replies were not encouraging, but Billy's bashfulness was exceeded by his tenacity; and a foothold, once gained, he kept. He was in Berlin when he received a note that electrified him. "My vacation begins just as yours draws to a close. I leave Boston on the *Commonwealth*. We shall likely pass each other in mid-ocean."

"Indeed, we won't," exclaimed Billy, "I hereby vote myself an extension of time. I'll cable to the firm, and when the *Commonwealth* reaches Liverpool, Billy will be on the dock."

And he was.

She saw him, towering above the crowd, and waved her hand.

He had no intention of doing anything so precipitate, but when he saw the earnest face turned so joyfully toward him, something sprang up in his heart, and jumped into his throat, and making a hurried dash through the crowd, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her.

"I couldn't help it, Grace," he whispered, "I love you, you know."

For a single second she faltered, aghast at the man's passionate utterance and at the publicity of her position. Then, woman-like, she rose to the occasion. "Have you a carriage waiting?" she asked, calmly, "let us get out of the crowd."

Seated in the carriage, she held him back from her with both hands pressed against his breast, and gazed long and earnestly into his eyes. He knew his cause was won, and remained silent. She dropped her hands into his, and smiled tenderly, "For a bashful man, Billy, you certainly are——" but he gave her no opportunity to finish the sentence.

Billy cabled the news of his engagement to Bob Tennessee, who spent days in fruitless conjecture.

"I give it up," he said finally, "but for unparalleled nerve, Billy, the bashful, may 'go up head.'"

ONE DARK NIGHT

By Louis J. Marshall

It was very dark when they came out of the Kursaal. They both stopped involuntarily and looked up at the heavens. There was a brownish streak athwart the sky portending the coming of the wintry moon.

"It seems to have been settled for us, Charles," said the taller of the two.

"What else is there to do?"

"Oh! nothing. I do not even know that I am sorry."

"Ah! but you have tasted all the joys, while I—I——"

"Yes, you—you don't know the bitterness of it; at least, of some of it. As for me, I have seen and felt it—all."

The other man's face was drawn; in his blue eyes there was a look that comported badly with the tilt of his opera hat. He was very young; perhaps he looked younger than he was. The fair moustache that curled on his lip added to the boyishness of his face.

The tall man stopped and faced him. He was clean-faced; the sneer of cynicism that revealed his mental habit, perhaps his nature, hardly detracted from the beauty of his face. It was clean-cut as a cameo. There was not a weak line in the countenance that the other looked up into.

"Madame le Clere will certainly not be gratified to see you when you tell her at breakfast that you are finished, cleaned out, have nothing, not even the price of the wine that she will order. I am rather glad that it is settled. I have no wish to be known as a hotel swindler. For me, I am going to put a period to it here, as we said."

They had stopped again on the lower step of the broad stairway leading down from the Casino.

"The revenues of M. le Prince will be chargeable for the cost of a double funeral, and it is some satisfaction to know that all the world will be advised of our taking off," said the dark man.

He thrust his hand into his pocket. The old moon glinted with a cold, sinister flicker on the barrel of a pistol.

The face of the younger man worked spasmodically. He looked swiftly about, then seized the pistol out of the other's hand.

"A moment," he said.

Then slowly he raised the weapon. In the act he bent his head.

"Farewell, Charles," said the other.

Suddenly the younger stopped and picked up from beneath his feet on the gravel walk a yellow coin. He laughed hysterically as he held out a gold napoleon.

"We have another chance," he said.

The other frowned.

"It may mean a respite," he said. "Shall we go back?"

"Go back? Why, of course. It is an omen. Ah! we may see another year after all, my friend, do not you think?"

This time he laughed without constraint.

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"Yet if it should be but a respite?" said the other.

"Then let it be a respite, but I believe it is for a long time."

"Still, if we lose?"

"Then the compact holds, and M. le Prince will pay for a double funeral."

"Who plays?"

"You do. I have no luck."

"But you have known Madame le Clere."

"Was that luck? I don't know," said the younger man.

They approached the table. Men, with flushed faces, and women, haggard and disheveled, made up the greater part of the gamesters at that hour. Here and there was a steady-nerved and impassive-faced man playing for the love of excitement and careless of the outcome. The monotone of the croupier was the one sound to break the silence of the great room. They made their way to a table that had fewer players than the others.

"Play ten francs," whispered the fair man.

The other answered him with a look of disdain. He staked the gold piece on the red. The ball spun around the disc.

"Sixteen, red, under and even," sang the croupier.

An eager gleam came into the face of the younger man. The other made no sign, but let the money lay.

"Twenty-three, red, over and odd," said the dealer.

There were four gold pieces where there had been but one. The player placed one shining disc on the seven and two on the odd.

"Seven, red, under the odd," said the croupier, paying the bets while yawning.

The dark man took over thirty-five napoleons from the number seven and four from the odd field. The fair man at his elbow wet his lips.

The gleam in his eye was not good to see. He twitched nervously as the player put four gold pieces back on the seven and scattered a few others on the field.

"The seven repeats," sang the croupier.

The other players looked up at the impassive face of the winner. The dealer pushed four heaps of gold over to him and cried——

"Make your play, mesdames et messieurs."

"It is enough," whispered Charles. "More than thirty-five hundred francs."

The other did not even glance at him. He made five bets on single numbers and lost.

"Do not tempt fate," said the younger man in his ear. "Let us be off."

The player looked at him as though annoyed.

"Will you play?" he asked.

"No, but——"

"Monsieur is interfering with the play," interjected a polite man with the bearing of a lord.

Charles turned away with the gesture of despair.

For a few minutes he sat on a divan. His nervousness was palpable.

"That madman, he will lose all! *Dieu*, why did I not play myself? And that money! I must stop him."

He staggered back as he looked in front of the player. There were two louis left of the pile. Then he stiffened.

"I will await you, monsieur," he said, and returned to the divan.

What subtle provision of nature is it that makes the condemned man sleep through his last night on earth? Charles lay back on the divan. He was quite composed, ready to face the death that he knew was inevitable.

"Will she care?" he asked himself.

Certainly she would care if he presented himself before her and told her he had not the means to discharge the bill at the hotel. He thought it all over. There was nobody who would care very much, except the sister who was teaching French in England—and she would probably never know.

It was tiresome, after all, this struggle to keep up appearances, and look after Madame le Clere. There was not even the assurance that madame cared to be looked after. There had been a time and—well, that was not worth thinking of! He fell asleep while the click of the ivory ball marked the signal for the croupier's cry.

A half hour afterward the other stood at the table with a great pile of gold before him. There was a flicker of disdainful indifference as the dealer announced—

"The bank is closed; monsieur has won the limit. Will monsieur have notes for the gold?"

The player pushed the gold over, and paid no attention to the clamorous comment of the others, who took the good luck of this one man as a theft of their own chances.

"One hundred and twenty-six thousand francs, said the dealer, pushing over the notes.

He turned away listlessly, and his eyes fell on the recumbent form of the other. He walked over and looked down on the sleeping face. His eyes narrowed to a slit. One corner of his mouth was raised the least bit.

"One hundred and twenty-six thousand francs," he thought. "Not bad for one. But Cleo le Clere—well she might make two bites of a moiety of it. I think—Come, wake up!"

He touched the other.

Wholly awake instantly, the younger man looked up in the face of the other. In its set calm he read his doom.

No word was spoken until they had passed the spot where Charles had picked up the gold piece less than an hour before.

"You might have put it off if you had stopped when I wanted you to," he said.

The other hesitated an instant. Perhaps there was an idea in his mind that he could afford to divide. If there was it was banished instantly.

"My friend," he said, "we are not playing for a day's respite."

With a despairing motion the young man pu the pistol to his mouth and fired.

. . . .

"Charles was always so precipitate," the othe. said to Madame le Clere, as he filled her glass with a consoling liqueur. "If he had but waited to hear of our luck at the tables."

Madame looked up at him steadily with eyes that were red from weeping.

"BELIZA"

By William Harley Porter

"MY hand is bloody still; and in my head—such misery. But what would you have? Surely I fought like a powerful—madman. Perhaps I would better have died then. But no, I shall live. You shall see; surely the judge will understand when he hears from my own lips——"

"Yet if Beliza——" He broke off suddenly, and there came a paroxysm of anguished tears that forbade words for the moment.

"You did not know Beliza—unless you saw her this afternoon. She was beautiful, *señor*, I grant you that, but a wicked woman, believe me—and so selfish. She has shattered my life, so why should I care if she is lying dead in the little studio over Nicanor's *café?*

"And yet we had been so happy, *señor*. Years ago, when we were bare-footed children, babies, almost, and I tended the sheep on the hill below our village, Beliza used to slip away from her mother, old Panchita, who kept the little *fonda*, to spend the hours with me. I drew her head with chalks upon the slates we picked from the ground. She was my model even then, and from the very first, *señor*, she told me that some day I should be a great painter. And I said: 'Yes, Beliza, but it shall be thy face that shall make my canvas famous—some day.'

"And Rafael! even then he was petted by fortune. His father had wealth. A little wealth, I mean, but it seemed much in our village. But it was only because Rafael saw me drawing that he, too, wished to be a painter. How we wept, Beliza and I, when he went away to Madrid—here—to study the great masters. How we cursed and detested the poverty that bound down my genius, while Rafael——

"But it was Beliza who solved the hard puzzle. She was sixteen, and as beautiful as any artist's dream, when she came to me with her plan. I can see her now; her big black eyes sparkling—her whole being throbbing with the potency of her thought.

"'I have it,' she cried, and the words could not pour fast enough from her full, red lips. 'We will go to Madrid—together. I shall be a model for others—no—listen!' she commanded, as she saw my quick gesture of dissent. 'We shall thus earn the money to live; to paint—to create thy masterpiece. Thou shalt thus make thy name with my help, and after that—a joyful, proud life for us both!'

"Of course, *señor*, I objected warmly. 'But why,' she demanded, 'am I not worthy?'

"'Worthy!' You cannot know how deliciously absurd it was. Such a poise to her head! Such glory in throat and neck! Such healthful, glowing color! I felt my own senses swimming as I thought how she would appeal to other artistic temperaments. It was then that I suddenly realized what the years had wrought—as I gazed upon her erect, lissom figure. I marked the swell of that beautiful bosom beneath its poor, ill-fitting gown. There were little gaps at the fastenings, as though the cloth, in exultant rebellion, sought to show the world the classic symmetry it was forced to hide. On one shoulder a coarse patch had broken from its threads, disclosing the upper portion of an arm like new ivory; and so smooth, so grandly rounded.

"There was, in my home, one golden doubloon, which my father had treasured for years. It was mine—or would be, some day, for it had been my mother's. I knew where it was hidden, and that very night Beliza and I started for Madrid with the one coin for our capital. I did not tell my father. He would never have understood. He would have thought me too young—yet I was almost two years older than my Beliza.

"No need to worry you with our struggles to reach the goal of our ambitions. It was a hard time, *señor*, but everywhere we found friends. Everyone helped us and wished us well—for the sake of Beliza's eyes. How I remember the day when we first saw Madrid's church towers, and trudged through the *Puerta de Toledo* at last. We were ragged, dusty, and so very, very tired. But, *señor*, we had arrived! It was the day of a *fiesta;* the bells of the city were all ringing, and with full hearts we turned to the great church that was near us—*San Isidro El Real*.

"Do you think it was fate, *señor*, that as we came from our prayers of thankfulness to the good God and his saints, we saw Rafael driving by with some friends? He did not seem to recognize us, but after he had gone a little distance he got out of the carriage and came back to us.

"My heart misgave me then; yet he was so kind. It was he who found the little rooms for us over Nicanor's. It was he who helped me to employment. Hard, tedious work—sometimes menial labor—in the studio of a famous painter. But it was helpful—it made me what I am.

"But enough of the lean years—and yet, how happy we were. What joy in sheer existence! If there was little to eat, yet it was served with love, and we lived, as the proverb says, to our taste. *Ay de mi*, had I not known this day, the thought of that drudgery would have been effaced—forgotten in the memory of Beliza's helpfulness. I should still be thinking only of her wonderful management.

"So, at last, after five years, I was established. The tiny studio was fitted out, and we began to see our way. Little by little we brought to our rooms those various imperative needs of my profession, until I longed for only one thing more: a life-sized manikin. But that required so great an outlay that I shrank from it by day and dreamed of nothing else by night. The little studio would seem more finished, I whispered to myself. It would give a tone. It would hint at prosperity—at good patronage. So I persuaded myself;

counted the *pesetas* again and again, until at last I made the plunge. Yesterday such a stroke of fortune! Three little pictures sold in one day, and away I ran to order the manikin with never a word to her.

"Only this afternoon it was sent in its great case to our rooms. I was beside myself with the joy of its possession, and with the delight of a boy posed it again and again, while waiting for Beliza to come home. Toward evening, when the sun was shining horizontally through the *Puerta del Sol*, I saw her from our window, walking swiftly through that thoroughfare.

"My heart swelled as I observed her queenly grace; her straight figure, and the fine poise of her shapely head. How the loungers turned to gape after her, as though she were the daughter of some grandee. Who could guess that Beliza was only the child of a village innkeeper? So I mused until she had turned down our street, and thinking to surprise her, I hastily caught up the manikin and began arranging it in the long box. I would let her raise the cover, and enjoy again—with her—this new acquisition. But just as I was pushing down the head I knew that the door was opening behind me.

"'My God!' I heard her exclaim. 'Who is it? What hast thou done?'

Slamming down the lid I stood upright; my back still toward her. To my mind there came a sorry jest.

"'It is Rafael,' I said. 'He avowed his love for you. It had crazed him. We fought—and I killed him.'

"I heard a long, shuddering breath, but no word.

"'Well,' I said sharply.

"'Thou hast done rightly,' said Beliza, and as I stood rooted to the spot by that amazing reply, she added: 'Tell me how I can help—what shall we do with the body?'

"'But Beliza!' I cried, turning toward her.

"'Yes,' she said, calmly, 'thou hast done well; very well!'

"'He did love thee, then?'

"'Yes.'

"'Ah, and why have I never known?'

"'I cannot say.' Then falling at my feet Beliza cried, 'Many times I wished to tell thee, but I could not; always my heart failed.'

"The room was reeling about me—or was it the whole world? 'And thou,' I gasped, 'didst thou love him?'

"She writhed before me and caught at my knees, 'Once,' she finally faltered, 'I was his——'

"'Answer me,' I cried, and my own voice seemed to choke me, 'didst thou love him?'

"'I—perhaps—I may have thought so for that moment—but it was because of his will; his strength, and for that I despise him.'

"Hardly could I see her, but her voice babbled on: of the occasion; my unfortunate absence; Rafael's help for us; her stupidity; her folly; her remorse——

"I can tell you no more. My head was bursting as she talked. Everything was blood red; we struggled in a sea of crimson. It strangled me—blinded me—deafened me—until suddenly I was standing hand-cuffed in the little studio; a horrified crowd about us, and at my feet lay Beliza. They tell me, *señor*, that in her heart was my knife. I wonder if it was the dagger that Rafael gave me?

"It is like enough. Believe me, they have ruined my life between them. First one—then the other always in my path. Is it not pitiful, *señor?* Almost I was at the top—my feet were on the last steps. And now, see what they have done. They? Rather, the woman——

"*Guardia! guardia!* Oh! there you are. For the love of God, *guardia*, give me something to drink!"

THE MUSIC OF IT ALL

By Maravene Kennedy

(*Copyright, 1904, by M. K. Wilson*)

THE round-faced daisies, not the boy's pleading eyes, held her gaze, yet she smiled winsomely into the eager little face as she gave him the coveted dime.

She smiled whimsically as she took her seat in the crowded car. She held the daisies a moment against the crimson roses on her breast, then reread Walter Antler's note:

"Margaret Dear:

"It's hard lines that I can't see you off, but Harding's out on important business, and I can't desert the ship. Shall be with you in spirit as are my roses in reality. Write me at once on your arrival. I shall be up soon for my answer. Good-by, dearest, My own dearest, God grant some day.

"Yours only,
"WALTER."

She leaned her fair face to the roses and breathed deeply. It was so sweet to know that she was all-in-all to the winning, successful man. Her eyes fell to the daisies, and with a sudden suffocation she opened the window.

"Is it too much air for you?" she asked courteously of the plain, middle-aged woman beside her.

The woman laughed pleasantly. There can't be too much air for me. I've been to the city for two weeks an' I'm downright hungry for a whiff of fresh air. I had a good time, I guess; leastways I did what folks there call havin' a good time. But I've had all I ever want. Mercerville's good enough for me after this."

The girl's face grew serious. It was the charm of the city that had taken her away from her father and her mother—and Jack. For two years the city had held her, and till just the month before, she had thought she loved it too well to leave for even a few weeks' vacation. Then had come a longing, a desperate heart sickness for green fields, peaceful nights and the fragrant, cooling of the hills. She would grow tired of them in a few weeks she thought wearily. She would long then just as earnestly for the brilliantly lighted restaurants, the Hungarian music, the sparkle and life of the gay crowds about her. She would want the theatres, the concerts, the streets pulsing with humanity.

Jack met her at the train. He was the same Jack she had left—tall, loosely built, unconscious of himself—his pleasant face reflected his clean, honest life, and his easy-going gait and ready-made clothes spoke the custom of the town. She looked at him tranquilly. No, it was not Jack that had drawn her here. It was her father or her mother. How sweet to have mother tuck her in bed, and to feel the soft kiss on her cheek after the heart-hungry mother thought her little ewe lamb fast asleep. How good, too, to hear father call her "Daisy" and "Girlie" once more.

And she was glad to see Jack. He came next evening and told her in his soft, slow voice all the news of the place, and—once more—how dearly he loved her.

"Do you, Jack," she asked wistfully. "Could I mean more to you than this!" She reached out her arms caressingly toward the stretch of green and dewy fragrant flowers lying so peacefully beneath the soft moonlight. "Could you be happy with me on a hot, paved street, with no trees nor fields of flowers, and where the air was—sick?" She laughed tremulously. "You can't understand, of course, but—I came home just for the smell of the grass, the stillness, the pure, sweet air?"

His big warm hand clasped her cold little fingers lovingly.

"I do understand," he said gently. "I went to the city once, was there almost a year, but I had to come back. I was doing well, too. I never told you about it—it seemed rather womanish for a big hulking man to hanker for green fields and flowers."

She moved nearer to him.

"There's a man there," she said softly, "that—that—I think I—love. He made it very pleasant for me, and he's clever and well-to-do. I thought a few weeks here would satisfy me, but I know now it won't. I must have the great big open—I can't be shut in. Shall I write him "No?" Almost to herself she breathed the question agitatedly under her breath.

"Not if you truly love him, Daisy," he said softly. "But I do want you, dear, and—I'd like my chance along with his. Give me two weeks, then send for him and talk things over and decide."

The two weeks were blissful ones for both, but Margaret could not determine how great a share of the joy-giving was Jack's. They trudged contentedly along the dusty roads together, picked berries, stole apples and waded streams. They jogged gayly behind old Don, Jack's raw-boned delivery horse, and were as satisfied as though he were a thoroughbred.

Then she sent for Walter Antler and waited in strange indecision for him to come. She wrote him frankly of her desire for the country, her uncertainty as to her feelings for him, and told him about Jack.

"I don't think I understand," he said uncertainly, standing tall and immaculate beside Margaret the evening of his arrival. His handsome, keen eyes smiled good humoredly into the girl's perturbed face. "You say if I will live in the country you will consider my proposal. U-h-m! I would lose my mind, dearest. This place is very sweet and pretty, yes; but two days of it would drive me to drink." He turned to her earnestly. "The city will seem different with a home of your own, and plenty of servants and theatres and concerts. Inside of a year you'll say the city's the only place on earth to live. Really, my darling, you can't mean this talk about the country. It's rank nonsense."

Just then Jack swung lightly out of his buggy and ran up the walk. He did not know Antler had come. The two men eyed each other for a moment tensely, then Margaret introduced them.

She looked full into Jack's tanned, earnest face, then turned slowly to Antler's clean-cut, virile features. The men breathed deeply. Each knew that the woman he loved was deciding for or against him. Margaret herself did not realize what she was doing. She broke the rasping silence with a low:

"I can't go driving this evening, Jack. Come to-morrow evening, I'll go then."

"You've decided against me," Antler said, a strange lump in his throat, as Jack drove away. "You—you love—him!"

"Yes," she answered gently. "He loves the life I do. You and I are so far apart on things. It's the outwardness of each other you and I love, I think; and with Jack it's—it's something that comes from within. I thought till you came if you would live in the country I would rather live my life with you than Jack, but——"

"You would not—even then?" he asked eagerly. She was very lovely, and he thought he loved her enough for the sacrifice. She smiled in wondrous sympathy, for had she not measured love that way herself?

"I love him better for all time," she said softly. "He and I can be friends and comrades, as well as husband and wife, and that's the only way to be happy ever after."

ART AND THE DOG

By Sarah Comstock

INSTEAD of rapping, the landlady grasped the knob with her bony, determined hand, and rattled it roughly.

In reply came a tart little bark and a gentle voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Siefke; come in."

Mrs. Siefke did not come in, though. She crashed open the door, wounding its varnish on Lois' trunk.

"Packed?" she inquired.

"No, no, I haven't packed," the girl replied nervously, while the fox terrier grumbled. "I can make it all right by this evening, I'm sure I can, Mrs. Siefke."

"You've thought that for a lot o' evenin's. What you lookin' for now?"

Lois pointed proudly to the array on the cot.

"These are the best I've done," she said. "I'm going downtown with them now."

The landlady, her bony hands firmly clasping her hips, said "Humph!" Then she added:

"To-night's your last chance. Settle or leave." She trod away, down the hall, walking heavily on her heels as always.

Lois choked a little. But when she turned back to the cot her pride pricked up.

"Aren't they beautiful, Holy Terror?" she said. "Mrs. Siefke doesn't know anything about art."

The terrier jumped upon the cot and burst into a spasm of glowing barks over them. His ears were up and his stub of a tail quivered.

They were all the work of her hands, and Terror sniffed them lovingly, tracing her in every one. They were the high-water mark of her artistic ambition; couch cushions and opera bags and book covers and photograph frames, all of leather wrought in elaborate designs by burning. On the book covers were outlined willowy ladies, who appeared to be absorbed in their reading. The photograph frames and the opera bags were etched in wreaths and scrolls. One of the cushions was of brilliant green leather, and in its center, in deep black burning and vivid water color, was a life-sized portrait of Holy Terror. This was her masterpiece.

"We can't fail to make money from these, can we, Terror?" she said. "We've worked so hard over them."

It was true that they had worked together. Ever since she had set out to make pyrography her life work, Terror had helped her. All the preparations were watched critically by him, and as soon as the hot point began to move over the stamped design his labor commenced. Every line and curve and dot of the etching he followed with his busy strawberry nose, the same nose that had frightened away the bench show prize.

"I like strawberry noses much better than black, Terror," Lois told him when she took him home, dejected. It was the only time in his life that he had ever placed his stub of a tail at half mast; he knew bitterly well that he had failed.

When the portrait, the masterpiece, was being etched, he had spent days of exultation.

"Do you think it's like you, Terror?"

At moments she feared it was only the green leather that pleased him so mightily, for green was his favorite color. But it must be that he knew, she reassured herself. At any rate, his nose followed the hot point like a sleuth's, and whenever the point stopped he would raise his head and bark "Hurrah!" in two sharp yaps.

When the etching of Holy Terror's outline was done, Lois painted in his spots of black and white, and with a final tender and brilliant carmine touch she colored the strawberry nose.

"Take a last look at your portrait," she said to him now.

She laid the articles in a neat box and wrapped and tied it. Then she dressed for the street. It was close quarters for dressing in the hall bedroom with the cot, the chair, the washstand, the trunk and the chiffonier, that skyscraper of dressing tables that serves in the lack of ground space.

Holy Terror had his customary bark at the impossible head, which for many winters now had clasped her fur collar.

"If I bring back a great deal of money, Terror, perhaps we can throw this away and have a new stole that won't get on your nerves."

With the box under her arm she told him good-bye. She hated to leave him; as a rule, they were inseparable. But she had met with those who did not understand him in some of the shops, and she explained to him that it was best he should wait at home for her.

The walk downtown was miserable without him. She longed to feel the tug of his buoyant strength as he dragged her at the end of his chain. She longed to watch his pointed muzzle prying out the way ahead of her and returning with noisy reports. She longed for his infectious cheer that had tided over many a dark hour in the hall bedroom.

On the avenue she came to the shops where pictures are sold. These she canvassed, as she often had done before, feeling that pyrography had its place among works of art. Then there were shops that had departments of fancy goods. She made the rounds.

It was dark when she turned the latchkey. She knew that the dinner would be cold, and that the waiter would frown, and she did not care for dinner anyway. She started upstairs.

Mrs. Siefke met her at the first landing.

"Well—got it?" she asked.

Although Lois could not see her on the dark stairway, she knew the landlady's hard hands clamped her hips.

"I can't—not to-night——" The girl's voice broke wretchedly.

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"Humph!" said Mrs. Siefke. "I knew you wouldn't. There's no use goin' up. Your room's locked and your goods are attached."

Lois turned white and silent, taking it in. From above came a furious barking.

"Oh! Holy Terror!" the girl cried, and ran up the stairs. She seized the knob and shook the door. The barking came from within.

"Terror! Let him out, Mrs. Siefke," she called.

Below, the landlady chuckled with irony. "He's attached all right," she said comfortably.

"No! Not Terror! Mrs. Siefke, you can't—oh, take everything else——"

She heard the landlady walking off heavily. "Terror!" she cried passionately, and sank in a little heap outside the door, while he leaped madly against the inside, scratching and yelping and rattling the latch in vain.

When Burr met her at the door he wondered at her being alone.

"It's disobliging of you to be going out just as I'm coming to see you," he said blithely. "And where's Holy Terror?" Has he thrown you over?

"No—he's upstairs," she stammered. "I've got to go—I'm so sorry, but it's urgent business."

He looked at her keenly, then he turned and walked beside her, with his great, sure strides.

"My aunt is ill. Can you manage to stay with her at her home to-night? She'll consider it a great favor."

"It was a somewhat random shot, but I think it has hit the mark," he said to himself later, after he had delivered her at his aunt's house. Then he set out to call on Mrs. Siefke.

They returned together. Burr and Holy Terror. Lois was down in the kitchen preparing malted milk. Terror rushed into her arms like a miniature hurricane, and their emotions merged in a hysteria of sobs and barks.

Burr stood above them and watched. "It's odd," he remarked, "how a life of art bars out a husband, but does not in the least interfere with a fox terrier."

At what followed Holy Terror burst into a fury of jealous barking.

SUCH IS LIFE

By Troy Allison

(Copyright, 1904, by K. M. Whitehead)

STANLEY wondered how it had happened, who she was and all about it.

The letter had dropped out of the library book that he had hastily selected on his way home. The sheets of paper were unfolded, and the letter commenced in a way that made him think he had as much right to read it as anyone else. It was a love letter, undoubtedly the whole heart of the woman was in it, but it commenced "Dear Unknown Man." Before he read it, he thought some silly school girl had put it in the book with the intention of getting up a flirtation, but he realized that it was a letter a school girl could not have written.

This woman was tried and disappointed. She had evidently expected more than she had found, and through some whim had written all her disappointment and her heartache to the only person that could fully understand it—her ideal man.

There was a longing for an understanding and for a sympathy that the known men had never been able to satisfy. Stanley could imagine that she had relieved a spell of despondency by putting her thoughts on paper on the same principle that he talked to his dog, or smoked an extra cigar. The thing he could not understand was that a woman capable of such depths of intellect and feeling should have had so silly an impulse and put the letter in a library book.

There was no name or address—at least she expected no reply.

He got up from his easy chair and walked to the window. A cold, drizzling sleet beat against the pane, and the electric lights from the street turned the night into a ghastly gray.

His dog had followed him and stood with his forepaws on the window ledge.

A sudden furious blast striking the pane, made the dog rub his head against his master and whine his desire for companionship and affection.

"Are you lonely, too, old fellow? Two old bachelors like us, living in a flat, ought not to expect to be gay. You ought to be glad that you are not out in the storm, you ungrateful wretch." He stroked the dog's head and thought of the loneliness expressed in the letter he had just read.

"By Jove, she knows the real article. It must be the lonely-in-a-crowd feeling. She seemed to be a society woman—the monogram on her paper didn't indicate a poor girl working for her living.

He went back to his chair before the fire and wondered if it would be possible for him to locate her. He fancied he would like to meet her and study the woman, aided by his knowledge of her inner thoughts as expressed in the erratic letter.

Suddenly he threw away his cigar with an expression of satisfaction, "Sherlock Holmes might have solved it in less time, but he couldn't have thought of an easier method of finding her."

The next morning at the library the woman in charge gave Stanley the attention that his looks always won from women.

"The book was last returned by Joan Ransdell, No. 2008 Massachusetts Avenue. I am sure it will be very kind of you to return anything that

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you found in it. Very few people would trouble themselves to that extent."

Stanley kept the letter in his pocket, and if his acquaintances could have compared notes during the next few days, they would have thought that he was suffering from a mania that took the form of an acute desire to learn if his auditor knew a certain Miss Joan Ransdell.

It was a week before he met a mutual acquaintance. Then Jim Dent repeated his question, "Know Miss Ransdell? Certainly I do; she takes dinner with us to-night. Do you want to come, old man?"

When Stanley was getting into his evening clothes, he carried on his usual conversation with the dog, "Don, old chappie, I'm going to see her to-night. We are going to solve a problem. Be good, old fellow, and don't get lonely, and I'll tell you about her when I get home."

He brought a rug from the bedroom and put it in front of the grate. The dog looked on knowingly and then lay down on it to take the ham bone that his master always left as a special treat when he went out to dinner. The pretty waitress in the café had a habit of coaxing the elevator boy to give the nice bones to the nice dog that belonged to the nice man on the fourth floor.

Don beat the floor with his tail in satisfied approval while Stanley put on his overcoat, patted him on the head and went out.

When he came in that night the dog heard his step and met him at the door.

He put on his dressing gown and slippers, sat down before the fire and took the dog's head between his knees and the palms of his hands before he spoke.

"She's all right, old boy. If I hadn't read that letter I should never have believed that she was lonely. I don't see how such a beautiful woman could be lonely, do you?"

The dog whined a reply that the master evidently took to mean that he really did not see how it could be possible.

"She's tall and slender and gray-eyed, Donald, and she is about twenty-eight years old. She has slender, white hands with lots of rings, and she had on a flimsy black dress that trained after her on the floor. I generally hate to keep jumping to avoid those trains, Donald, but I swear I would make a jumping jack of myself forever to stay where I could see those eyes. I'm going to call to-morrow. If you were a man you could go with me and see her smile. Well, old brute, maybe you'll be a lucky dog some day."

As the weeks went by they reached a state of friendship that permitted Don to go driving with them in the trap.

"Old fellow," he said that night, "you've seen her; you've seen her smile, to say nothing of her gray eyes. You know we never liked women, but you don't think I'm a fool to ask her what I intend asking her to-night, do you?"

The dog whined a low melancholy tone, that perhaps had a touch of jealousy in it.

"There's only one thing that worries me," he continued meditatively, "how could she have put that letter in the book? I don't believe she intended to do it, Donald, do you?"

. . . .

Joan happened to have on the flimsy black dress when he asked her. Its soft trailing length lay on the white fur rug as she sat by the open fire.

Stanley had forgotten there was ever such an ailment as loneliness in the world. If anyone had asked him to name all the elements in nature, he would have answered, "One element, happiness, composed of Joan, black dress, white fur rug, and light from a lamp with a pink shade."

"When are you going to write me your second love letter, dear?" he asked.

Joan looked surprised.

"Happiness and excitement haven't caused your mind to wander, have they, dear boy?" she asked in astonishment. "I haven't written the first one yet."

He took from his pocket the letter to the "Unknown Man."

"Here's the first," he said, and laughed at her confusion when she looked at it.

"John, I'm so glad you found it. I've been in a constant state of mortification for three months about that letter. I left it in the book while I went for a drive to take away a blue headache. Mother knew I had finished the book and sent it to the library before I returned. Didn't you think it awful when you found it?"

He wrapped the fluffy black train around her feet so that the fear of it would not keep him at an unreasonable distance.

"Darling," he said, sitting on the arm of her chair, "I was seized with a feeling of most abject humility—my greatest desire was to be 'The Unknown Man.'"

A DAY OF IMPROPRIETIES

By Winifred Ross

SHE shut her eyes and flew madly across the crowded street, and seizing the hand of a young man who was watching her manner of crossing with a smile of amusement, shook it warmly.

"Oh, Tom," she panted excitedly, "how lovely to come across you like this, just as I've finished my shopping, and was wondering what on earth to do till my train leaves this evening! To think that if I hadn't caught sight of you smiling at me I might never have recognized you! How well you look, Tom!"

The young man—his name happened to be Richard—considered the speaker gravely. She was very badly dressed, very obviously "from the country," distinctly a lady, and very pretty. He decided to be "Tom."

"By Jove, this *is* a delightful surprise!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "How clever of you to recognize me!"

"Yes, isn't it?" she beamed, "and after ten years; but I'd know you anywhere by that funny little crink in your nose. Do you remember how I used to tease you about it?"

"Of course I do," he returned heartily; "you used to say——"

"That you'd be ever so handsome without it; but I always liked it rather, really, you know, Tom."

"We were so very young ten years ago," he sighed.

"Fifteen and twenty, but we thought ourselves quite old *then*. We must have a nice long talk——"

"Certainly," with alacrity; "nothing I should like better!"

What exquisite eyes she had, and what a sin to dress her like that!

"Just the same old Tom," she said affectionately.

"And just the same——" he broke off suddenly. He wondered how he was to learn her name. "What shall we do with ourselves till the train goes?"

"Oh, let's drive about in a hansom; there's a suspicion of impropriety about driving round New York in a hansom with a young man."

He hailed one, and promptly put her in.

"So you like feeling improper?" he inquired, amused, wondering what she would say if she knew how very improper she was actually being.

She leaned back with a sigh of content.

"Yes," she said defiantly, "I do, and so would you if you lived the awful sort of life I live."

"Tell me all about it," he said sympathetically; "it—it will relieve you perhaps to talk it over."

"But you know it all," she objected—"father's small, dreary parish, our tiny means and large family, none of us properly educated, and all the endless monotony; but Alfred"—unwillingly—"of course, you won't know about him."

"Who is Alfred?" he asked quickly.

"The new vicar, from a small Pennsylvania town and my *fiancé*, and a stiff, narrow-minded pig!"

He looked at her amazed.

"Then what on earth are you marrying him for?" he not unnaturally inquired.

"What a silly question!" she returned petulantly. "What else can I do? There's nobody else, and I'm the eldest of six marriageable girls. Why, they'd lead me a life if I didn't; and it isn't as if I could even earn my own living, which I'd much prefer. There are thirty-seven girls in the place, and three eligible men: Alfred, the curate, and the doctor. Everybody says I am very lucky. Why, goodness, I simply *dared* not refuse my only chance! It's so hard to get married nowadays."

"I always thought it was harder not to," said the much-sought-after eligible.

"For girls I mean," she returned; "they have to marry *anything* these times and be thankful, if they aren't lucky enough to have a profession or something."

"Lord!" ejaculated the young man thoughtfully.

"But don't let's talk of Alfred and horrors and things; at any rate I've got to-day, and I've just been enjoying myself buying my trousseau at the cheap shops—with one hundred dollars! It didn't take long, and I hope I've got nothing Alfred will object to. I'm a little doubtful about a pink blouse. He may think pink frivolous. He is that sort of man."

"Has it got as near as that, poor little girl?" he said blankly, "when—when is the wretched event coming off?"

"Next month," she groaned; "and then Jerusalem."

"What!" he exclaimed, not understanding. He thought it was an exclamation.

"Jerusalem and churches and tombs, you know," she explained—"our honeymoon, Tom."

Tom, or rather Richard, burst into a wild fit of laughter. "Oh dear!" he cried, wiping his eyes, "don't be offended, but I can't help it, it seems such a strange idea for a honeymoon!"

"It wasn't mine," she sighed. "*I* should like Monte Carlo and Paris, and to win money at the tables, but of course I couldn't even *breathe* such an idea to Alfred; it was his choice, everything is, somehow, even the drawing-room furniture—oh, Tom, such dingy colors!—and we, or rather he (he does all the talking, too), will talk Jerusalem for at least a year. He will probably buy a few photographs—if he can get them cheap—and everybody that calls will have to see them and listen to long prosy dissertations on them. But bother Alfred! Do you know I've never been in a hansom before in my life; it's a heavenly feeling. All the heroines of the books I'm not allowed to read dash through New York in hansoms. I wish you were a foreign prince with a wicked reputation, then I could feel *really* improper. I'm like a prisoner who has escaped for a day."

"We will make it a day to be remembered," giving her hand an affectionate pressure. "It is hard luck, upon my word!"

"I suppose *you* are happy enough?" she inquired wistfully; "no Alfreds or things?"

"Thank Heaven no!" he replied fervently. "I'm what is known as 'unattached'; but now, what shall we do with our day? What time does your train go?"

"Seven-thirty."

"Then we'll lunch somewhere presently; and what about a *matinée*, or," with sudden daring, "I have a better idea still. Let's 'pretend,' as the children say. There is no Alfred, only you and I, and we're having a honeymoon all to ourselves. To honeymoon with an unmarried man that really *is* quite improper, even in these *blasé* days when it almost seems to a despondent soul that there is nothing new in improprieties to be found."

She blushed a little and hesitated, looking at him doubtfully.

"How much darker you have grown!" she said inconsequently.

"We'll get a wedding-ring first, to make it seem real," he remarked quickly; "wait for me one moment like a good child," and he sprang out of the hansom and rushed into a Broadway jeweler's.

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"A wedding-ring, please," he said, feeling rather absurd but looking merely bored.

"What size, sir?"

Richard hesitated.

"Really I don't know," he said at length, I've never noticed the size of her hand."

The urbane gentleman behind the counter suppressed a smile with difficulty; he thought the modern young men were strange beings.

"If you take a medium size and then change it if it doesn't suit?" he suggested.

"That will do, the best you have; how much is it?"

He paid and got back into the hansom.

"Here it is," he exclaimed gleefully, "quite a good fit, too! What nice hands you've got!"

He held them for a moment.

"Of course it is only imitation," she said anxiously; it would be silly to throw money away on a play, and you used to be quite poor."

"Oh, I manage to make both ends meet," he said, with a quick smile. "Of course it cost nothing—wedding-rings are so cheap nowadays; they give them away for an encouragement to a backward generation. Now Mrs. S——er——"

"Mrs. Thomas Kendal," she laughed; "better than Mrs. Alfred Hastings."

"But we're forgetting him, you know; it's part of the play," he interposed quickly. "By the way, suppose, just for fun, that to-morrow or next day, a young man—quite a decent sort of a young man, you know, with a decent bank account—were to turn up in your village and make your acquaintance, and—and fall in love with you and that sort of thing, would you jilt Alfred and marry him?"

"If he was nice I'd love him for delivering me from Alfred, and simply *jump* at him!" she cried. "But why do you suppose anything so silly?"

"It's a supposing day," he answered. "Now my dear bride, it's my duty as a bridegroom to take you shopping; it is the first thing required of man, and the last. We'll go into Twenty-third Street and . . . pretend."

"That will be lovely," she agreed. "I'll look in the windows and tell you which I'll have, and we'll pretend you just run in and order them to be sent up to our hotel."

"Exactly," he chuckled; "and to make it seem more real I will just step inside—for a package of pins really, you know—and then we'll go back to—to the Holland House, and you'll put on your loveliest gown before we go out for lunch. Then we'll drive in our own carriage in the park. Here we are! now just glue your dear little nose to this window."

"That pale blue gown," she said decidedly, "it's only quite moderate, I'm sure—one hundred and fifty dollars, perhaps—of course they don't put prices in the window in these sort of stores. Yes, and I believe it would fit me quite well. Of course it's a *little* large in the waist——'

"They always are," agreed the young man gravely.

"I think that will be all here," she said, after a careful scrutiny.

"But look at that petticoat there in the corner," he suggested; "it's rather smart, you know, and would just match; we must really have that, my dear."

"Perhaps it would be as well," she returned, with admirable indifference; "one can always do with a few extra underskirts."

"Well, wait a second," and he disappeared inside.

He was back again in a few minutes, smiling broadly.

"Oh, Tom, how could you ask for pins at a store like that?" cried the girl admiringly.

"It's nothing," he said airily, "nothing at all, my dear girl, when you're used to it, and of course as a married man——"

"Which hat should you advise?" she inquired, gazing breathlessly at a radiant show of exquisite headgear at another window.

"That black picture one," he said promptly, "the very thing for your fair skin and grey eyes. I won't be a jiffy," and he rushed inside. "It will be sent up at once," he said, when he returned; "I also chose the blue and white one. By-the-by, what size do you take in gloves and shoes?"

"Oh, medium," she said vaguely.

"They can send up a selection," and he was gone again.

"There's a jeweler up the street," he observed later; "I was thinking I ought to get you a brooch with your name on. They have every name possible in pearls. We'll soon find yours."

"'Madge' should be easy enough to find," she replied.

He gave a little sigh of relief. Things were really going very smoothly.

"You wouldn't like the surname as well?"

"What, Burnham, when it will only be mine for a few weeks longer! No, just Madge, please."

This time he came out of the shop with a tiny package.

"It was really so cheap, and old chums and all that," he began hurriedly, "that I thought we might as well have it."

He put her into the hansom before she could protest.

"Now let me pin it in," he said possessively. "What a pretty dimpled chin you've got, Madge!"

He stared at it a long time till the girl grew embarrassed under the fixed regard. Then he turned his attention to her eyes and forgot to pin in the brooch.

"*I'll* pin it in," she said with a little nervous laugh and sudden access of color. Alfred's eyes left her cool and indifferent; why should those of her old playfellow cause her heart to beat? But what expressive eyes they were—darker than they used to be: she had not guessed the rough boy would grow up so nice-looking.

If only it was not *all* play!

He put her fingers away and fastened the brooch, his face very close to hers. What a sweet unspoiled girl she was—how different from others he could name!—and—confound Alfred! If only they had met a little sooner! He was the bridegroom, she the bride—in the play. He kissed her—in the play.

"Oh, Tom, you shouldn't!" she exclaimed, distressed, drawing back crimson.

"But in the old days——?" he ventured.

Her color deepened.

"I was only fifteen," she stammered, "and—it was only when you went away."

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"I rather missed my opportunities—ten years ago," he said thoughtfully.

"I kept the pocketknife you gave me, Tom," she said softly, after a long pause. "Did you keep mine?"

"Of course," he said quickly, "of course, my little sweetheart Madge," very tenderly.

He wondered what on earth hers was.

"You *said* you would always carry it about with you."

"And so I do—at least, keep it locked up in my rooms, I am so frightened of losing it."

What if she demanded to see it? What was it? What was usual under the boy and girl circumstances? A leaf of clover?

"Isn't it rather faded now?" she inquired; she put her hand unconsciously to her hair.

"Dreadfully; you must give me another lock, it is infinitely brighter now," he said promptly—"a long piece, Madge."

"I must not give you my hair now," she said sadly, and sighed.

"Oh, mustn't you?" he said masterfully. "Don't talk about musts to your husband, madam, it's early days yet. When you put on your new gown you can cut off a little bit for me—a curly bit, please—in fact, I rather fancy that tendril bobbing by your ear, so—" and he took out his knife and deliberately severed it.

"Now," he said, speaking very quickly, "we'll have another little bit of 'pretend.' I am the fairy prince, and when I find you and show you this—well, you've got to come to be my princess, Alfred or no Alfred. Here's the Holland. Mind the wheel. Now leave everything to me."

"But, Tom," she cried, vaguely alarmed, "this is really the Holland——"

"Well, we can lunch here as well as anywhere," he said cooly, "and your things are upstairs, my dear. I will put you in charge of a chambermaid, and don't be long. Even a bridegroom hates to be kept waiting, and I feel hungry."

He placed the bewildered girl in charge of a chambermaid, giving a few directions in words Madge could not catch.

She found herself deferentially ushered into a magnificent bedroom. There was a crowd of packages in the room. The chambermaid stooped and unfastened one, and took out the identical blue gown Madge had admired in Twenty-third Street.

"The gentleman wished me to help you get ready, madam," said the chambermaid.

As if in a dream, scarcely knowing whether she was actually awake, Madge allowed herself to be transformed into a fairy princess. She did not understand it in the least, but she knew it was very delightful, and it was "her day." And she knew that it was not really the clothes or the play that made it so—just Tom.

He met her at the foot of the stairs, and gazed at her so long without speaking that she began to tremble.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed at length, drawing a deep breath, "but you're a beauty, Madge! *My* lovely princess," and he caught her hands, drawing her close, and then, remembering amused spectators—indulgent toward the supposed bride and bridegroom, but none the less grinning—he led her into the dining-room.

That lunch was the most delicious that either had ever tasted.

"If the play can be so delightful, what might not the reality be!" thought Richard, and perhaps the girl thought the same.

Then they drove in Central Park, in a carriage with a pair of perfect horses and immaculate coachman and groom, but it was all part of the dream, and Madge was no longer capable of astonishment. She would live while she could; twelve o'clock would strike soon enough, and there would be ashes for the rest of her life, and —Alfred. The words of a poem or an old song, "The ending of my day," kept recurring to her. Seven-thirty would see the end.

After the Park came tea, to the accompaniment of softly-played music.

"I don't know how you got all these lovely things, Tom," she said gravely on their way once more to the Holland, "and it was very, very wrong of you; but now I am going to return to realities, and you must make some excuse to send them back."

"I will keep them for—for another occasion," he said, with a little smile.

She did not echo the smile, and when she came downstairs to the young man, Cinderella with the dream in pieces, her face was very doleful indeed.

"Thank you so much, Tom," she said bravely, "it has been a lovely day, and I shall never forget it."

"It will be something to put against Jerusalem when that becomes too much," he said laughingly.

Her face grew sadder, and she turned away.

"Don't remind me of that," she said, with a shudder.

As she got into a hansom for the last time her heart sank lower yet. A great blankness came upon her, everything was changed; New York which had seemed so gay, so light-hearted, grew dreary and horrible beyond words; even Tom's face was only visible through a mist. She might never see him again, would never see him again, she knew; but Alfred was no longer possible. She would not marry anybody; she would teach cross children, and be miserable for the rest of her days. Richard looked at her with tender, commiserating eyes, and opened his mouth to make a difficult confession; but it was not till they stood together in the Grand Central Station that the words came.

"Madge, forgive me," he began abruptly, "I've deceived you, I—I'm not Tom!"

She did not turn.

"I've known that the last half-hour," she said dully. "It doesn't matter, it was all my fault, and," with a sudden, mirthless laugh, "I've been improper enough in all conscience!"

"But—but it's been jolly?" he inquired, holding her hand tightly. "You'll forgive me, little girl, I feel I know you quite as well as Tom—who is a fool! And, by-the-by, if a young man should come down to claim the rest of a certain lady"—he patted the pocket where the tress of hair reposed—"and take her to Paris and Monte Carlo and all the sinful wordly haunts of pleasure, don't you think——"

"But Alfred?" she began tremulously, a great light in her eyes, "he——"

"Can go to . . . Jerusalem!" was the triumphant answer.

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From a portrait by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY GIRL

THERE'S nothing on earth that disburbs her calm—
This happy-go-lucky girl;
To her the stone Buddha must yield the palm—
This happy-go-lucky girl.
Whatever may happen, she meets it with smiles,
She's got all the pluck of a Dewey or Miles,
For strenuous life itself beguiles
The happy-go-lucky girl.

Is she rich? All the better: she knows how to spend—
This happy-go-lucky girl;
Is she poor? Well, what of it? She has many a friend—
This happy-go-lucky girl.
She is sunshine within and she's sunshine without,
To see her puts all the grim shadows to rout,
With joys she's too full e'er to sulk and to pout—
This happy-go-lucky girl.

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From a portrait by Gilbert & Bacon

THE PHOTOGRAPH FIEND

SHE may be rightly called a negative type—
(She has a new one taken every day);
Of course she knows her charms are rich and ripe,
And that she wears her gowns in just the way
The real Parisian haut-mondaine to-day—
So princely haughty and divinely tall.
And so she haunts the studios and sits
For profiles, quarters, full-lengths, busts and all,
(The bills therefor throw pater into fits),
Three hundred kinds of her hang on the wall.

From a portrait by Gilbert & Bacon

THE STUDIO GIRL

SHE has a manner coy and quite demure,
She's up in all the arts, the old and new;
From Titian down to Whistler, to be sure,
She knows their methods and their manners too.
Ah, dainty poseuse with her eyes so blue,
Rolling in color-frenzy, well she knows
Art is a thing the gods and men pursue
For more than just the fragrance of the rose—
For 'tis not all of art to paint, 'tis true:
There's something in the studio-soiree pose.

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From a portrait by Gilbert & Bacon

THE SOCIETY ASPIRANT

BY birth of New England, by old England bred,
Parisian by superior education—
The Gotham debutante, when all is said
And done, is surely a creation
Combining all the Old-World genuflexions
With New-World charms that suit all predilections.

Noble or commoner, a prince or knight,
Or just a plain American, 'tis all
The same to this incomparable spright,
Who ne'er yet came within Dan Cupid's call.
Proud, glorious and of the queenlike cast—
Who knows but that her heart will yield at last?

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THE world must have its fling. There must ever be a bull's-eye and those ready to shoot. Take the case of J. Pierpont Morgan. If a railroad up in Canada goes into bankruptcy, who is to blame? Why, J. P. Morgan, of course. If the price of a steamship ticket to Madagascar is increased ten per cent., whose fault is it? J. P. Morgan's. If any financial wickedness happens anywhere, who is pointed out as the culprit? J. P. M., of course. He is the "Peck's Bad Boy" of the editorial room and must carry on his shoulders the combined weight and woes of the commercial and financial situations. But on the other hand, if matters mend and prosperity seems glittering and the world wags merrily—whose then is the credit? Not J. P. Morgan's, surely. In other words, what's sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander. And during it all, Mr. Morgan plugs along, makes a decent living, and minds his own business so far as the yellow newspapers will permit, gives much to charity and seems to keep fairly busy and happy.

SENATOR PLATT of New York has come out for Roosevelt unqualifiedly. This means that the President will have at his back all the strength and force of an indorsement by Platt and so much of the Empire State forces as he may control; and don't lose sight of the fact that the old boss still counts for a lot when it comes to a question of New York State politics.

DOES Hanna want the Republican nomination? Opinions differ much, but there is no uncertainty on one point. Hanna appreciates the fact that he is no longer a young man, nor, in fact, a very well man. He is well onto seventy and a great grief came into his life when William McKinley died from an assassin's blow. Hanna was McKinley's closest friend and warmest admirer. He made him President. He gave him his most loyal support. They were like brothers, and when death came the surviving one was left disconsolate. He has never ceased to mourn the untimely death of the great-hearted man. Even to-day, Hanna cannot chat a half hour with someone he likes and trusts without referring to McKinley's death. This has not served to make him any stronger physically, and consequently, it would not surprise even his nearest friends to know that he felt unable to take on the duties and responsibilities of the Presidency, were he to be nominated and elected. At any rate, in considering the possibility of Hanna as President, the Republican party would also be obliged to consider the vice-presidential candidate with very serious eyes.

WHILE on politics, why not give a thought or two to BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S candidate for your attention? *Broadway Quarterly* is now for sale by all newsdealers, or the publishers will mail you a copy of the last number on receipt of 25 cents.

DURING the past ten years the local transportation facilities in New York City have been increased nearly one hundred per cent. in the number of cars operated. Yet it is a fact that never before in the history of the greatest city on the North American Continent has there been such a disgraceful condition, so far as life and limb are concerned. The surface and elevated cars are crowded almost to suffocation and the traveling public is about as uncomfortable as torn garments, frayed tempers and bruised bodies can make them. Now comes along the new Subway proposition, which is scheduled for practical service late in the Spring. Men who are always busy with pencil and paper are just now figuring out how long it will be before every method of transportation is once again tested to its utmost. New York grows faster in population than proper means can be provided for housing the newcomers. If the ratio of the past ten years keeps up we will, some time around 1920, find it necessary to go out into the middle of Long Island or New Jersey in order to turn without losing a button or two. In the meantime, New York is hoping against hope that the Subway will actually relieve the worst congestion ever known in the history of modern cities.

HERE'S an idea which should appeal to you: We want you to get BROADWAY MAGAZINE regularly; therefore, send $1.00 for a trial subscription covering the next eight months and we will send you a copy of the latest *Broadway Quarterly*, *free*, and postpaid. You need not use this blank if you do not care to mutilate your copy. Merely mention this offer.

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Officers of the Second Battery, N. G. N. Y., at the time of the destruction of the Seventy-first Regiment Armory at Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Captain David Wilson, in command

From left to right: Lieutenant A. M. Jacobus, Lieutenant J. F. O'Ryan, the late Lieutenant W. L. Flanagan, and Lieutenant L. F. Sherry

VICISSITUDES OF THE SECOND BATTERY N. G. N. Y.

By Salmon R. Copeleigh, Jr.

ON the night of Washington's Birthday, 1902, there occurred a calamity which was in some respects irreparable—the destruction of the Seventy-first Regiment armory, situate at the corner of Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street.

It is true that there was no loss of life, and the property which was destroyed represented only State property, and no one was actually impoverished. However, from the standpoint of the National Guard the burning of this building was a disaster from which those who were the most deeply injured have not even yet entirely recovered.

On the night before the calamity there was gathered there in preparation for the drill to take place in public the Second Battery of the National Guard, Captain David Wilson in command. The flashlight which was taken at that time, and which is here reproduced, was the last glimpse of the interior of the armory that is in existence. A few hours after the taking of this picture, the armory, supposed to be entirely fireproof, was a heap of ruins beyond all redemption.

In that catastrophe were destroyed the valuable paraphernalia of the Second Battery, together with all the accoutrements belonging to the regiment. Of course the burning of these valuables made it impossible for the Second Battery to enter the Military Tournament, in which important function it was scheduled.

The Second Battery has moved to The Bronx, and recently secured better quarters than it ever had before. It is in a flourishing condition otherwise, and is one of the organizations of which New York is justly proud.

BEARDING THE EDITOR IN HIS DEN

By Mary P. Putnam

THE afternoon was warm. I was seated at my desk hurrying through my letters, my tense nerves irritated to an unconscious degree by a wavering ray of sunshine which came through a rent in the curtain.

I had given orders that no one should be admitted except my office boy, and I was wrestling with my letters and expecting him every moment, when I heard upon my door a knock, first timid, and then more decided. As it was the habit of my boy to so express his advent, I sang out—"Come in," and did not look up.

The persistent ray, engineered by the breeze—against which I felt rising wrath as my papers began to flutter—caused me to push my manuscript to the further side and wheel round with my back to the intruder.

The Second Battery, N. G. N. Y., during manoeuvres

I continued my writing, glancing occasionally at the clock, and finally I said—

"I'll be hanged if you won't have to watch that door to-morrow, and keep out everybody except those who come to pay bills."

"How shall I know them?" said a soft voice, whereupon I swung back, that sun-ray so dazzling my eyes that I could see but an indistinct object in the further corner.

Gradually the shape resolved itself into a maiden of straight, slender proportions; gray eyes that looked at me steadily with no suggestion of the hidden thought; hands devoid of gloves, loosely clasped, and hair—well, that mischievous sunbeam accounted for its brightness—and a manner indicated by the last knock.

Recovering myself, "How did you get in?" I asked, more bluntly than politely.

"Through the door, in response to your invitation," she answered quietly.

"Humph!" I ejaculated, with growing interest; then remembering myself—

"Excuse me, but I had given orders that no one should be admitted, and I expected only my boy. What can I do for you? Be seated, will you?"

She was standing.

"Thank you, no. In justice to your *employees*, I must tell you the rooms were empty, so I came directly to your door."

"Oh! yes—I had forgotten. Well"—with a glance at the unfinished letters—"how can I serve you?"

"I want something to do," she said, and then I was reminded of the first knock.

I groaned inwardly. She was the fourth who had called hunting for "something to do."

"Have you ever worked on a newspaper?" I asked, feeling sure this would end the interview.

"Oh, no; but I can;" earnestly.

"What can you do?"

"Oh, anything;" quite innocently.

"But," I said, growing restless, "suppose I were to put you to type-setting, what would you do?"

'Oh, I would do it. I'll do anything at all."

"Really—" I was desperate, and that sun-ray kept running up and down her hair until it shone like burnished gold. "Really, I have nothing at present that you could do, and, indeed, I am well supplied with a full force except—"

I hesitated.

"Except what?" she said eagerly.

"The person I need requires experience."

"I can get experience," she calmly announced, "and I must have employment."

I deserved it for weakening.

"I must beg you to excuse me," I said, pointing to the clock and my letters.

"I'll come again;" and for the first time she allowed her eyes to wander round my den.

Bowing rather gravely, she walked out.

For the life of me I could not get the face and the figure out of my mind, and after two or three ineffectual attempts, I put on my hat and strolled out, mentally determining that an office-boy who should never leave the office was a necessity which I could not longer deny myself, and gleefully wondering if my friend of the burnished hair would accept.

The next morning I hurried to my business with a well-defined plan of action to keep out intruders, when what was my surprise upon opening my door to find my gray-eyed friend, in almost the same position, awaiting my entrance.

"Good morning," I said, trying to be polite.

If I fancied for the moment that there was a

Google

gleam of mischief in the wonderfully shaded eyes I knew the next that I was mistaken, for in her calm, persistent way she said—

"I have come for something to do."

I felt that there was but one alternative, and she saw it; so seating myself resignedly in my chair, I said—

"Pray, be seated, and we will talk this matter over. Have you ever reported?"

"For a newspaper?—no."

"Well, that is what I want—a reporter—someone who can report—"

"Report what?" she interrupted.

"Oh, anything of interest that is happening in town, or anywhere!"

I wished she would not look at me so steadily.

"Anywhere?" interrogatively.

"Yes, or anybody."

I wondered how snakes felt under the gaze of their charmers.

"You want me to report anybody?" and from where I don't know came a dainty lilac pencil and a small note-book.

Feeling that I was fairly trapped, I said desperately—

"Yes—write."

"About what?" pencil suspended.

"About the thing that has most interested you lately; and bring it on Thursday that I may know your style."

By the time I had said this much, "Richard was himself again," and I held the door open.

"Thank you."

She bowed, and then, as I heard the outer door swing to, I realized that I knew neither her name nor address.

This was Tuesday, so two days later, as I opened my office door, there sat my latest reporter with a typewritten manuscript loosely folded in her hands.

"Good morning. I have brought your manuscript in good time, I hope."

"Well, yes, you are certainly prompt," I could not help saying. "I am glad it is typewritten."

"I always typewrite my manuscript," she replied.

"You have reported before?" I said quickly.

"Oh, no!" decidedly "Shall I wait?" rising.

"Yes, you had better, in case this is not what I want."

I certainly caught a gleam of humor then, and turned to the perusal with interest.

The first words rather startled me, for there was a familiar air about them. I bent my head lower, and soon a ringing peal of laughter escaped me. Most cleverly had she described my surroundings; the first day's interview, with my very thoughts, was put in cold type; even the tantalizing sun-ray came in for its share of notice, and lastly, the article was brought up to the present moment, and I felt, then and there, that I had said just exactly what she intended I should.

"Is it accepted?" she said demurely.

"Why, of course," I ejaculated, feeling that I had secured a treasure, and thinking of the numberless interviews which had been denied former reporters, and how well this one could manage them.

"I just wanted to know," she said, rising and putting up the note-book. "I'll ask you please to return that manuscript! It is only one of a series that I am to write on the difficulties which women experience in forging to the front, and as it rightly belongs to the 'Independent Woman's Club,' of which I am president, I cannot dispose of it."

"Miss S——?" I exclaimed, recalling a well-known man's daughter.

"The same," she said, now laughing.

"I am a friend of your father's," I said, remembering the gleaming hair, and trying to reconcile all the circumstances.

"Yes, he told me. You know, I have but recently returned from abroad. We shall be glad to see you."

"Thank you," I said, feeling dazed, and attending her to the door.

"Is this your custom with all your reporters?"

"When they report as well as you do."

. . . .

I never got over the dazzle of that sunlight on her hair, and that manuscript is kept as our most priceless treasure—by my wife and myself.

WANTED: A SAFE OPENER

By J. Leicester Holme.

THE man was brisk and business-like in manner. "Are you the president?" he inquired.

The old man at the desk swung slowly about and faced the stranger. "I am," he answered somewhat austerely, "what can I do for you?"

He was Birtwhistle, the head and front of the Bellport Bank. The stranger uttered a sigh of satisfaction, and stepping forward laid a richly engraved card upon the desk.

"I am the representative," he said, "of that concern."

The president mechanically seized the bit of pasteboard and read it aloud. It was the business card of The Consolidated Empire Safe Concern, a New York company. The president grunted and tossed it to one side.

"I guess," he remarked, "that you can save yourself the trouble. We don't want any safes to-day."

The stranger, without an invitation, seized a bent reed chair, and drew it up toward the desk.

"Now, Mr. President," he said, "I know you don't want any safes. But my business is to make people want 'em, even against their will. A good safe is a good thing, and people never know it until something happens—something that proves that the old safe isn't up to the mark.

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Then they buy a new one—they lock the stable door after the automobile is a couple of hundred miles the other side of town. We've just put on the market the newest, latest, best and cheapest bank safe that the world has ever seen; absolutely and uncompromisingly moth, rust and burglar proof; simple, easy, direct and positively safe."

He produced a book containing photographs of various safes and handed it over. Then he stood up and looked over into the counting-room.

"How long have you had your safe?"

The president reluctantly and wearily named the date of its installation. The safe man gave vent to a low whistle.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to have an old safe like that. It's disgraceful, nothin' less. You, a good, moral, pious bank president, and with an old box like that. Why, look-a-here, don't you know that there are cracksmen who can open a safe like that, not with powder, but just by listening to the combination tumblers as they turn the handle? Why, there's a dozen men, any one of whom would make a short and clean job of that in five minutes. I can name one right now. You've heard o' Mickey Walters—the fellow who cleaned out the First National of Monroe, across the river. Well, sir, that was his method. Slick as a greaser. Why, our own men can handle an old safe like that——"

The president smiled. "Our old safe," he said, "has been tackled, and has stood the assault."

"Has it?" returned the agent, in some surprise, "Then t was by bunglers. But here, I'll tell you right now what I'll do with you. You're game, I'll bet. I'm a fair safe expert myself—all our best agents are—and I'll make a bargain with you. You come inside the bank with me, shut the safe and lock it. Don't tell me the combination, and then I'll tackle it. See? If I don't have the blamed thing open and ready for business in, say, ten minutes without a scratch, why then I'll quit. If I do, then you buy a new safe."

The president was game. He had considerable faith in his safe, but he was willing to have it tested; it cost nothing, and might be of service.

"I'll admit," said the president slowly, "that a man like Mickey Walters, who is notorious for that sort of thing—I can see how he might crack our safe in the way you suggest, but the safe is a good one, and I'll go you. You try your best on her, and if you succeed, I may consider your suggestion."

It was within a few moments of closing time, and they waited until the door of the safe had been swung to and fastened. Then the president and the safe man entered the counting-room. Two or three clerks gathered around to see what was up. The president explained. One of the tellers took out his watch and held it in his hand.

"You watch me," said the safe man, "as I turn this thing, and see whether I follow the combination as you know it."

With his ear close to the disk he slowly turned the knob; as he turned the tumblers fell continually with a clink, clink, clink. He did not look at the office force, but had he done so he would have seen considerable surprise exhibited upon their faces. He was succeeding better than they had supposed he would. Suddenly the teller gave a little gasp, and smiled to himself. For the safe man had made a false move, and was following it up. The safe man knew that himself, for his face flushed and he became confused. But he kept on turning, turning, turning.

"Time!" yelled the teller. The safe man rose to his feet with a frown upon his face.

"Well," he admitted, finally, "your old iron box is better than I thought. But I'm not an expert. I'll wager that if you took a man like Mickey Walters or Bill Donovan now—why——"

The president turned his face to the office.

"The bank wins," he said to the agent, "you lose."

The agent followed in the president's wake. He was a man who did not know when he was vanquished.

"Well," he protested, "now that's all right. I didn't do what I thought I could do, but nevertheless, you ought to have one of these safes. Some night some fellows will get in there and blow up the thing, and then where will you be?"

The president waved his hand. "You can tell your people," he said, "that I'm much obliged and all that, but I'll stand by my old safe yet. Why, look here, we're filled up with currency right now—that old safe is full; we've got a shipment out of here to-morrow. And yet, by George, I can go home and sleep like a top, knowing that when I get here to-morrow morning the money will be here just the same."

Gently, but firmly he bowed the agent out. The agent had the last word. "Don't make any mistake," he said, "you may regret it when it's too late." He thrust his hands in his pockets and walked slowly down the street. He looked baffled and discouraged.

The president looked after him "Sorry," said the president to himself. "I suppose these fellows get quite a neat little commission on one safe—probably don't sell more than four or five a year. Bright sort of fellow, too. But, by George, he couldn't tackle our old Peck-Wallace strong box."

The agent for the Empire Safe Concern was not discouraged long. He was too business-like, and too buoyant by nature. He smiled to himself, and at intervals he smote his thigh. It may be that he had hit upon some scheme.

"By George," he said to himself, "I'll show 'em, I'll show 'em. See if I don't."

That night two men hovered about the bank. One was a watchman who came and went with studied regularity, the other was a man who bore the general appearance of the agent for The Empire Safe Concern. This man so arranged affairs that the watchman did not see him. He paid particular and close attention to the bars which guarded a certain window darkened by a deep shadow. Finally, the agent for the safe concern crawled through an opening which he had made with care, carefully replaced the disturbed portions of iron and glass, and stepped into the bank. He reached the safe, and then he unwrapped from his body a flimsy piece of cloth and shook it out. Carefully he adjusted it with invisible wires to the gas jets overhead.

"Now," he said, "I think I can show these

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chaps a trick or two. See if I don't. Will they want a new safe? Well, I guess yes."

The front of the safe was fully visible from the front doors. The watchman from time to time that night peered into the front door and looked upon the safe. But he was mistaken. For instead of looking upon the safe he was looking merely upon the picture of a safe painted upon a piece of gauze. It was the scenery to the little drama that was being enacted within the bank.

"Now," said the safe man to himself, "I guess this is just about as easy as one, two, three." With a rapidity which did not characterize his performance of the afternoon, he twirled the combination knob, back and forth, and back again. Finally, with a swish he threw back the ponderous door. Then he burst forth into sounds of rapturous delight. For it had been even as the president had said—the safe was full to overflowing with good, sound, genuine currency.

"Full to the gun'le," said the agent, "full to the brim." He secured as much of it as he could conveniently carry. Then he closed the safe, packed up the flimsy cloth, and moved toward the window whence he had entered. The agent for the safe concern had deliberately robbed the safe.

"If this," said the agent, "don't put good business in the way of the Empire Safe Concern I'd like to know. That's what."

Next morning, in the counting house, pandemonium reigned. The bank was robbed—everybody was wild, from the president down to the runners. Robbed, ignominiously robbed. And by a burglar who had left no trace."

"How the dickens," exclaimed the president, "how the dickens could it happen? It never happened before. How could it happen now?"

The robbery had happened this time just because it had never happened before. The president tore his hair in wild dismay. But it was useless. The bank had lost and lost heavily, and there was no help for it.

"That little safe man," said the president to the teller, "was dead right. We ought to have had a new safe. We've got to have one now, for the news has spread; our old safe has got to take the blame; our depositors know about it, and we've just got to do something. I'll write the Empire Safe Concern, and if that little fellow comes around in the meantime I'll talk to him."

Accordingly he wrote The Empire Safe Concern to the following tenor:

"Gentlemen: Your representative, Mr. Jeroloman—I think that is his name—called here a day or two ago to advocate our purchase of your Late-Test safe, exhibited on page 1 of your catalogue. Will you kindly send him here once more, or quote us lowest price on safe of the enclosed dimensions. We want one right away."

The Empire Safe Concern answered immediately, as was natural, for the concern was quite as enterprising as had been its agent.

"J. T. Birtwhistle, Esq.,
"President, etc.

"Dear Sir: Yours of the second received. We enclose you revised price list of our Late-Test Safe No. 3; we think will just fit your wall space. We have noted in the daily papers your misfortune, and must congratulate upon your good sense in putting in a good safe at once. From the accounts it looks to us as though the cracksman was a clever one.

"We beg leave to enclose you some of our literature which possibly you may be able to hand to some other bank man in your town.

"Very truly,
"EMPIRE SAFE CONCERN,
"Per W."

"Literature," said the president, as a large quantity of it tumbled out. "Great Scott! they must have literature to burn, so it seems. But hold on, what's this. Eh?"

It was a postscript that he had overlooked at the bottom of the letter.

"P. S.—You refer to some agent of ours in Bellport of the name of Jeroloman. We beg to advise you that we have no agent anywhere of that name, and have as yet sent no agent of any name to the vicinity of Bellport, though we were about to do so. There must be some slight mistake.
"W."

There was a slight mistake. The president and the office force found it out a few days later when the president received another bulky package through the mail. He did not recognize the writing. He tore the package open with feverish haste. From it there fell a number of loose papers. It was more literature about the Empire safe. But with this there was a letter also.

"Gents," it said. "I may be doing a dopy thing to send you this, but I'm taking chances that you'll never find me. The next time you let a real cracker-jack like me into your bank during business hours, to see how the land lays and to get his hooks on your door knob, you want to find out who he is first. Why, I had you all running. Did you think I couldn't swing that safe? Did you? Say, I could a done it in no time. But it was bright in me just to lay down and let you fellows think I didn't know what was what. Say, I'm much obliged all right. It made my job as easy as rolling off a log. And say, what if I had been caught? Ten to one that old guy you've got, Birtwhistle, I mean, would've let me off. He would have thought that it was modern business methods, that's all. And it would have been, for I'm business to the core. Say, it was all right, the whole thing; I can't work it again, for I guess the sleuths have guessed a few by this time; but it was all right for once. Say, when you buy your new safe—as you will, of course—just send me my bit of a commission on the price; it's owing to me by the safe concern. Here's a lot of stuff that they've printed about the safe; I picked it up somewhere, and you can have it. So long. Say au revoir—well, I guess not.

"Affectionately,
"MICKEY WALTERS."

"P. S.—Say, there are not many safes that I really like to tackle, but the one that I like the best of all, and can do the most with, is that there safe I told you all about—the Late-Test safe of The Empire Safe Concern. Don't tell 'em I said so, for they know it's so already."

So much for Mickey Walters, professional cracksman. The burning question in Bellport is this one, Where is he?

He and some $40,000 of the Bellport bank's are together. That is all—and that is enough.

THE CRIME OF A LOST ART

By Charles Edward Barns

"WHAT! from Sing Sing?" exclaimed Tom Nash, adjusting his *pince-nez* and holding the letter in the flood of light that burst from the pot-holes of the roaring glass furnace, "a message from Sing Sing prison? I did not know that my acquaintance-list included any gentlemen of the stripe. Ho! and anonymous too," he added, in deeper surprise. "Well, let us see what occupant of 'Cell 101' has to say." Then he read the strange missive as follows:

"SIR: As a glass-maker of life-long experience, and one who knows your career in the art, I crave your indulgence. I am a prisoner here for a crime I never committed. I have been the victim of an avalanch of circumstances. I can bear imprisonment with fortitude, and death with resignation; but I cannot go while possessing a secret relating to the mysterious working of glass which is worth millions. I leave a daughter; and my sole object in revealing this great discovery is that she may be provided for. You are a man of honor, and I can trust you. Come to me. Pass Cell 101 and whisper your name. Do not delay. Time is precious." . . .

The reader drove the sheet into his inside pocket. "A madman or a fool?" he mused, going on with his directions to the glass-blowers. But the words of the stranger rang in his ears. "A condemned criminal with a great secret, eh? Worth millions. Bah! Does he think that a man of my capacity is going out gunning for decoy ducks?" But for all that, after a day's pondering over that strange letter, Nash's curiosity got the better of him. To Sing Sing he went. Something impelled him by mysterious force.

The chaplain of the prison was an acquaintance, and offered to show Mr. Nash through the institution. With a step that almost trembled with excitement, the guest followed the clergyman, who kept up a running fire of answers to the visitor's questions, which were plainly asked as a means of concealing the true object of his visit. From chamber to chamber they wended, Nash scanning the numbers over the cell doors tier above tier. Suddenly he paused; then edged over to a corner cell, his face a trifle pale, as he whispered something through the bars.

At the further end of the cell, there sat an old man with his white hair falling over his face, bowed in deep meditation. He arose with a start, came to the door and thrust his fingers through the bars. "God bless you!" he said. "I feared that you would not come——"

"Do you know this man?" said the chaplain with anxiety.

"Never saw him before in my life. But I would like a moment's conversation with him, if I may." Then as the dominie moved aside, "Well, be quick! I am here."

The old man nodded, then dove his hand into his bosom, bringing forth something that was bound about his neck with a gold chain. He passed it through the bars.

Nash took what appeared to be an ordinary piece of window glass no larger than his two thumbs. He began to think that he had been duped by the vagaries of a madman, when his heart suddenly stood still with wonder. It was flexible as rubber. He could bend it double, twist it, roll it up, yet smooth it out perfectly flat again.

"Good heavens!" he murmured. "Do you mean to tell me that this is the lost art of flexible glass-making, and that the secret is yours?" He was beside himself with excitement.

"Silence! Not a word," answered the elder. "Go to John Darcy, Attorney, Centre Street, New York. He will get the judge to allow you to visit me. I will tell you all. Go now so as not to excite suspicion. Good-bye, sir. Thank you with all my heart for coming. You understand!——" He gave the visitor a strange look and turned back into the shadows at the far end of the cell.

Nash gazed at the old man in amazement. He could not seem to drag himself away from that cell door. Flexible glass! The very thing for which hundreds of the greatest inventors of the ages had given up their lives. Flexible glass! Was it possible that this condemned murderer was possessed of a secret that had defied the centuries?

There was a voice over the dreamer's shoulder. "You are being watched with suspicion, sir. To save embarrassment, let us move on." It was the dominie, and the stranger followed, his mind in a tumult.

Within a few moments the chaplain and his guest were in the former's study.

"That old man Marsh seemed to interest you," said the clergyman, bidding his guest to a seat.

"Interest me? Bless me! I should say he did." Then he added in calmer tones, "Tell me all you know of him."

The chaplain settled back at his ease. "Oh, a plain case of murder in the first degree," he said with a bored air. "Jury was out five minutes, and all appeals vain."

"But he says he is inocent," broke in the visitor.

The chaplain smiled sadly. "Oh, they all say that," he said with a shrug! "You must have read the affair in the papers. On midnight of the fifteenth day of last February occurred the mysterious disappearance of Lawson M. Mackado, the New York capitalist. He was a bachelor, secretive and miserly. The heirs, whom he hated in life, offered large rewards for his discovery dead or alive."

"I think I do remember some such case. But go on, sir."

"Well, months passed, and no Mackado. Finally the hounds traced him from New York to the Long Island Glass Works, in the outskirts of Brooklyn. That was the end of him. After infinite search, his bones were discovered in an ash-heap from the glass furnace. There were but two men in the glass-house that night: the tender at the pots on the floor above, and the stoker—this old man—on the floor below—It was a monster furnace with caves underneath—I think it was called a Boetian furnace."

"Right," said the expert interestedly. "Well, and then?"

"Then the detectives proved that this old man had spent his whole life and fortune on some impracticable experiments, but had finally interested Mackado in some scheme. The inventor was so reduced to poverty that he was compelled to take this position to save himself and daughter from starving. On the day of Mackado's disappearance he drew a large sum of money from the bank. He carried it to the works at night in a little satchel whose steel ribs were afterward found in the ashes. The fifty thousand dollars in cash was also found hidden in a heap of rubbish in one of the caves under the furnace."

"Ah, quite conclusive evidence, surely," said Nash. "But if the old inventor was about to receive the money by fair means, what reason had he for taking it by foul stratagem, pray?"

"I am glad you asked me that. The prisoner admitted on that stand that he had had an appointment with Mackado that night, and that the latter no sooner became possessed of the secret than he made off with it and the money, too. You see, sir, in order to save the invention as well as to get the money, Marsh murdered Mackado and incinerated him."

Nash nodded. "Quite conclusive," he said. A little later he left the prison with his heart filled with wonder. "A condemned murderer with only ten days to live, and possessed of one of the greatest secrets of modern times," he sighed. "How wonderful!"

The office of the Centre Street lawyer was a shabby suite, papered with sheepskin backs and dust. It took but five minutes conversation with the genius of the place to see that he was one of those metropolitan shysters who can be relied on to undertake any case, and then auction it off to the highest bidder. He arranged for the reopening of the case of "The People *versus* Daniel R. Marsh," was paid a fat retainer, and secured a letter to the warden of the prison allowing Tom Nash to interview the condemned man at length.

"To think of a man's life hanging in the balance in the hands of such a bumptious ignoramus!" mused the visitor bitterly.

Early on the following morning Nash found himself in Sing Sing again, this time in the warden's own private office, with the aged prisoner seated before him with pallid countenance and that hunted look which denotes a nature that no longer trusts living man. Formalities were quickly dispensed with, and both men soon got down to business.

"My young friend," said the elder slowly, "Doctor Johnson said that there are two kinds of knowledge: 'that which you possess, and that which you know where to go and lay your hands on.' If you think that I know the secret of making flexible glass, I must undeceive you."

"Sir!" cried Nash, springing almost to his feet.

"Calm yourself. I have not duped you. I do not know the secret, but I know where the secret is to be found."

The color came back to the listener's cheeks again.

There was a long pause. "It is a story of fifty years of toil and travel and study, but you shall have it in a nutshell." The venerable inventor moved his chair closer. "Nearly seventy years ago," he began, "I was born in Italy of American parents. My father was a missionary to Syria. He lost his health in the service. My mother tried to bring the dying man home, but only got him as far as Venice. There he expired. While the American consul was negotiating with home people for my mother's return—for she was destitute—I was born; and after surviving a fortnight, my mother died. The consul's wife was a good woman, and I became a sort of *protege* of the consulate. When there came a change of administration, I remained and took up with a new guardian along with the other furniture, 'Old Glory,' and the consular Bible. I became a perfect Italian scholar. My privileges were numerous."

The old man paused. "Very interesting," said Nash.

"The consulate was in one of the old palaces of the Doge Falieri. In 1866, when Venice was wrested back from Austria, I was a virtual prisoner in the palace attic. The roar of guns and the bugle-call of patriotism had no charms for me, being an American and a man of peace. During that period of seclusion I came upon a document which, had its contents been made known, would have staggered all Europe. It told of one Barto who fled from the Murano glassworks in the sixteenth century to establish a works in Belgium and another in England. To reveal the secrets of glass-making was then a crime punishable by death. Barto was pardoned, however, by special edict of the Venetian parliament on his promise to reveal some great discovery he had made. He was months returning, and when he arrived, he found Venice in a terrible state. Pope Paul V had laid the republic under an edict, and there was a Spanish conspiracy brewing. The Austrians were filling the Adriatic with pirates; and the return of Barto—otherwise a great event—fell to insignificance. As he was now an old man, he constructed a tomb on an island near Venice where his palace was situated, wrote his great secret in cypher, and buried it, together with several sheets of the flexible glass, under the catafalque. The key to this cipher-formula Barto sealed and gave to one of the Falieri to present to his grandson when he came of age. It was his only legacy. But the nobleman died in battle with the Turks, and the grandson disappeared without knowing that he was heir to a profound secret."

"A wonderful history, indeed!" said Nash encouragingly.

The scientist resumed. "You remember, sir, that in the reign of Hadrian, a Roman glassworker presented his emperor with a goblet of strange construction. In making the offering, he purposely dropped it to the stone floor. It did not burst to fragments—was only dented at

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the rim, and this dent the artisan hammered out with a tool. The astonished king asked the man who else knew the secret of making malleable glass; and upon being told that no one other than himself was possessed of the secret, Hadrian ordered the man put to death. He was afraid that the manufacture of this flexible glass would tend to destroy the value of gold and silver, of which his own fortunes consisted.

"But as the Roman workman was being led away, he managed to whisper the formula to his nephew, who fled for his life and set sail to Britain, afterward engraving the formula upon the stone of one of the Roman villas of Kent. This stone Pietro Barto discovered centuries later, made the secret his own and destroyed the relic. I spent five years searching for the tomb of Barto. I found it. Behold this little sheet of glass! It is all that is left of four sheets of the treasure-trove, which, at the risk of my life, I rescued from the sepulchre of Pietro Barto.

"And what became of the rest of the sheets?"

"Ah, my friend, thereby hangs a tale. I fled from Venice to America to spend twenty fruitless years trying to solve the mystery by analysis, for I dared not risk my life again to wrest the secret from the tomb. I had used up all my glass but this little scrap when I thought to make one more experiment in the terrible fires of a Boetian furnace. One of these was in full blast in the outskirts of Brooklyn. As I had to carry on these experiments in secret, I became a night stoker at the furnace, but even this last expedient failed. I confessed myself a beaten man. I then went to Lawson M. Mackado, a millionaire invention promoter. He treated me with great consideration. On the fatal night he brought fifty thousand dollars with which to purchase the secret. He found me in the caves below the great furnace. I told him just what I tell you—that I did not know the secret; but I gave him the parchment key to the cipher, and also a map of the exact location of the Barto sepulchre. Well, he became enraged, and we had words. He grabbed up the packet of fifty thousand dollars, restoring it to his satchel; then he slammed down the documents on the floor, hurrying away, calling me names I should not like to repeat.

"I was beside myself with rage and despair. I spent half an hour in bitterest meditation, then picked up the parcel which he had dashed to the dust. I was overwhelmed to discover that the scoundrel had stolen both key and map, and that what I held in my hand was a parcel of receipted bills and memoranda. I had been duped. My fortune, my secret, my salvation in declining years and my only legacy to my poor child was gone—gone!"

The old man bent down shaken with sobs. There was an intense silence

"For the next few days I suffered the tortures of the lost souls in hell. Then a shocking thing occurred. A workman brought me the remains of human bones in the furnace ashes, and then Mackado's disappearance mystified the world. The detectives tracked him to the furnace, and even found the fifty thousand dollars intact. Mackado had then expiated the theft with his life, and my secret was safe."

Nash jumped to his feet. "But," he cried, "if the cipher code perished with Mackado in the furnace, how could I unravel the formulæ even if I found the tomb of Barto?"

The old man smiled. "I know every word of the key by heart."

"Ah, then it is safe. And who killed Mackado then?"

The scientist raised his eyes to heaven. "Before almighty God," he replied solemnly, "I—do—not—know!"

"Why did you not go on the stand and tell all this?"

"My lawyer would not let me. He did not believe me."

Nash was promenading up and down the room. "He is a miserable cur, that lawyer of yours," cried he, "and I would not trust a dog-case to him. Well, Mr. Marsh, I shall have your case reopened on the ground of new evidence. I shall secure the best lawyers, and you shall have a new trial. I must leave you now. Time presses. I shall call soon again."

The aged prisoner tottered to his benefactor and wrung his hand, his voice choking with sobs. "God bless you, bless you!" was all he could say.

On reaching New York again, Nash hunted up the daughter, whom he found in a South Fifth Avenue feather-curling establishment. She was a sensitive, sweet-faced little martyr to destiny, perhaps seventeen years of age, with raven black hair accentuating her pallor, her dress extremely plain, and her hands dyed with stain.

"Miss Marsh," said the visitor, "I come from your father!

The suffering creature shrank from him, her eyes wide.

"Oh, I bring you good news, I assure you. I shall befriend him, never fear. His case shall be reopened. Come; it is necessary that you go with me to the lawyer's——"

"Oh, but they will not allow me to come back here if I go——"

"You will not wish to come back. Everything is provided. You shall be independent. Come, quickly."

On the way across town the whole interview was revealed, and every plan laid before the gentle daughter. "Ah, my prayers are being answered," she cried. "What a godsend was your coming at this eleventh hour! I begin to live again."

There were hours of interviews with lawyers, and the next morning Miss Marsh accompanied Nash up the Hudson again. The meeting between father and daughter was pathetic in the extreme. The conference lasted for two hours, every detail of the campaign being mapped out. The stay of execution gave three months for the perfecting of the new evidence. Then the old patriarch made his maps of the location of the tomb of Barto, with explicit directions. "If you manage to secure the precious document, bring it to me and I will decipher it," he said. "If you prefer, I will write it out now——"

"No, I do not want so precious a thing committed to paper," interrupted Nash. "With the original key burned up with Mackado, and the memory of it safe in your own brain, sir, we have nothing to fear. You shall be transferred to New York again, and every comfort accorded

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you. Our new lawyers will be found very efficient."

Again the old man wrung the benefactor's hand, with tears of gratitude and joy. Miss Marsh accompanied Nash back to the city. The next day he sailed. "Heaven be with you!" was the sentiment of both father and daughter upon the brave man's undertaking.

It was a stormy passage and a tardy one. It was fourteen days after leaving New York that the traveler reached Venice. For a day after the journey, the visitor spent his time taking a mental inventory and studying his bearings. On the afternoon of the second day he hired a gondola with two good gondoliers and started through the lagoons toward Murano, and on three miles further to the island of Mazzerbo. This, in centuries past, was the place of many summer villas of the wealthy nobles of Venice.

Nash found the island inhabited mostly by poor gardeners and fishermen who lived in huts distributed through the rather dense woodland, above which rose here and there a tall campanile with perhaps a doleful bell in a half-ruined archway. It is a bleak spot, lashed by the sea.

In order to disarm suspicion, Nash brought a sketch book and began taking outlines of ruins and bits of seascape. He had learned the directions given him by the old patriarch, and on landing, went straightway to the little chapel of San Martino. There he pretended to be interested in the paintings which adorn the walls, and gave the sacristan a double fee. Then slipping out, he ran his eye along the north wall till he saw a ruined oak. "Correct," he murmured, and started for it through the underbrush. From this point sixty paces due westward, and he suddenly came upon a pyramidal rock. "Right again," he mused. It was a most god-forsaken spot, and the searcher was scratched and bruised in the rough journey. Forty paces more a little south of west, and Tom Nash came to a halt. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "I am away off my route." He was peering through the dense undergrowth when, to his astonishment, he beheld not forty paces ahead of him, a small one-story house. "I have made a blunder," he said. "I'll beat a retreat."

When he arrived at the chapel he told the agitated sacristan and the gondolier that he had been lost. He asked the former to bring some wine, bread and cheese, as he was very hungry. On a ruined wall under the elms the three sat down familiarly at meal.

"I came upon a curious little house away over in the wood yonder," said Nash, addressing the sacristan calmly.

The latter smiled. "Yes; a mad Englishman lives there."

"An Englishman—in that horrible place?"

"Yes, Signore. He is a scientist or something of that kind. He is solving some great problem. He never sees anyone. Took provisions to last him a year. Strange, eh?"

Nash sat as in a trance. "Very strange," he muttered. Then in the silence of his heart, "Good heavens! is it possible that someone else has discovered the tomb of Barto, and is trying to solve the great cypher?" Starting up, the stranger wandered aimlessly about till the shadows deepened and then crept back into the murky wood.

Over the same route as before, only more difficult now for the darkness, Nash made his way till he came again before the curious habitation of the solitary. For a full hour he studied the building; and just as the moon arose over the Adriatic, he saw a tiny ray of light escape from one of the shuttered windows. The sight thrilled him. Closer and closer he crept, his heart beating high, till at last he reached the casement. There he climbed stealthily up so that he could put his eye to the chink, exploring the interior. He saw a strange sight.

Seated at a table littered with books and papers sat the mysterious solitary. He was apparently tall, lank, and with a shock of red hair lifting from a pallid forehead. A lamp before him, and another on the table across the room, illumined the place. Suddenly the hermit arose and began pacing up and down the room like a caged beast, muttering aloud. As he approached, Nash gave him a keen look. Yes, there was no mistaking him. He was a typical Yankee in feature and bearing. The sacristan had made a mistake.

Back to the woods again Nash crept cautiously backward, still keeping his eyes on the spot. What could it all mean? He was nonplussed, yet courageous. Again he stole up to the window, this time noting that the occupant of the house was donning his coat. "Ah," he thought. "perhaps he is going to steal off to Venice and leave the coast clear for me. Good! I'm just in time." Back to the underbrush Nash crept, then he heard the soft closing of a door, and a moment later a muffled figure passed within six feet of him. Clenching his revolver, Nash followed cautiously.

On and on the two men plunged through the darkness till the head man reached the water's edge. He gave a low whistle, which was quickly answered; then a sandola was seen gliding toward the spot where the man in the cloak stood waiting. Without lights, without a spoken word, with its strange passenger aboard, the little craft swished like a sea-sprite around the eastern point of the island toward Venice. "Good riddance!" cried Nash in high glee. Then he ran back over the little path to the mysterious house in the maze of the forest.

After walking about the haunted pile several times, Nash finally pried open a window with his cudgel, and found himself in the curious, disorderly chamber. He managed to relight a lamp, then, with revolver in hand, made a tour of inspection. From room to room he passed. The bed was set crosswise in such a way as it might conceal something. Moving it cautiously, Nash found what he had long sought—a trap-door into the depths below. Into this cavern he dropped, his soul on fire with hope and resolve.

The cave was narrow and slimy, chill with the damp of the tomb. A chamber led to the right hand, and there the searcher stood with the lamp above his head, his eyes bulging. It was the tomb of Barto. It was all confusion, as if the vandal had felt little respect for the dead. The lid of the sarcophagus was a wreck. Advancing,

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Nash bent over the open sepulchre. There lay a grinning skull.

After the shock of this discovery had passed, Nash found the courage to pursue further. Cautiously he raised the stone lid that concealed the cavity underneath. His bitterest hopes were realized. The priceless treasure was gone! With a savage muttering, the searcher went back to the floor above, covering his tracks deftly.

Filled with rage at his defeat, Nash advanced to the table which was strewn with documents, and the familiar post-mark of his native city stirred him. He seized the envelope, held it to the light, then stood staring. It was addressed to "Lawson M. Mackado," in care of a firm of Venetian lawyers. The conviction went through him like a sabre thrust. Then he drew forth the enclosure, and his amazement increased to discover that the letter was from the very lawyer whom poor convicted Daniel Marsh had hired to defend him from the charge of killing the very man addressed. With a moan of terror and anger uncontrolled, Nash read:

"DEAR MR. MACKADO: Marsh was convicted of murdering you, and goes to the chair. Take no risks. Stay in hiding till after the event. Sent the Emersons another fifty to-day. Had fake rumor published that Emerson had gone to the Klondyke. Be prepared to come back at my call through your Venetian lawyers. I shall expect you to bring the fifty thousand in cash on the day of your arrival. I need not say that this is compulsory. I shall go to South America. I have been zealous in every detail, and no one on earth suspects that I sold Marsh's case to you. Talk to no one save your lawyers. Marsh takes his conviction calmly. I have managed this case for you with the utmost discretion. Beware of disappointing me! *Burn this instantly upon perusal.* Above all things, caution, *caution!*

"JOHN DARCY,
"Att'y at Law."

To say that Nash's breath was fairly taken away little expresses it. He stood like stone, clenching that letter in one hand, his pistol in another. "Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "What a nest of mystery and rascality! Mackado alive, the secret of Barto gone, Marsh's lawyer gone over to the enemy for fifty thousand dollars——"

He paused. He thought he heard a sound without. Quickly he extinguished the light and ran across the room, concealing himself behind the draperies before the window.

Soon there was heard a key in the lock, then a maudlin voice. It was Mackado. With uncertain step he came into his solitude. Thank heaven he was alone. He advanced to the other lamp and lighted it, muttering the while.

"A stay of execution, eh?" he mumbled. "Now what on earth does that mean? Is that miserable shyster playing me false now, just as he did Marsh? Confound the whole matter! These pestering heirs will rob me of every cent I possess. And Marsh gets a stay! That means another six months of this accursed imprisonment." He took off his coat, and a parchment document fell from it to the floor. The angry man picked it up, reading slowly, "*Il Secreto di Vitri Flexible. Dalla Tomba del Cavaliere Pietro Barto. Dedicato a Suo Figlio.* Dedicate to his son, eh? Well, I wish his son had it, and not I. Seeing that I can't decipher it, I might as well burn it." He advanced to the table, lighting a candle, holding the precious document in the flame. There was a stench, but the thing baffled him. "Burn, you demon, you torturer, burn!" he cried.

Nash crept from his hiding. The flames were licking viciously at the parchment when a lank hand shot over the shoulder of the maudlin hermit, and as he turned with a gasp, he looked down the muzzle of a cocked revolver. For the instant the man was bereft with terror. His face resembled a death's head.

"Mackado," came a challenging voice, "don't stir. You are my prisoner!" . . . .

Two days later Lawson M. Mackado made a deposition in self-defence before the American Consul in Venice, of which document the following are excerpts:

. . . . "Late in the 'sixties I was the trusted confidential adviser of Silas Emerson, Esq., a New York merchant. Handling large sums of money faithfully for years, I at last grew careless of my trust, and appropriated a small sum. My employer was merciless. He did not brand me publicly as a felon, but compelled me to sign a paper admitting the theft, and then discharged me. I went into the world and was successful. Emerson, on the contrary, was crippled in the panic of '72, and failed utterly three years later. I had restored to him the amount of the trifling peculation, but despair made Emerson bitter. He began to make use of the paper which I had signed as an instrument of blackmail. For years I lived under the terror of that document, knowing that my enemies would use it against me if it ever became known. Emerson became a spectre shadowing my pathway, even if it led to the grave.

"On the fatal February night when I returned from my negotiations with Daniel Marsh in the caves of the glass furnace, who should I find standing there in the shadows but my abiding Nemesis. He had followed me to the secluded spot, renewing his demands. I asked him if he had my written confession with him, and he replied in the affirmative. I asked him what his price for it was, once and for all. He replied "Ten thousand dollars cash." I yielded, and took the pack of bills which he no more than caught sight of than he raised his demand to fifty thousand. This enraged me. I glanced about me. There was no one in the glasshouse save old Marsh in the caves below, and a watchman on the floor where I stood, but he had gone to sleep in the corner with a bottle at his side. I saw my opportunity to rid myself of my persecutor forever. I struck him down, then strangled him. In the struggle the package of bills rolled over and fell through a trap-door into the caves below. After looking over everything with caution, I incinerated the body of Emerson in the roaring furnace. I dared not go down below again to recover my money for fear of meeting Marsh, from whom I could never be able to conceal my crime. I therefore threw the satchel into the furnace and went away with all haste. What was fifty thousand dollars to me when it was a matter of life and death? I went back to my office in New York, took twenty thousand dollars from my safe and decamped for Montreal where I sailed for Europe. It was not until two days after the crime that I discovered to my consternation that I had in my pocket the very documents relating to Barto, for which I was to pay Marsh fifty thousand dollars. In the quarrel I had tossed him back a bunch of useless papers. Finding myself possessed of the mighty secret, and craving something to do as well as a place to hide myself, I came through Russia down to Venice where I built the house over the site of Barto's tomb. I found the cipher document; but as I knew nothing of Italian, gave up the problem. One night in an obscure café in Venice I happened upon an American newspaper which apprised me of the arrest of Daniel Marsh for my murder. As the conviction of Marsh was my salvation, I planned to bring it about. I remembered his lawyer, Darcy, as a weakling shyster, and by the aid of a clever Italian advocate, whom I sent to America, I bought Darcy over with a thousand dollars and the promise of fifty thousand more. Marsh was convicted and sentenced. As fate would have it, one stormy night, coming from Venice, to Mazzerbo in my sandolo, I was capsized. The documents which I always carried with me were lost. On the following morning I found washed up on the shore the parchment which I had taken from the tomb of Barto, but Marsh's key was gone. I resolved to destroy what had brought so much misery upon me, when I was made a prisoner at the point of a pistol." . . . .

With this document, which was very long and detailed, Nash made a flying trip to America, leaving Mackado a prisoner awaiting requisition. In accordance with cabled instructions, Miss Marsh met him at the steamer. She was in a state of agitation, but controlled herself admirably. "And you have really found the 'new evidence?' " she ventured, as they were driven toward the Tombs.

"Yes; and of a startling nature," he replied calmly.

"I have tidings, too," she put in humbly. "Lawyer Darcy has deserted us. He has fled to parts unknown."

"Luckily for him," cried Nash, with a gesture of rage. "I have evidence which would put him behind the bars for the rest of his natural life." He paused to note the effect of his words upon the gentle woman at his side. Then added, dramatically, "Mackado lives!"

For a moment the little martyr did not comprehend. She seemed too much overwhelmed to speak—only gazed into the brave man's face with a species of awe.

"Moreover, I have found the secret of Barto," he continued. "It is in my pocket at this moment. It only awaits your father's deciphering to make you the most fortunate woman in America."

The young girl's whole presence seemed illumined with a spiritual glory. "Oh, poor father!" were her first words. "What tidings of great joy you do bring him, my friend." Then she whispered vaguely, "Mackado lives! I cannot believe—I cannot understand it!"

"It is a long story," said Nash, "but you shall have every word, for I have the proofs. Here we are at the Tombs. Ah, this is one of the proudest moments of my life," he added, as he led the way into the bleak prison.

As Nash met his aged friend, he was stunned to see what a change had come over him, for he was haggard, enfeebled and despairing. Vainly Nash tried to cheer him, gently leading up to the great climax. When at last he exclaimed, "Mr. Marsh, you are a free man! Lawson Mackado lives!" the poor old man uttered a wild cry and fell to the floor.

For three weeks he hovered between life and death; and although after that time the body rallied somewhat, the mind was gone. Many, many times did the pleading daughter and their benefactor try to rouse the man of sorrows so that he could read the great cipher formulæ of Barto; but, lying propped up on his pillows, clutching it insanely, he labored in vain to recall a single line of the precious key. It was gone. The secret of flexible glass went to the grave with the Roman refugee, with the Venetian Barto, and now again after centuries it was to die with poor Daniel Marsh—the miserable destiny of a great truth.

But there was compensation still; for, after watching over the dying man for these long and bitter weeks, Tom Nash discovered in the gentle personality of the daughter of the great scientist a secret more precious to the world than the discoveries of a hundred Bartos. It was this secret which occasioned Tom Nash's return to Venice some months after all these troublous events—the most delightful journey of all his brave career, for it followed his quiet nuptials with the sweetest woman in all the wide world; and the perils and terrors of the past gave way to the dawn of a new day.

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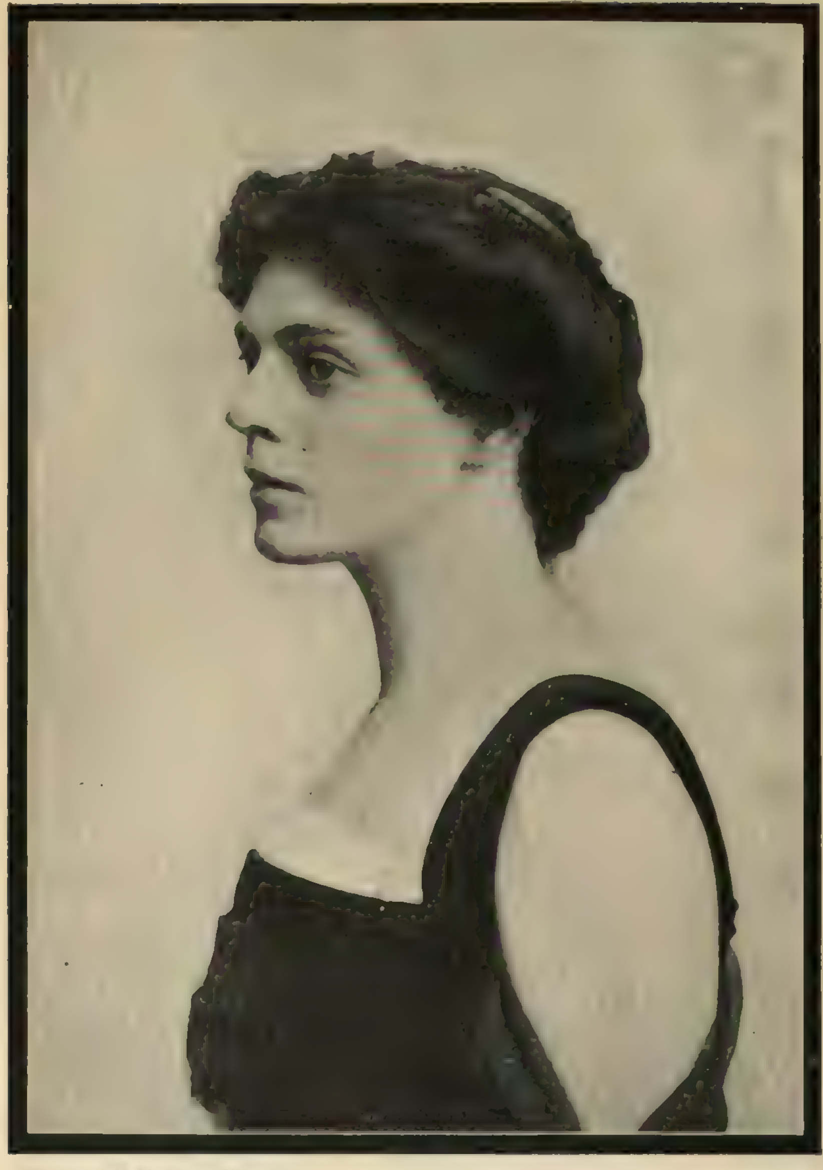

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Ethel Barrymore

Starring this season in "Cousin Kate"

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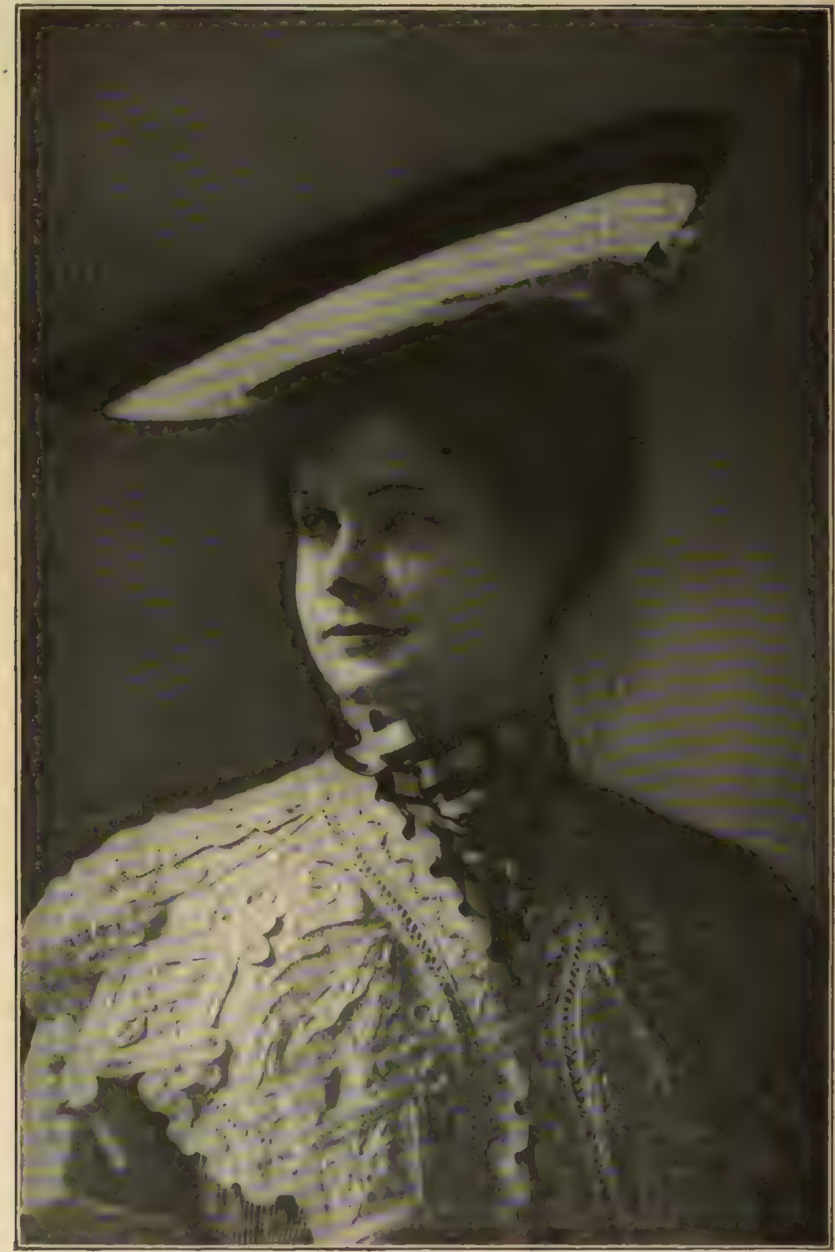

From a photograph by Fowler, Evanston, Ill.

Millie James

Of "The Little Princess" fame, who also played the principal rôle in Charles Frohman's production of "Glad of It"

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